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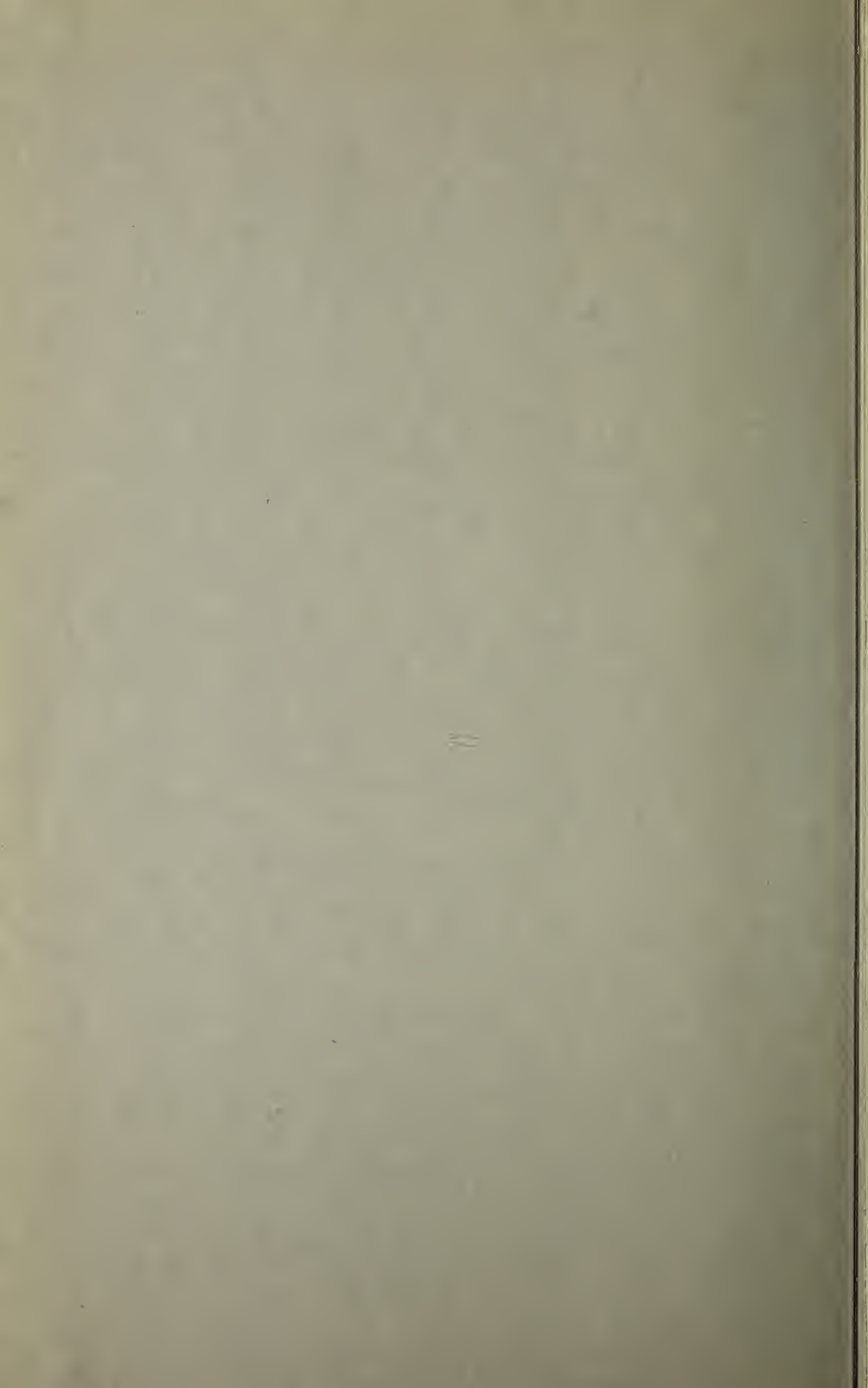
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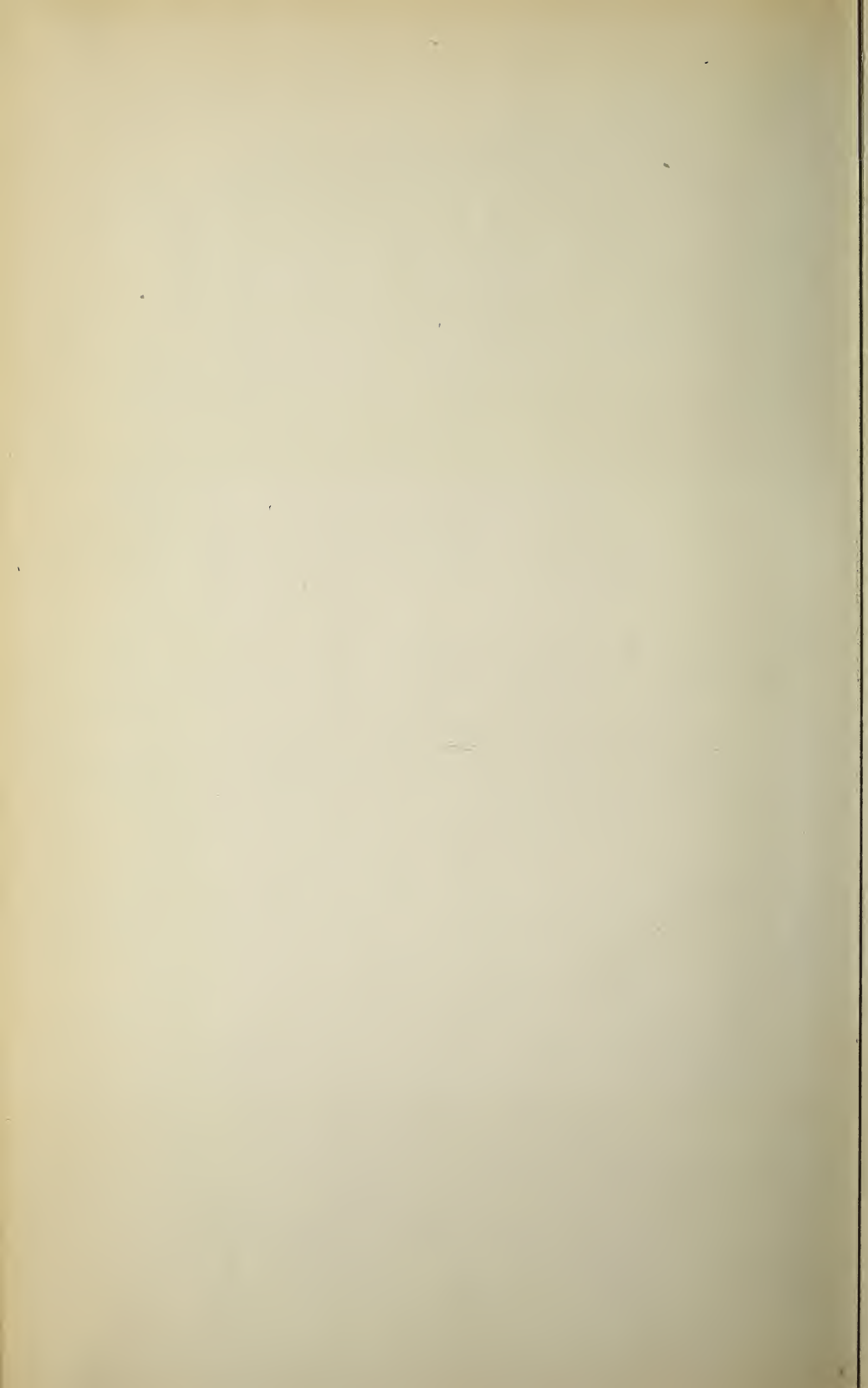
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Journal
of the
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SWEDISH CENTENNIAL

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SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

MARCH 1948

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The Illinois State Historical Society was organized to collect and preserve data relating to the history of Illinois, disseminate the story of the state and its citizens, and encourage historical research. An annual meeting is held in October. In May the Society tours some historic neighborhood. Membership is open to all. Dues are \$2.00 a year, or \$50 for Life Membership.

Members receive the publications of the Society, which are printed by authority of the State of Illinois. These publications are the Journal, a quarterly magazine devoted to Illinois history, and occasional books and pamphlets on historical subjects.

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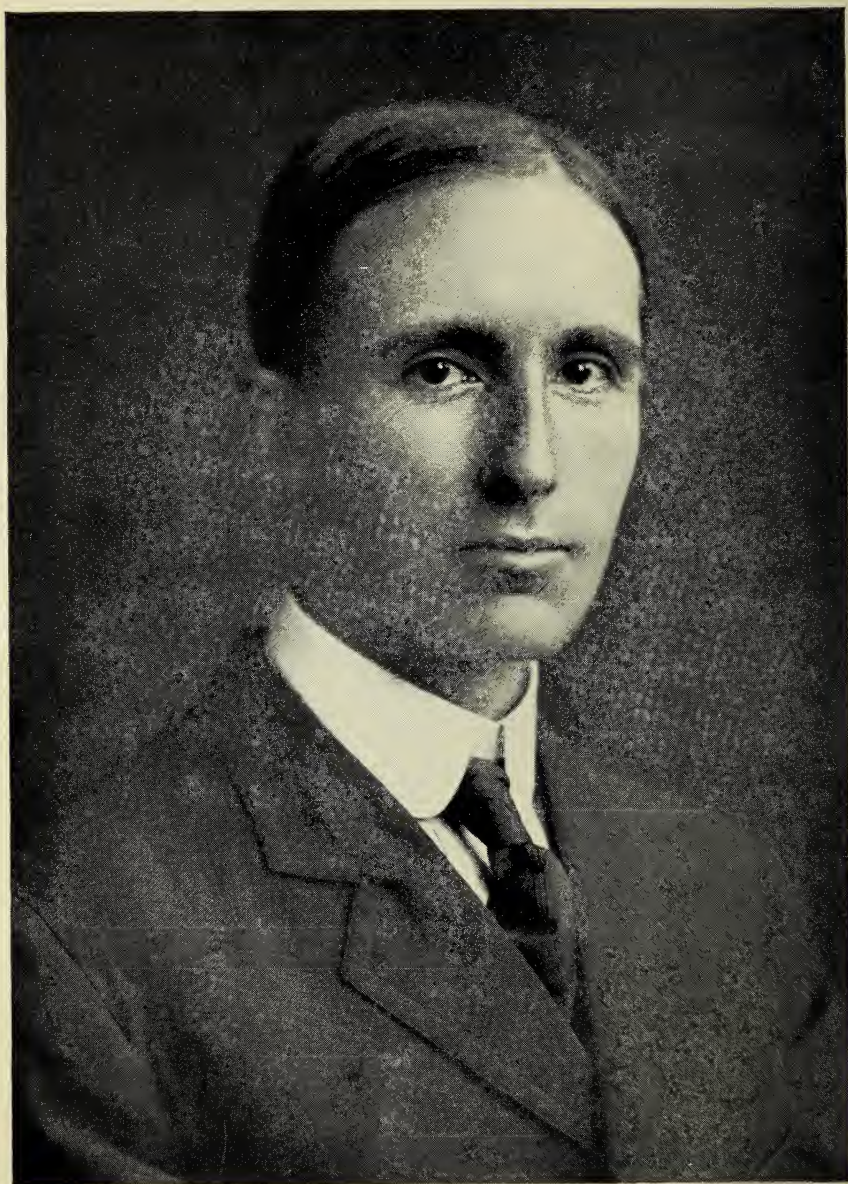
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EVARTS BOUTELL GREENE, FIRST SECRETARY-TREASURER
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EVARTS BOUTELL GREENE, 1870-1947

BY THEODORE C. PEASE

EVARTS Boutell Greene, scholar, educational statesman, founding member of the Illinois State Historical Society, was born in Kobe, Japan, July 8, 1870, and died at Croton-on-Hudson, New York, June 24, 1947. More or less unknown to the younger members of the Society, he was a man with whom they should have at least the acquaintance of an obituary notice that they might sense the debt they owe him. Evarts Greene was the son of Daniel Crosby Greene and of Mary Jane Forbes, his wife. The elder Daniel Crosby Greene, born at Roxbury, Massachusetts in 1843, of an old New England line, saw some service as a private of cavalry in the Civil War, and finally became one of those missionary statesmen influential in the early modern period of Japan, one of those men whose wisdom all but guided Japan from the militaristic course that led her to destruction.

Evarts was the eldest of five sons, four of whom appear in the pages of *Who's Who in America*. Daniel Crosby, the second, became an eminent laryngologist. Jerome Davis became a member of the banking firm of Lee, Higginson and Company, a prominent corporation director, overseer of Harvard College, secretary of the Corporation of Harvard University, and prominent in numerous philanthropic connections. Roger Sherman, born in 1881, became consul and consul general of the United States at various centers of the Far East, and resident director in China of the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation. A fifth son went to Annapolis

and entered the Navy. Three daughters, Fannie, Mary Avery (Mrs. C. S. Griffin, Radcliffe, 1898), and Elizabeth Grosvenor (Illinois '04, '05), though not in professional life, had wits as keen as their brothers'. It was a closely knit and affectionate family which, in its internal relations, displayed the most complete disregard of pecuniary distinctions. To the scion of New England stock, your life was naturally cast in forms of good manners, honesty, and integrity. In fearless uprightness, you did the task you had set yourself to do; whether it brought you a fortune or a competence was immaterial.

Evarts Greene left Japan at too early an age to have mastered its language. Between the ages of fifteen and eighteen he precociously attended Northwestern University. He took his bachelor's degree at Harvard in 1890, his master's degree in 1891, and his doctor's degree in 1893, at the ages of twenty, twenty-one, and twenty-three. He spent the year 1893-94 on a traveling fellowship at the University of Berlin. In 1894, he came out to the University of Illinois as assistant professor of history.

At Illinois, the humanities and the social sciences were plants of relatively recent and feeble growth. Founded in 1868 as a school of agriculture and the mechanic arts, the University's first regent, John Milton Gregory, had incurred bitter criticism for including humanities in the curriculum. By 1893, in the natural and physical sciences, its faculty included such great names as Parr, Burrill, and Forbes. But in 1893 a masterful little Scot, David Kinley, came to the University as assistant professor of economics. For a year he occupied the settee of economics, civics, and history. In 1894, he became professor of economics and dean of the College of Literature and Arts, and the University called in the twenty-four-year-old Evarts Greene to be its History Department.

Patiently, for a decade, Greene labored at his task. He drew in men of ability who left in a year or two. He drew in

men of lesser ability and discarded them as opportunity offered. With the University President of those years, Andrew Sloan Draper, essentially the public school administrator, he could have had little sympathy. During Draper's régime the University drew in a few Ph.D.'s whose scholarship ended with their titles.

A new day dawned for the University when, in 1904, the masterful Edmund Janes James left the presidency of Northwestern, after a two-year tenure, to begin a great era in the history of the University of Illinois. Two years after James' arrival, Kinley was promoted to dean of the Graduate School, and Evarts Greene succeeded him in a seven-year tenure of the deanship of Literature and Arts. The period was one in which a series of great and fruitful scholars and teachers were brought into the University in the College of Literature and Arts. Some of them it retained, to set high standards for a generation; some of them it lost, as it became notorious as a hunting ground for university presidents anxious to recruit their staffs. In the selection of these men, Greene co-operated masterfully with enthusiastic department heads. Excluding Greene's own Department of History, there were Bode in philosophy; Fairlie and Walter Dodd in political science; Greenough, Stuart Pratt Sherman, Chauncey Baldwin, H. S. V. Jones, and Jacob Zeitlin in English; Oldfather and Arthur Stanley Pease in classics; Flom, C. A. Williams, David S. Blondheim, and Leonard Bloomfield in linguistics; Charles Fabens Kelley in art.

In his own department, Greene was drawing in a similar series of men, some of whom remained while others found distinction elsewhere: Guy Stanton Ford, later president of the University of Minnesota; Laurence M. Larson, Greene's successor as department head; William Spence Robertson, Solon J. Buck, now archivist of the United States, Paetow, Krey, Duncalf, Cole, Olmstead, Swain, Dietz, Randall.

As Greene's administrative work is studied in his correspondence, his mastery reveals itself. Straight-thinking, straightforward in plan and in execution, he had, as dean and as department head, qualities of leadership that won him the respect, the confidence, and the loyalty of the men and women under his direction. With a strange incongruity, this able executive was the perfect type of the absent-minded college professor. His home was kept for him by one or the other of his sisters. It occupied the site of the present University Episcopal Church. At that time Wright Street ended at that corner in what was the University orchard; then, the bustling thoroughfare of Armory Avenue was appropriately called Orchard Lane. There he relaxed on social occasions with good friends and colleagues. He especially delighted in charades.

In his official relations, he remained a New England gentleman with the strict and businesslike sense that did not easily relax and that kept his colleagues in due discipline. On that side he permitted no familiarities. In all relations he impressed those with whom he dealt with his transparent integrity. Never did he plan or contrive, take counsel, or form alliances to promote his own welfare, that of his department, or that of his colleagues. For what he honestly thought his department and his college deserved, he would battle sternly, but without party politics or finesse.

His career at Illinois found its climax in the years of the first World War. An intensely patriotic American, he had been one of the foremost in promoting among his colleagues the support of Wilson's policy. One of the first telegrams received at Washington in one national crisis pledging support to the President's defense of neutral rights was initiated among his colleagues by Evarts Greene. The present writer believes he was with Greene at the moment of his greatest temptation when, for an instant, he thought of perjuring himself as to his age in order to gain admittance to an officers'

training camp. During the war he was active in organizing the University war work; active in the service of the Bureau of War Information. Sometimes under the strain of his various tasks his temper showed faintly under his calm imperturbability. On one occasion, Larson, his right-hand man, was showing interest in war work at Washington. Later Larson reported to Kinley that he had broached the notion to Greene. "And what did he say?" queried Kinley. "Well," said Larson, "he didn't exactly swear!"

His ability as an administrator continually summoned Greene from the pursuits he delighted in, research and teaching. His courses in American history were known, and his admiring former students were scattered from end to end of the state. Some of the doctoral dissertations written under his guidance show endless pains, scholarship, and dignity. To gain more time for his own research, he began to lay down his administrative responsibilities. He gave up his deanship in 1913, when the College was merged with the College of Science into the present College of Liberal Arts and Sciences. In 1920, he surrendered the headship of the Department of History to his colleague Laurence Larson. Then, in 1923, he was drawn from Illinois by a professorship at Columbia. The state had lost a man it could not afford to lose.

The present writer doubts very much whether a lavish salary or the possibly greater prestige drew him from the field in which he had labored for almost thirty years. His successor as dean had failed to carry out his policies, and had brought about a partial disintegration of the fair structure of scholarship Dean Greene had labored to erect. A project near Greene's heart, for the promotion of teaching with a view to the end and not the forms, had been frustrated by Kinley; and Kinley succeeded James as president. None of his superiors spoke the word which would have retained him. He went on to round out a scholar's career as DeWitt Clinton Professor at Columbia,

with a long list of scholarly publications and editorships to distinguish it.

The background of Professor Greene's services to the University of Illinois has been sketched in some detail, because it contributes to a better understanding of his services to state history and more especially to the Illinois State Historical Society. Illinois had lagged behind its neighbor states in the official perpetuation of its own history. Not until 1889 was the Illinois State Historical Library established. For ten years it concerned itself solely with the library functions proper, and its first publications were the fruits of the Illinois State Historical Society which Evarts Greene was instrumental in founding. The Society was organized June 30, 1899, as a result of a meeting held at the University of Illinois on May 19. It was duly chartered on May 23, 1900. At the outset, Greene served as its secretary-treasurer. He was second vice-president in 1902 and 1903, and a member of its Board of Directors from 1904 to 1923. After he left the state, he was one of the Society's vice-presidents from 1924 to 1939. Afterwards the Society no longer did itself the honor of retaining his name in its list of officers.

The above, however, is but a barren sketch of Evarts Greene's services to the cause of state history. His real services must be considered in juxtaposition with those of three other men, Edmund J. James, Otto L. Schmidt, and Clarence W. Alvord. President James's interest in Illinois state history had long antedated his coming to the University of Illinois as its president. He served as member and president of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library from 1904 until 1910 when he was succeeded by Evarts Greene who served as president of the board from 1910 to 1923. Dr. Schmidt, not only as a great physician and a great philanthropist in Chicago, but also as a man keenly interested in many things, among them state history, joined him on the

library board in the same year. Dr. Schmidt became president of the State Historical Society in 1913 and held the office until his death in 1935. Together, Greene, James, and Schmidt promoted the remarkable career in western history of Clarence W. Alvord. Alvord had held subordinate positions in the academy formerly attached to the University of Illinois, and in the University's History Department. His historical interests originally lay in the medieval Italian cities. Under Greene's prompting, he turned his attention to the almost forgotten history of the French settlements in Illinois in the eighteenth century. In 1906, he became editor of the *Illinois Historical Collections* published by the State Historical Library. During his incumbency, 1906 to 1920, he published fourteen volumes which became known throughout the international historical world as models of historical workmanship. To the series, Evarts Greene contributed moral support, wise counsel, and the editing of the two volumes of *Governors' Letter-books*.

The revival of interest in state history, the activity of official agencies in the state in its pursuit, as well as increasingly generous appropriations from the state legislature, encouraged the development of elaborate plans for celebration of the centennial of the state in 1918. These plans, begun in 1913, originally called for an elaborate program of publication in which all the various interests of the state would be worthily included. Finally, for financial reasons, it was reduced to the six-volume history of the state of Illinois, edited by Professor Alvord. As a member of the State Centennial Commission, 1913 to 1918, giving his special interest to the publications, Greene's services were again priceless. Especially during the severe illness which befell Alvord between 1916 and 1918, Greene's guidance was essential to the ultimate success of the publication.

It is characteristic of Greene's instinctive self-effacement that the story of his services can be told only as an adjunct to

those of other men; but those who saw what happened at first-hand will never underestimate the support and encouragement which flowed without stint from Greene's scholarship, executive ability, sympathy, and force of character. The writer, who was privileged to serve under Greene's direction as editor of the *Collections* between 1920 and 1923, can bear the fullest testimony as to the indispensable contribution which the man made in the state's historical interests on every side.

Evarts Greene was a force in historical circles much wider than those of his adopted state. He served as secretary to the Council of the American Historical Association from 1913 to 1919. He had previously been a member of the Council from 1908 till 1911. He was vice-president of the Association in 1929 and 1930 and held the presidency in 1930, presiding at what was perhaps the most splendid meeting in the Association's history, held at Boston to commemorate the tercentenary of the establishment of Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Because his executive abilities were continually in demand, there was a period of his life when he was compelled to lay aside his own interests in historical research and writing. He published his doctoral dissertation, "The Provincial Governor in the English Colonies of North America," in 1898. Six years later he published a little volume¹ still unreplaced on the government and history of Illinois. In 1905 appeared his volume in the *American Nation* series, *Provincial America, 1690-1740*, dealing with the colonies in the first half of the eighteenth century. Then his executive duties closed upon him and gave him no leisure. The *Governors' Letter-books* and two publications gotten out under a sense of patriotic duty for the Committee on Public Information in 1917-1918 were his only publications until, with both deanship and headship laid aside, he was able in 1922 to publish the first half of a two-volume historical text. In the years of comparative leisure

¹ *The Government of Illinois; Its History and Administration* (New York, Macmillan, 1904).

which followed his move to Columbia, with a reduced teaching schedule, he wrote his father's biography, *A New-Englander in Japan*, in 1927. He published *Religion and the State; the Making and Testing of an American Tradition* in 1941, and *The Revolutionary Generation, 1763-1790* in 1943. In collaboration, he published two important guides to sources for early American history in New York City, and a study of American population before the first federal census.

Evarts Greene's historical writing was essentially of the man himself. It eschewed choiceness of style or buoyancy of interpretation. It was always serious, dignified, the fruit of meticulous scholarship.

The career of a great teacher, a great administrator, a great scholar, a great American has ended. While the men still live who were fortunate enough to know him, he will stand to them as an example of integrity, unselfishness, kindness, helpfulness to others, unflinching honesty of scholarship, and unflinching allegiance to the American ideal. Haltingly they endeavor to convey to a younger generation what they themselves drew from Evarts Boutell Greene.

THE BEGINNINGS OF SWEDISH IMMIGRATION INTO ILLINOIS A CENTURY AGO*

BY CONRAD BERGENDOFF

PROBABLY the stream of Swedish immigration in the middle of the last century would have found its way to Illinois even if there had been no Jonas Hedstrom. The plains and the river valleys and the budding cities were there, waiting for the immigrant trains, and the pressure behind the thousands who left Sweden was so insistent, that maybe the presence of one man or other somewhere in the Mississippi Valley was quite coincidental. If Victoria had not been on the map, Chicago surely would have been a sufficiently magnetic point to attract these settlers who were looking for homes in the New World. Still, the fact is there that it fell to the lot of a blacksmith turned preacher to direct the current of the immigrant flood in the earliest days, and to influence the careers of countless individuals who made Illinois the Promised Land of their exodus from the Old World.

I wish we knew more about Jonas Hedstrom. Not because he himself was a great or many-sided character—on the contrary, he seems to have been a rather ordinary person, distinguished neither by education, rare talents, nor worldly wealth—but because his experiences touched so many phases of American life in that restless first half of the nineteenth century. He was, doubtless, one of the first Swedes in Illinois,

* This paper was read at the forty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society in Rockford on November 1, 1947.

coming in 1837 or 1838¹ to Farmington, in Fulton County. What was this twenty-four-year-old youth doing out here, at this time and place? Well, we know a few details, but too few. And only enough to reveal to us in the background a romance. He came to Illinois because of a girl he had met in New York.² She was Diantha Sornborger. The records are scanty and we can only piece together the few facts we know. Diantha seems to have been one of the thirteen children of George Sornborger, who came to America from Holland in colonial times and was a teamster in the Revolutionary War. The father came with Anson, a brother of Diantha, when they came west in 1838. Where had this young Hedstrom met Diantha? We are not sure, but we know that he came from Sweden in 1833—only five years earlier. He had come with his brother Olof Hedstrom. Olof had first come to America in 1825, and met a Methodist girl in New York who became his wife and the medium of his conversion, in 1829. For a while he worked as a tailor in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, but in 1833 he returned to Sweden for a visit. He brought Jonas back with him. Jonas was a blacksmith. He plied his trade first in New York, then in Pennsylvania, and then followed Diantha to Illinois. Olof, meanwhile, became a Methodist preacher, and between 1835 and 1845 traveled around in the Catskill region as an itinerant, evidently able to speak an acceptable English. We shall hear of him again shortly.

Jonas stayed only briefly in Farmington. Soon he moved to Victoria, where the Sornborgers were among the earliest settlers of this community. He married Diantha, became the village smith, and, like his brother, was licensed as a Meth-

¹ Victor Witting, *Minnen Fran Mitt Lif Som Sjoman, Immigrant Och Predikant*. . . (Worcester, Mass., 1904), 174, gives the year as "in all probability 1837." But Albert J. Perry's *History of Knox County, Illinois* (Chicago, 1912), II: 964-65, and the *Portrait and Biographical Album of Knox County, Illinois* (Chicago, 1886), 667 give the year of the Sornborger migration to Illinois as 1838.

² Witting, *Minnen Fran Mitt Lif*, 172 says Pennsylvania. But Perry, *History of Knox County*, II: 965 says the Sornborgers moved to Illinois from Dutchess County, N.Y. Also, in vol. II: 390, he claims that Diantha was born in Worcester, Oswego County, N.Y. (Worcester is in Otsego County.)

odist preacher. His preaching took him to the neighboring settlements, such as Lafayette and Knoxville. Evidently he had no trouble in making himself understood to his American hearers. In fact he forgot his Swedish, and probably thought he would never use the language again out on these remote Illinois prairies—for if there were any other Swedes in Illinois in 1838 they have left no traces, except one lone Swedish sailor who came to Chicago in September of that year but soon moved to Milwaukee.³ But unforeseen events were to change again the language and the career of Jonas Hedstrom.

In 1845, he received a letter from his brother in New York. Olof was no longer a circuit preacher in Catskill villages. The Methodist Conference had found a more strategic post for this Swedish brother. New York Harbor was the port of thousands of Scandinavian seamen—in 1850 the number was estimated at 12,000.⁴ One of them, Peter Bergner, had begun a mission among his fellow countrymen who were often the prey of iniquitous forces in the great city. He had turned to the Methodist church for help. The officers, in turn, sought out Olof Hedstrom and placed him in charge of a boat, tied to a pier in North River, where he might preach and have his headquarters. Such was the beginning of the mission of the *Bethel Ship*, which for the next thirty years was to be the center of this missionary's fruitful work among multitudes of immigrants.

To his brother Jonas, in far-off Illinois, Olof described his new field. He anticipated the coming of immigrants from Sweden, though few had yet come through New York, and he urged Jonas to brush up again on his Swedish, for he might yet have to use it in his ministry. The occasion was nearer than he could have imagined.

³ Olof Gottfrid Lange. See E. W. Olson, *The Swedish Element in Illinois* (Chicago, 1917), 19; and Kendric C. Babcock, *The Scandinavian Element in the United States* (Urbana, 1914), 50.

⁴ Witting, *Minnen Fran Mitt Lif*, 146.

In the fall of the same year,⁵ there arrived in New York a Swedish farmer, Olof Olson, with his wife and two children. He had come to explore the country for a band of fellow-believers who were in difficulties with the authorities in the homeland. Their leader was Eric Janson, and persecution seemed but to increase his followers. Reports of the wide open land in the New World had begun to circulate in the provinces of Sweden, and the Jansonists turned their eyes westward.⁶ Olson came as a scout, hundreds more would follow. But where should they go? In New York, Olson met Olof Hedstrom at the Bethel Ship. The consequence, as might be supposed, was that Olson set out for Victoria, Illinois. The combined influence of the two brothers seems to have made a Methodist, at least temporarily, out of Olson.⁷ But he fulfilled his mission and prepared the way for Eric Janson, who came in July, 1846, with the first of many groups, so that by 1848, over a thousand of his disciples had joined him.⁸ The site of the colony became known as Bishop Hill, sixteen miles north of Victoria.

The story of Bishop Hill has often been told,⁹ and need not here be recounted. It was a story of heroism and tragedy, strangely mixed. Janson had a magical influence over the humble peasantry of northern Sweden, who were willing to leave fatherland and ancestral homes to adventure with him. Religious feelings, stimulated by opposition, were mingled with economic aspirations, and Jansonism offered an opportunity for taking the fateful step of emigration. Resources were pooled, and circumstances in the new homeland made a common treasury desirable.¹⁰ But as an economic experiment the

⁵ George M. Stephenson, *The Religious Aspects of Swedish Immigrations* (Minneapolis, 1932), 56, note 16.

⁶ Eric Johnson and C. F. Peterson, *Svenskarne i Illinois* (Chicago, 1880), 26, mention letters from a Gustaf Flack who was in Victoria and Chicago in the early 1840's.

⁷ Witting, *Minnen Fran Mitt Lif*, 176 n.

⁸ Babcock, *Scandinavian Element in the U. S.*, 58.

⁹ Stephenson, *Religious Aspects of Swedish Immigrations*, chapter IV and bibliographical note, page 73.

¹⁰ Eric Johnson claims that the communistic feature of the colony grew out of the condition that only a few of the 1,100 who wanted to join the colony had any financial resources.

settlement was doomed. The curious Messianic ideas of Janson also made the religious development short-lived. The colony fell apart socially and spiritually, but it had been the means of bringing the first great wave of Swedish immigrants into western Illinois.

Jonas Hedstrom looked askance on the Bishop Hill church. He was as critical of its extravagances as were the authorities of the Lutheran church in Sweden. When cholera ravaged the colony and Janson prescribed more faith as a cure, Hedstrom brought medicine and medical care to the sufferers. He persuaded some to leave the colony—Illinois had better opportunities for immigrants than membership in a communistic colony. And he regarded these misled countrymen as prospective members of Methodism. In December, 1846, he organized the first Swedish Methodist congregation in America. It consisted of only five members, but it was the beginning, and soon other preaching stations were started in Knox and adjoining counties. By 1849, he could report to his Conference six stations: Lafayette, Victoria, Galesburg, Andover, Moline, and Rock Island, with sixty members and thirty-three on probation.¹¹ His anticipation of a mission among Swedish immigrants had come true.

In the fall of 1848, Jonas Hedstrom received a letter from Sweden which foreboded a new chapter in Illinois immigration history. It was from a Lutheran clergyman in that part of Sweden from which many of the Jansonists had come. Would there be a field for a minister of the Church of Sweden to serve the growing number of immigrants in Illinois? The writer was a forty-year-old curate, L. P. Esbjorn, who had become known for his temperance efforts, his interest in missions, and his friendliness to the revival movement in Sweden. He was no friend of Eric Janson, and he was concerned over the fate of some of his former parishioners who had let themselves be led

¹¹ Witting, *Minnen Fran Mitt Lif*, 178-80.

by the "prophet." Through them he had made contact with the preacher in Victoria. But Hedstrom hesitated to reply.¹² Meanwhile, a friend of Esbjorn's in Victoria, O. Bäck, had learned of the letter and hastened to urge him to come. As in many other cases, the wife of the family had been captivated by Janson, and the husband had to follow in the emigrant band. So Bäck had come to Illinois. In January, 1849, Hedstrom did reply,¹³ expressing his hope that Esbjorn might come, but pointing out difficulties which would have to be met. The Jansonists, Hedstrom claimed, were already disillusioned and were moving to other localities to get away from the domination of the colony.

Esbjorn resolved to move to America. He had not won the promotions he had sought at home—this contributed no doubt, to his decision. But he was sincere in his solicitude for his countrymen who were migrating in increasing numbers. In February, 1849, he knew of 144 persons in his region who were leaving for America—another forty or more were thinking of going.¹⁴ He applied to the Swedish Missionary Society for aid, and for endorsement of his petition to the church authorities for permission to go. This was granted. As leader of a party of 146 persons, Esbjorn left Sweden on June 29, and arrived in New York on September 6, 1849. Among others whom the party met on arrival were Bergner and Olof Hedstrom. The journey continued via the Hudson River, the Erie Canal, Buffalo, and Cleveland, to Chicago, thence by canalboat to Peru and wagon road to Andover. While in New York, Esbjorn had been promised land and money for church building in Andover,¹⁵ and to this destination the group came in October. It had been a long, tedious journey on which sickness

¹² L. P. Esbjorn to G. Th. Keyser, Feb. 27, 1849 (Letter in *Kyrkohistorisk Arsskrift*, Vol. 46 (1946), 243-44. The original letter of Esbjorn, in 1848, is not extant, but its contents are referred to in this letter and in the reply of Hedstrom.

¹³ Gunnar Westin, *Emigranterna och Kyrkan* (Stockholm, 1932), 33-37.

¹⁴ Esbjorn to Keyser, Feb. 27, 1849 (*Kyrkohistorisk Arsskrift*, 243-44).

¹⁵ Johnson, *Svenskarne i Illinois*, 75-76.

and death had taken their casualties. Andover is only a short distance from Bishop Hill and Victoria, and some Swedes had already settled there before Esbjorn's party came. Two weeks after his arrival, he wrote to Sweden¹⁶ that he had already begun his ministry. He hoped to extend his service to Galesburg and Victoria. In a postscript he added that approximately seven hundred Swedes had come to America in 1849.

From this point on, the numbers quickly increased and the settlements around Andover, Galesburg, Rock Island, and Moline grew steadily. It is not our purpose here to trace that growth. Rather we have wanted to show why Knox, Henry, and Rock Island counties became the regions of Swedish immigration. For a great part, the answer is connected with the careers of the Hedstrom brothers.

We turn now to ask when that other focal point in the state, Chicago, began to draw Swedish immigrants. The answer takes us back to the early forties and to a remarkable figure, Gustaf Unonius.¹⁷ Unonius spent his youth in the old university city of Uppsala, where his reading included descriptive and narrative accounts of America. He admits that his desire to emigrate was a part of youth's dream of far-away opportunities. Legal and medical studies had gotten him nothing more than a clerkship. In 1841, at the age of thirty-one, he made up his mind to emigrate, won his bride to the idea, and in September they were in New York with a few friends who had been willing to follow. In New York they decided to go west, and on the way chose to disembark at Milwaukee,¹⁸ Here they met a countryman, Olof Lange, who had been in Chicago in 1838—probably the first Swede in that city¹⁹—and

¹⁶ *Kyrkohistorisk Arsskrift*, Vol. 46 (1946), 254-58.

¹⁷ Gustaf E. M. Unonius, *Minnen Fran en Sjuttonarig Vistelse i Nordvestra Amerika* (Uppsala, 1862), 2 v. Unonius had returned to Sweden in 1858 and wrote this work, which is probably the best contemporary account of early Swedish immigrant days and of the conditions the immigrants found in America.

¹⁸ Unonius, *Minnen Fran en Sjuttonarig*, I: 115.

¹⁹ Johnson, *Svenskarne i Illinois*, 233, assigns this place to Gustaf Flack who ran a small store near the Clark Street Bridge in 1843. But Lange had evidently preceded him. Flack

then came to Milwaukee. Lange was helpful in getting the Unonius party settled in a clearing at Pine Lake, about thirty miles west of Milwaukee, near Delafield. Here the former Uppsala student and clerk with his frail but dauntless wife learned the rigors of pioneer settlers. They were "better folk," unused to manual labor, but they learned from their neighbors. Unonius wrote home about his experiences, and newspapers carried his story far and wide. He reproached himself later for having written in a way that lured others,²⁰ especially such as should not have come. Many did come, and they came to Pine Lake, a few settling in the neighborhood. Among those attracted was a young army officer, Polycarp von Schneidau, and his young bride, neither of whom was fit for wilderness clearings. They gave the name New Uppsala to the Wisconsin settlement, but neither the name nor the settlement was destined to endure.

Unonius early made the acquaintance of an Episcopal missionary in Wisconsin, J. Lloyd Breck. Norwegian settlements as well as the Pine Lake colony were without religious care, and Unonius was persuaded to prepare himself for ordination. Nashotah Mission House had just begun its work only a few miles from Pine Lake. Here Unonius pursued studies and, in 1845, was ordained. He deliberated carefully on taking this step, for his home church was Lutheran, but he decided that the Episcopal church was closely related, and he was permitted to use in translation the ritual of the Swedish church. Not all the Scandinavians felt they could make the transition, and for the rest of his life Unonius had to defend his own position. In 1847, he accepted a call to Manitowoc. But his friend von Schneidau, who had moved to Chicago, wanted

returned to Sweden in 1846. This same volume is authority for the statement that Flack's letters to his native land had influenced Eric Janson and his followers to emigrate, but gives no further details. Olson, *The Swedish Element in Illinois*, 20, is authority for the assertion that Flack was among the settlers of Victoria.

²⁰ Unonius, *Minnen Fran en Sjuttonarig*, I: 317, 329.

him to come there, and in April, 1849, Unonius and his family moved to this new field.

When von Schneidau came to Chicago in 1845, there were many Norwegians already settled there (they had begun coming in 1836).²¹ But the Swedish stream was beginning. Fifteen poverty-stricken families from Sweden had arrived shortly before von Schneidau,²² who proved of great help to them. In October, 1846, a large party, heading for Bishop Hill, decided to go no farther. In 1847, forty more families joined them; in 1848, a hundred families. Four hundred Swedes came in 1849, five hundred in 1850, and thereafter the number rose to 1,000 and the great movement had begun which two decades later, in 1868, witnessed 30,000 Swedes passing through or stopping in Chicago.²³ Norwegians and Swedes had come together in a congregation which was served by a certain Smith, of whom little is known and nothing creditable.²⁴ Later, in 1848, Pastor Paul Anderson organized this group into a Lutheran church,²⁵ predominantly Norwegian, but containing some Swedes. Thus, in 1849, when Unonius arrived, a split occurred in the congregation, for it was out of essentially the same people that he formed the St. Ansgar Swedish Episcopal congregation. It is not our purpose here to enter into the long and sad history of dissension which marked these groups. Rather, we wish only to record that these quarrels marked the presence of growing numbers of immigrants—large enough indeed to have given opportunity for all the churches to serve. Cholera, destitution, homesickness, separation from friends and relatives, were some of the tribulations these families on the march experienced. It is a touch-

²¹ Johnson, *Svenskarna i Illinois*, 234.

²² Von Schneidau became a construction engineer on the recently begun Chicago to Galena railroad. Fredrika Bremer called him "probably the foremost daguerreotypist in Illinois." Olson, *The Swedish Element in Illinois*, 20-21.

²³ George M. Stephenson, "The Stormy Years of the Swedish Colony in Chicago Before the Great Fire," *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society* for the year 1929 (Springfield, 1929), 167.

²⁴ Unonius, *Minnen Fran en Sjuttonarig*, II: 218-20.

²⁵ *Augustana Historical Society Publications*, Vol. V (1935), 35-56.

ing chapter which no statistics can describe, a chapter of human hopes and fears, aspirations and frustrations, which only those who lived then could tell, and they were too occupied to put their story into literary form. By 1850, it was already clear that Chicago would become a great center of Swedish immigrants.

We can include here, in our résumé of immigration before 1850, only one other name, which properly belongs to Iowa but has interesting connections with Illinois. Polycarp von Schneidau wrote back to his father in Kisa, Ostergötland, and one of his fellow-townsmen, Peter Cassel, became interested. He was a man of fifty, handy in mechanical affairs, well thought of by his neighbors. America seemed to promise some of the political equality he missed in his own country. His influence brought together a party of five families, twenty-one in all. They left Gothenburg at midsummer, 1845, and arrived in New York in August. Wisconsin had been their destination, but in New York they were led to believe that Iowa offered better cheap land. In a letter home,²⁶ Cassel reported that they had met many Swedes residing in New York. We wonder if Olof Hedstrom was among them—he had just begun his mission on the *Bethel Ship*. But Iowa was to be their goal. The party followed a route that took them through Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. The final stage was by boat from St. Louis to Burlington, and thence forty-two miles inland to New Sweden, where they founded the colony which was the first to perpetuate itself into our own day.

Peter Cassel was "the first Swedish bonde [peasant] to emigrate."²⁷ His letters home awakened wide interest among a type of people who were to leave Sweden later by the tens of thousands. It was the type Sweden did not want to lose, and

²⁶ George M. Stephenson, "Documents Relating to Peter Cassel and the Settlement at New Sweden, Iowa," *Swedish-American Historical Bulletin*, Vol. II, no. 1 (Feb., 1929), 55 ff.

²⁷ A contemporary statement in *Östgotha Correspondenten*, May 23, 1846, quoted in *Swedish-American Historical Bulletin*, February, 1929, p. 67.

from the very year of Cassel's departure thoughtful people began to inquire as to the reasons for emigration.²⁸ But the spark had burst into a flame. Ostergötland, Smaland, Västergötland—central provinces in Sweden—were to lose a large part of their population before the fires of emigration subsided. In 1846, a party of seventy-five people left Cassel's home region with the purpose of joining the New Sweden colony. They were robbed of their belongings in Albany and had to stay two years in Buffalo to earn passage money to continue. Meanwhile, in 1847, another large group had left from the same vicinity in Sweden. In New York, they were induced by Olof Hedstrom to change their destination—which also was New Sweden—and go instead to Jonas Hedstrom's Victoria. Arriving here, Jonas helped them to locate at Andover, thus beginning this pioneer settlement. The Andover people learned of the plight of their fellow countrymen in Buffalo, and persuaded many of them to make Andover rather than New Sweden their home. The rest of the Buffalo party had gone on to Sugar Grove and Jamestown, New York, founding there one of the largest Swedish settlements in the East. Still another Kisa contingent left in 1849. In Chicago they met a Captain Wirstrom²⁹ who guided them also to Andover, though they had planned to establish themselves in Cassel's colony. Late in 1849, as we have already noted, Esbjorn came, from another part of Sweden, and Lutheran church work among the immigrants began. Andover had profited by the misfortunes of those who had aimed to move to Iowa, and the complexion of the Henry, Knox, and Rock Island County Swedish settlements changed from the Bishop Hill communistic experiment to the individualistic Swedish farmer communities and to the machinist and carpenter groups in the cities.

²⁸ Letter in *Najaden* (Karlskrona), June 12, 1845, quoted in *Swedish-American Historical Bulletin*, February, 1929, p. 47 ff.

²⁹ Wirstrom was a retired sea captain who had married the daughter of a Bishop Hill colonist. Olson, *Swedish Element in Illinois*, 27.

In 1850, the United States census reported 1,123 Swedish-born persons in Illinois. We do not have exact statistics for their whereabouts, but we know that the majority must have been in western Illinois, in Victoria, Bishop Hill, Galesburg, Andover, and Moline, with a rapidly growing minority in Chicago. The beginnings had been made and the channels worn, through which the stream would come until it reached flood dimensions. The settlements would increase. Religious denominations would grow. Schools and colleges would be organized and hundreds of thousands of people of Swedish blood would contribute to the building of Illinois. But the direction of development, even the character of the settlements, was determined by Olof and Jonas Hedstrom, Eric Janson, Gustaf Unonius and Polycarp von Schneidau, L. P. Esbjorn, and Peter Cassel.


In a letter dated December 13, 1848, Peter Cassel wrote from New Sweden, "now we have a Swedish pastor—During the past eleven months he has preached every Sunday and holiday.—We are thirteen families who contribute to the support of the pastor."³⁰ Magnus Hakanson was a lay preacher—on weekdays he was a shoemaker—but his ministry among the Iowa colonists laid the foundation for the first Lutheran congregation among the Swedish immigrants. The Augustana Synod has therefore chosen 1948 as a centennial year of Swedish Lutheran parish work in the New World. The date has also become a focal point for a centennial of all the aspects of Swedish immigration, though, as has been made clear in the foregoing, many things had happened in the half-dozen years before 1848. But the War has prevented an earlier commemoration, and this year, 1948, affords as significant an occasion as any other for a general observance of the coming of the Mississippi Valley of the sons and daughters of Sweden.

³⁰ *Swedish-American Historical Bulletin*, February, 1929, p. 75.

THE DUTY—OR DILEMMA—OF EVERY ILLINOISAN*

BY HERBERT O. BRAYER

ON every hand today—in the press, on the air, in our clubs, in our schools, and in our churches—we are faced with the startling and tragic picture of a starving and disorganized Europe torn between two conflicting philosophies of life—the one our own and the other that professed by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Since my recent return from Europe, I have listened patiently and faithfully for someone, preferably some career member of our State Department, to give to the American people a concise, straightforward, and fearless account of what that struggle is about, and how it is manifest throughout the so-called “civilized world.” I have waited in vain. The conflicting accounts of even present conditions in Europe are disheartening and sometimes even ludicrous. Representative John Taber, for example, reports he found no starvation in Europe while his own colleagues on the very same congressional visit report food conditions to be critical and even chaotic. A Scripps-Howard reporter with a liberal expense account and twenty-four hours in Paris reported several weeks ago that he could get excellent food in the French capital and saw no starvation. What that gentleman forgot to report to his readers was that he purchased his breakfast, lunch, and supper on the black market, and that only ten or twelve per cent of the French people could afford the meals

 * This paper was presented to members of the Illinois State Historical Society at the annual meeting in Rockford, on November 1, 1947.

he had bought! Paris is not France. I remember all too well last June witnessing an incident in northeastern France in which a mob attempted to seize a shipment of sugar en route to the American Army in Germany.

There is no question that much of Europe is badly in need of good food. Unfortunately, food is but one of Europe's critical needs—there is an equally serious need for clothing, housing, medical facilities, education, public welfare work, and re-establishment and expansion of public utilities and social services. Europe is now short of electricity, water and gas, of coal and wood, of cement, iron, glass, and of wire, and pipe. You can readily visualize the problem of physical and social rehabilitation in those vast areas in Europe where from fifty to eighty per cent of large urban populations live in the rubble of bomb blasted cities, where water is carried from central standpipes in the streets, where sanitation is practically nonexistent, where hospitals are able to care for only twenty per cent of the cases needing hospitalization, where the indices of communicable diseases are rapidly rising to record heights for this century, where there are all too few institutions remaining to care for the old, the mentally ill or incompetent, or for the hundreds of thousands of orphaned or "lost" children between the ages of one and seventeen that roam the streets of every major city in the area scorched by war. The problem is complicated by the breakdown in government resulting from prolonged enemy occupation in certain areas. Years of subjection and terror and living under rigid controls have altered both the moral code and the sense of values of millions of people. Larceny, black marketing, smuggling, sexual promiscuity, juvenile delinquency, and outright murder are part of the daily European picture which Americans must not only recognize but understand. Understanding is essential; thoughtless condemnation is not only foolish but fails to recognize that under similar circumstances Americans would likely be no

better. This, then, is the social and economic situation in Europe today. The political situation is the mirror of the hunger of Europe for economic stability and social rehabilitation. The acquiring of these essential ends is the aim of each country, but between the present chaos and the goal of tranquillity stands the unplumbed abyss of rampant international anarchy! Let us see if we can identify the elements that make up this dismal situation.

To begin with, the threads of our present somewhat tattered and torn cultural quilt were readily discernible long before the Russian Revolution. In addition to the vitalized middle classes, out of the industrial revolutions of the nineteenth century in Western Europe there arose the modern labor movement with not only social and economic desires but political aspirations which would not long be overlooked. Labor groups and parties in England, France, the Lowlands, Scandinavia, and Germany were important political factors for some decades previous to the outbreak of World War I. Even in Russia, where agrarian feudalism was still in vogue, the undercurrent of unrest among the laboring populace was evident before 1914. Between the two wars, labor "discovered" that it was not only indispensable in our modern industrial civilization but that its desires for a voice in political affairs could not be denied in a democracy. Labor governments, notably in England and France, took over political control, and then the long smoldering conflict between labor and management (or "capital") for ultimate control came into the open. Both sides took full advantage of the opportunities afforded by the resulting confusion. In Italy and Germany, the reactionary elements of an entrenched and uncompromising capitalism supported the Fascist movements, among whose first acts after obtaining power were the suppression of free labor movements. These successes led to the formation of influential sympathetically-Fascist groups in the Western democracies—

in England, France, Belgium and other countries—whose principal financial support came from portions of the industrial or “capitalistic” segments of the population. Labor, on the other hand, further contributed to the weakened internal economic structure and political chaos of Europe by resorting to paralyzing strikes and espousing the doctrine of socialism and not infrequently Marxian communism. Political action by either side called for counteraction. The depression, from 1929 to the eve of World War II, further contributed to the disintegration of the economic as well as the social fabric of European life. The dole, bread lines, red-tape-bound governmental relief agencies, and ineffectual national commissions were not likely to convince labor of the soundness of classic capitalism and free enterprise. Capital and management meanwhile lost a good part of its essential venturesomeness in the face of legislative investigations, oppressive legislation, demands for nationalization, profit sharing, and even complete labor control of industry.

You will note that up to this point nothing has been said about Russia or Russian communism—not that communistic elements were not present and aggravating, but up to 1939—with the exception of Spain—Russian communism was not a dominant factor in Western Europe. What the American press so frequently termed “communistic” during that hectic pre-World-War-II era was in fact “socialistic”—and the difference between the two was not academic, but one of basic fundamentals. Another popular fallacy must also be exploded at this point. Many Americans still believe that previous to the war the Western European democracies were also believers in the free enterprise form of capitalism—some even think that except for Great Britain “free enterprise” is the economic philosophy among most of the European democracies today. Both impressions were and are erroneous. The democracies—England, France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Den-

mark, and formerly Finland—are firm believers in monopolies, cartels, subsidies, and other internal and external commercial trade controls. Before labeling such actions undemocratic let the American critic remember that our own tariff wall is but one of the methods utilized internally and externally by these United States to prevent “free” enterprise or perfect competition. Democracy and “free enterprise” are not synonymous, in fact, the latter can be, and historically has been, a potent weapon of every form of government from democracy to absolute monarchy. Thus it was that, in 1939, on the eve of World War II, the European world—economically ill and therefore politically chaotic—had found capitalism unsuited to economies with limited national resources, “captive” or closed markets, and most of all they had discovered somewhat bitterly that they could not compete with America’s mass production methods, Japan’s heavily subsidized, highly concentrated consumers’ goods factories, or the restrictive colonial systems of Great Britain, France, Holland, and Belgium.

It seems hard to believe that only eight years ago, when Hitler marched into Poland, Communist Russia had not one real friend or ally among all the countries of Europe. Not one; yet today, eight years later, Russia counts as “friends and allies” Poland, Finland, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, parts of Germany and Austria, an apparent majority of the voters in Italy, a large part of the French population, and tens of thousands of others in Spain, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. It is a relatively simple matter to account for Russian influence in those countries and areas which were occupied by troops of the Soviet, but what about the astounding success of the “Reds” in Italy, France and elsewhere in Western Europe?

First, nothing succeeds like success, and Russia’s heroic battle against the Fascist hordes justly earned the plaudits of all men. But along with that military victory went a propa-

ganda victory of which Herr Doktor Goebbels would have marveled. From 1917 to 1939, Russian publicists in every part of the world strove mightily to sell the working classes on the "people's revolution" and the Utopia to be found in the communistic Soviet. Not since the conversion of pagan Europe to Christianity had so widespread and militant a propaganda campaign been planned and executed. The comparison with religion is intentional. Communism has its theology, its dogma, an elaborate hierarchy and priesthood, its hero martyrs and damned persecutors, its ritual and exacting discipline. It utilizes the "revival" technique and thrives on "persecution." It would be foolish to minimize the success of this campaign. "Cells" were founded throughout Europe, America, and Asia. To the jobless and dispossessed, the bankrupt and downtrodden, the "people's revolution" held great appeal—gone would be "the scheming banker," the "slave-driving boss," the "grasping politician," the "warmongering international capitalists." Colonies would be freed; there would be no domination of one people by another. Clericalism would no longer oppress the ignorant. There would be no imperialism—cultural or political. The necessities of life would be publicly owned. Such was to be the good life. No wonder it appealed to the "exploited" laborers of threescore nations. Of course, not a few such "exploited workers" turned out to be professional agitators, pseudo intellectuals, and not a few misguided individuals who believed the way to clean a house—admittedly in need of a thorough overhauling—was to burn it down.

Such was the propaganda line. Many people, even in this country, took not only the bait, but the hook, line, and sinker. Thus it was that, when the guns fell silent two years ago, Europe was more than prostrate—she was economically bankrupt, socially disintegrated, politically chaotic, and spiritually confused. Hungry, homeless, and jobless the peoples of Europe began the long process of putting their civilization back to-

gether. In those areas under Russian control, the pattern followed the now familiar design of political control through military pressure—actual or threatened. Rehabilitation within the Russian sphere is rigidly directed from the Kremlin—and the end desired is the orientation of those areas to the economy of Russia. Let us make no mistake about Russian intentions. The Balkans, Finland, Poland, and, if she can swing it, Greece and Turkey and the Near East are to be geared economically to Russia—and the Russian knows that the way to control a nation economically is to control her politically. In Italy, thousands of the victims of Mussolini's Fascist reign and the devastating campaigns from Sicily to the Po River were ripe for communism. One extreme always breeds another extreme, and in their desire for political and economic freedom from not only the Fascist regime but the centuries-old abuses by the selfish and frequently rapacious landholding class, many Italians accepted the promises of the agitators and joined the "Red" party. Today Italy stands at the crossroads. She has many ties with America (it seemed to me that almost every Italian I came in contact with had a cousin in Los Angeles, a sister in Brooklyn, or an uncle in Kansas City). Italians are thankful for the freedom gained for them by the Allies, for the food we have poured into the country since the end of the war. There remains, however, the bellicose figure of Palmiro Togliatti and his Communists. They now have the political strength to take over the government, but are aware that to do so would stop the grain ships from America. Togliatti knows that Russia is not ready, as yet, to supply the food deficiency, and to strike now might mean the end of communism for Italy. It is the realization of the part food will play in the final decision that forced President Truman to call for immediate aid for Italy in the special session of Congress.

France has also reached a crisis in her political fortunes. The sting of military defeat, the loss of Syria, the difficulties

in Indo-China and Madagascar, shortages in food, clothing and machinery, the black market, and the decline in private and public morality, resulting from the degradation and hardships of the occupation, have hit France hard. In the political disintegration following the capitulation, young militant leftist leaders—a number out-and-out Communists—formed the resistance groups, and there can be little doubt that large elements within the resistance forces—notably from the industrial areas—were “Red” in sympathy. After De Gaulle’s political eclipse in 1945, the Communists became a major factor in the government. They desired, as they have in every country that they have attempted to permeate, the posts of minister of foreign affairs, minister of police, and minister of finance. The Socialist cabinet, maintaining its control through an unstable coalition, managed to weather the storm, but, as in Italy, the next ninety days may see the country thrown into civil war and the “Reds” take over amid anarchy. The key to France is not solely food, but the rehabilitation of her industry, the development of markets, and the assistance America may give to bolster the internal economy until the wheels are turning again. De Gaulle’s re-emergence politically will force the showdown sooner than had been expected. The Communists are strong. The decision is in doubt.

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Sweden, through a disastrous five-year economic agreement, has oriented herself economically in the direction of Russia; Denmark, although bound by strong economic ties to Great Britain, has also found it expedient to look eastwards. On May 1, standing on the ramp in front of the American Embassy, in Oslo, Norway, I watched the “Red” parade. A huge banner carried by the Communist marchers read, “Hitler is dead but Truman Lives.” “Truman” in that case meant you, my fellow Americans in Illinois. You are now labeled by the Communists as the Fascist successors to the Nazis. In Belgium, an industrious nation which appears to have made an astonish-

ingly rapid recovery from the war, a militant though still small Communist Party is seeking to find the weak link in the nation's economic and political armor. The Netherlands, already embarked on a socialistic program, is in a weakened economic condition. Her once large freighting traffic from the Rhine ports has been materially affected by the devastation of Germany. The situation in the East Indies has also weighed heavily upon the country. The ever-watchful Communists in Amsterdam and other Dutch cities bide their time, waiting for the opportunity to exploit any crisis which develops.

Even Fabian, socialistic England has her "Red cells." A strong left wing of the Labor Party has decided leanings in the direction of Russia. The failure of the present government could well lead to a realignment of the Labor Party further to the left of center. Despite the overzealous statement of the young Conservative Member of Parliament who visited and lectured in the Midwest during the past month, the Labor Party is stronger in Parliament today than it was on election day in 1945, when the British retired Churchill and the Conservative Party. Let the thoughtful observer note that up to this writing the Labor Party has not only not lost a single by-election in a constituency won in 1945, but has actually added to its numerical superiority in Parliament by capturing seats from both the Conservative and Liberal parties. The recent success of the Conservative Party in local elections may be symptomatic of internal dissatisfaction but the fact remains that the Labor Party is solidly ensconced in Parliament and, except for some unforeseen inter-party rupture resulting in a crisis, can and undoubtedly will serve out the two and one-half years remaining before the next general election. No, the failure of Clement R. Attlee, Ernest Bevin, Sir Stafford Cripps and company could well mean the ascendancy of the radical left led by the present minister of Health Mr. Aneurin Bevan. It may be true as on Conservative wit paraphrased Churchill,

that under the Labor government "Never had so many waited so long for so little and got nothing," but with the Conservative Party offering no constructive program whatever, I dread the result of a return of that party to power. Its success, under its present "do nothing" leadership, would be but temporary, and the disillusioned laboring classes, mindful of the failure of socialism and fearful of a return to the economic policies of the Conservatives, might well seek a solution in communism. Here again America's role is obvious. We might not be able or desire to guarantee the success of the present British government, but it is patently true we can assure its failure!

This, then, is the story of Europe as of November 1, 1947. Communism is still on the ascendancy, despite our avowed intention to meet and contain it on all fronts.

What is this "monster," this "horror" which fills our radio, our newspapers, and our daily life with grim forebodings of a new war? Actually it is half propaganda and half fact. Russian communism is in fact just another form of totalitarianism. It amounts to the control of some two hundred million people in Russia by not over two per cent of the population. Through its hierarchy, it controls all forms of enterprise within the country. It operates all factories, stores, shops, foundries, and even the farms through the appointment of managers and superintendents. It establishes production goals for each enterprise, allocates material, drafts labor, and distributes and markets all products of this state business. It owns and operates all the means of communication and transportation—radio, telephone and telegraph, newspapers, magazines, wire press services, trams, busses, airlines, railroads, and inter-coastal ship lines as well as overseas transport. The Soviet administration organizes labor unions in each industry—one union to a plant and all employees must belong to it. Labor leaders are responsible to the government and production goals are as much their responsibility as they are those of the

plant management. Strikes and labor disputes, such as we know them, are unknown, but "grievances committees," representing the workers, do confer with the management and can appeal over the head of the plant operators.

Rationing in Russia is thorough and has a dual purpose.¹ First, it assures a fair distribution of scarce food and clothing to everyone, and, secondly, it is a method of control as well as of reward. A worker who exceeds his production quota may receive extra rations or special coupons which permit him to buy extra food or "luxury items" at the government stores. Conversely, if a worker is recalcitrant or offends the powers that be, his rations can be reduced. All this is familiar. It is the pattern of totalitarianism—of the subordination of the individual to the state.

It should be realized, however, that despite all wishful thinking, the government apparently is popular within Russia and supported vigorously by the people. This is understandable. In the thirty years since the revolution, Russia's millions have seen the complete redesigning of their country. The peasants are no longer serfs in the feudal sense, lands are no longer in the hands of an intrenched land-exploiting nobility, and the national income is not used for the aggrandizement of a corrupt and vicious government. The Russian today can say in all honesty that he is one hundred per cent better off than were his parents. Never having experienced our form of personal freedom, however, he can not conceive of its being better than his own. The *internal* propaganda of his government tells him daily of labor strikes in America, anti-labor legislation, the Negro and other minority problems in the United States and has convinced him that American labor is ruthlessly exploited by "bloated Wall Street capitalists," "Washington imperialists," and "industrial warmongers." When I described for a Russian my own home with a refriger-

¹ On December 16, 1947, Russia simultaneously abandoned all food rationing and began the issue of a new currency.

ator, electric toaster, and bathtub, his reply was, "You could only have such luxuries by exploiting the workers who make such things." I described for a "Red" soldier who had been a farmer the equipment and methods used by a friend of mine on his farm in Colorado. My interested listener's visage clouded up with incredulity when I described the new Buick owned by my beet-sugar-growing agriculturist in America. This was impossible, he commented, unless my friend was taking the fruit of the labors of his hired hands and paying them little or nothing in return. In that answer, I saw the result of years of constant repetition of that same theme by the controlled press and radio.

The truth is that Russia, in thirty years, has risen from the semi-feudalistic state of the tzars to a modern nation striving to overcome centuries of backwardness in the shortest possible time. That she has succeeded so well is nothing less than astounding. She is producing jet airplanes, automobiles, trucks, busses, street cars, locomotives, tractors, tanks, guided missiles, automatic rifles, ammunition, and tires. She is building huge power dams, railroads, highways, and by her own admission, atomic energy plants. She has accomplished all of this in three things, decades by the simple process of subordinating everything, especially men, to the program of the state. Americans must realize that despite certain notable failures in specific fields, the internal program of Russia has been highly successful from the point of view of the Soviet government.

At the same time the rulers of Russia have carried on an external program designed first to prevent aggression against the Soviet; secondly, to prevent the permeation into Russia, and now its satellites, of ideas and principles contrary to the established propaganda line; thirdly, to foment and encourage political chaos in neighboring countries so as, ultimately, to be in a position, through its "fifth-column cells," to take over and establish "friendly" states on its borders; and lastly, to estab-

lish and support Communist parties throughout the world as the basis for the "coming worldwide revolution of all workers." The Communist slogan, "Workers of the World Unite," and the words of the "International" are clear warning of the long-range intentions of the Soviet. To the long-established external "party line," Stalin, Molotov, and company have now added other intentions, some of which date back to the reign of Catherine the Great: a warm-water port on the Baltic, full access and at least joint control over the Dardanelles, and latterly an ice-free port on the Pacific. To these, add the obvious desire for a share or control of the rich Iranian oil fields, and a "friendly administration" in Greece and Turkey. Quite an ambitious program, and, as of this date, only one obstacle stands in the way of its complete realization—the United States of America.

That these United States now face a serious decision is obvious even to the Russians. We have a choice: either to bolster Europe's western democracies so that they can stand off the "Red" menace within their own borders until their own economies can be rehabilitated to carry their own weight, or to withdraw from the so-called "cold war," permitting the Communists to take over and integrate their vast holdings. Reducing it to practical terms in the first instance, it means the underwriting of some twenty billion dollars worth of European purchases—purchase of American food, clothing, machinery, and supplies. In all probability most of this aid will never be repaid. At least we should be prepared for that eventuality.

Our adoption of the second choice is more complicated. We must face the fact that the Communists, whatever their national origin, will readily unite with Russia. Our European markets would, of course, be lost. The united Communist front would compete with us in Latin America, and efforts to communize that portion of the new world would be aug-

mented. In Asia and Africa the Russian influence would be redoubled. For our own protection we would have to be prepared to build and maintain the best army, navy, and air force in the world. In order to protect ourselves against unforeseeable pressures and surprise attacks, we should also have to be prepared to surrender, for a time at least, a part of our personal rights and privileges to the federal government in order that it could be instantly prepared to meet any eventuality. That is the trouble with allowing the spread of totalitarianism—in order to meet its threat, we should be forced to adopt some of its methods.

The first alternative—that now termed the “Marshall Plan”—seems preferable and has promise of success, the other choice is strategically nothing more than a holding or delaying action—you don’t win even “cold wars” that way! The expense of the latter choice would within five years be at least tenfold the cost of the first alternative. In concluding this analysis, there remains one additional factor to be considered. How serious is the threat of internal infiltration by American Communists? At the present moment this danger is relatively small, but it must be remembered that communism thrives on internal strife. If American labor and management are foolish enough to permit their rivalries to degenerate into an internecine struggle thereby sapping the strength from the very vitals of the American economy and contributing to political chaos within the nation, then both must be prepared for the inevitable result.

Some one hundred years ago, Governor Thomas Ford, having experienced a situation in Illinois in which the people of this state had been victimized by propaganda, rumor and unreasoning prejudice to the point that they were irreconcilably divided, wrote a terse description of the result which all Americans should read. With deep insight he recorded:

Both parties were thoroughly disgusted with constitutional provisions, restraining them from the summary attainment of their wishes

for vengeance; each was ready to submit to arbitrary power, to the fiat of a dictator, to make me a king for the time being, or at least that I might exercise the power of a king, to abolish both the forms and spirit of free government, if the despotism to be erected upon its ruins could only be wielded for its benefit, and to take vengeance on its enemies. It seems that, notwithstanding all our strong professions of attachment to liberty, there is all the time an unconquerable leaning to the principles of monarchy and despotism, whenever the forms, the delays, and the restraints of republican government fail to correct great evils. . . .

If the people will have anarchy, there is no power short of despotism capable of forcing them to submission; and the despotism which naturally grows out of anarchy, can never be established by those who are elected to administer regular government. . . . But it is a fundamental law of man's nature from which he cannot escape, that despotism is obliged to grow out of general anarchy, as surely as a stone is obliged to fall to the earth when left unsupported in the air. Without any revealed special providence, but in accordance with this great law of man's nature, Cromwell rose out of the disorders of the English revolution; Charles the Second was restored to despotism by the anarchy which succeeded Cromwell; and Bonaparte came forth from the misrule of republican France. The people in all these cases attempted to govern, but in fact, did not. They were incapable of self-government; and by returning to despotism admitted that they needed a master. Where the people are unfit for liberty; where they will not be free without violence, license, and injustice to others; where they do not deserve to be free, nature itself will give them a master. No form of constitution can make them free and keep them so. On the contrary, a people who are fit for and deserve liberty cannot be enslaved.²

The question now facing the American people is relatively simple: Are we fit for liberty or is our despotism to be that which we now call "communism"?

² Thomas Ford, *A History of Illinois* (Chicago, 1854), 361-62; 435-36.

ILLINOIS IN 1947

BY S. A. WETHERBEE

January 1

Illinois begins collection of an additional one-cent tax on packages of twenty cigarettes. The additional tax, authorized by the General Assembly to help meet the cost of the state soldiers' bonus, was approved by the voters last November.

January 3

A severe cold wave sweeps over Illinois. Chicago digs out of a ten-inch snowfall, the heaviest in two years. Stiff winds whip the snow into huge drifts, handicapping transportation.

January 8

The Sixty-fifth General Assembly convenes. Representative Hugh Green is Speaker of the House, and Senator Edward E. Laughlin and Representative Homer Harris are majority leaders of the two houses, with Senator William J. Connors and Representative Paul Powell as minority leaders. Governor Dwight H. Green outlines his legislative program in an address at the opening session.

The Illinois Senate honors Senator Richard J. Barr of Joliet, who begins his forty-fifth consecutive year as state senator today.

January 13

Richard Yates Rowe is inaugurated state treasurer, and Vernon L. Nickell reinaugurated for his second term as superintendent

of public instruction, before a joint session of the General Assembly.

January 14

A revolutionary heating system utilizing the warmth from the earth is revealed today by a Chicago electrical firm. The first such heating plant has been installed in the home of E. H. Hammond in Berwyn. Gas in pipes in the earth twenty-four feet below the lawn, warmed by the earth's heat, is further warmed as it is pumped through a compressor, and then flows through radiators in the home.

January 20

Henry Eisenbart, representative in the Illinois General Assembly from 1925 to 1928, dies at his home in Waterloo at the age of seventy-nine.

January 21

Professor Frederic B. Stiven, sixty-four, director of the University of Illinois School of Music since 1921, dies at his home in Urbana.

January 22

The Illinois Supreme Court upholds the Champaign County Circuit Court's decision regarding voluntary religious education in Champaign public schools. The Supreme Court rules that "such classes do not violate the religious conscience of any individual or group so long as the classes are conducted on a purely voluntary basis." Mrs. Vashti McCollum plans to appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

January 23

Northwestern University announces the development of an electronic spectral recorder which may lead to the discovery of new stars and enable scientists to discover living vegetation on the planet Mars.

John A. Fairlie, professor emeritus of political science at the University of Illinois, dies in Atlanta, Georgia, at the age of seventy-four.

January 27

Paul P. Harris, founder and president emeritus of Rotary International, dies at his home in Morgan Park (Chicago) at the age of seventy-eight. Harris, a lawyer in private life, founded the first Rotary Club in Chicago in 1905.

January 29

Governor Green appoints Rear Admiral John Downes to direct the state veterans' bonus program. Rear Admiral Downes served as commandant of the Ninth Naval District and was commanding officer of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station prior to his retirement from the Navy in 1944.

January 31

The discovery that pentaquine is a cure for malaria is reported by Dr. Alf Sven Alving, professor of medicine at the University of Chicago, to Governor Green. Four hundred forty-five convicts at Stateville Penitentiary voluntarily submitted to tests which led to the discovery. None died, but many were made violently ill. Pentaquine was first made by Dr. Nathan L. Drake, professor of chemistry at the University of Maryland.

February 7

June C. Smith, seventy, associate justice of the Illinois Supreme Court since 1941, dies at his home in Centralia.

The worst cold wave of the winter sweeps over the Middle West, causing a severe shortage of natural gas. Many industrial plants are forced to shut down to save gas for the heating of homes.

February 12

The original manuscript of Lincoln's brief autobiography, which he wrote for Jesse W. Fell of Bloomington in 1859, is

presented to the Library of Congress by the Rev. Robert Dale Richardson, of Medford, Massachusetts, a great-grandson of Mr. Fell.

The appointment of Dr. Roy P. Basler as executive secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, replacing William E. Baringer, who accepted a teaching position at the University of Florida, is announced by George W. Bunn, Jr., at the Association's annual meeting in Springfield.

February 15

Dr. Thomas Hall Shastid, eye specialist, dies in Duluth, Minnesota, at the age of eighty. He was born in Pittsfield, Illinois, and practiced there and in Harrisburg and Marion before going to Duluth.

February 22

Dr. William Edward Shaw, seventy-seven, president of Illinois Wesleyan University in Bloomington since 1939, dies suddenly in Chicago, where he had gone to attend a dinner of Illinois Wesleyan alumni.

February 23

Flour mills, grain elevators, and steel plants over the nation, and particularly in the Midwest, are affected by the worst shortage of freight cars in twenty years.

February 27

The Chicago and Alton Railroad is one hundred years old today. The charter incorporating the original line, the Alton & Sangamon Railroad Company, was approved February 27, 1847.

March 2

A three-story building at 203 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, blows up shortly after noon, killing two persons and injuring more than thirty. The building, in the southwest corner of Chi-

ago's Loop, is reduced to a smoking heap of rubble, and glass is broken in windows within a half-mile radius. Leaking gas is believed to have caused the blast.

March 5

Governor Dwight H. Green announces the appointment of Conrad F. Becker, former state treasurer, to head the business management division of the Illinois State Fair. William V. Ward, present manager, will head the Fair's promotion division.

March 6

Northwestern University's School of Medicine announces a plan to establish an institute for the study of rheumatic fever, the first such institute in the United States. Dr. Alvin F. Curn, a specialist in rheumatic fever and formerly associated with Columbia University, is to be its director.

March 10

George P. McNear, president of the long strike-bound Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad, is shot and killed near his Peoria residence. McNear, a bitter foe of unions, bought the railroad in 1926 at a receiver's auction. He was fifty-five years old.

March 12

Frank J. McDermott, of Chicago, dies in the Alexian Brothers Hospital at the age of sixty-nine. He had served in the lower house of the Illinois General Assembly from 1918 to 1920, and in the State Senate from 1924 to 1932 and from 1936 until his death.

Tributes are paid to the late Justice June C. Smith by Kaywin Kennedy, president of the Illinois State Bar Association, State Representative R. J. Branson of Centralia, Charles E. Feirich of Carbondale, and Justice Clyde E. Stone, at a memorial service before the Illinois Supreme Court, attended by state officials and members of the General Assembly.

March 16

An earthquake is felt in Elgin and Dundee. No damage is reported.

March 25

One hundred and eleven miners in a Centralia coal mine are killed in the worst mine blast since 1928. The explosion is believed to have been caused by dust.

March 29

As a memorial to the miners killed in the Centralia disaster, John L. Lewis orders all soft coal miners to stop work for six days, effective at midnight March 31.

March 31

Marion U. Woodruff, former mayor of Springfield and member of the Illinois General Assembly from 1924 to 1926, dies at his home in Springfield at the age of eighty-three.

April 1

Martin H. Kennelly is elected mayor of Chicago, defeating Russell W. Root.

April 3

A tractor falling from a passing freight train derails the Burlington Railroad's "Twin City Zephyr" in Downers Grove. Three are killed and thirty-six injured.

The Illinois General Assembly ratifies the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States which would limit presidential tenure to two full terms or, in the case of a vice-president succeeding to the presidency, to not more than ten years.

Carl J. Jobst, fifty-three, a member of the Illinois General Assembly from 1930 to 1932, dies at his home in Evanston.

April 7

A nation-wide telephone strike drastically curtails all long-distance service and local calls in communities without dial telephones. Local service in cities having dial exchanges is normal.

April 10

Henry F. Scarborough, serving his tenth consecutive term in the Illinois House of Representatives, dies in a Quincy hospital at the age of eighty-seven.

April 18

Paul Robeson, Negro singer, calls off his scheduled appearance in Peoria because of threats of violence. Mayor Carl O. Triebel denies him the use of the assembly room of the city hall following action of the city council disapproving the appearance of "any speaker or artist who is an avowed or active propagandist for un-American ideology."

April 19

The Illinois Central Railroad's streamliner "City of Miami" strikes an open switch near Champaign, wrecking the train, killing two and injuring ninety-nine. The signal showed that the track was clear.

April 21

Captain Vernon Huber, of Pleasant Plains, a graduate of Springfield High School and the United States Naval Academy, and commander of the destroyer *Livermore* during the war, becomes governor of American Samoa.

April 24

The Board of Trustees of the University of Illinois votes to set 26,000, the present capacity enrollment, as the limit for 1947-48.

April 27

Governor Green announces that the state budget for the biennium beginning July 1 will total \$949,000,000.

April 29

A heavy windstorm sweeps across Tazewell, Mason, and Logan counties, Armington in Tazewell County being hit especially severely. Torrential rains drench Peoria and Bloomington.

May 1

Francis Marion Hewitt dies in Carbondale at the age of seventy-seven. A pharmacist by profession and past president of the Illinois Pharmaceutical Association, Mr. Hewitt was also active in public affairs and was a state senator from 1917 to 1921.

May 4

Martin J. Insull, brother of the late Samuel Insull, dies at the age of seventy-seven in Orillia, Ontario. For many years he was active in his brother's utility empire and was president of Middle West Utilities from 1924 until its collapse in receivership in 1932.

May 5

Labor disputes shut off the delivery of milk to homes and stores in Chicago and its suburbs today. The strikers, members of the A.F.L. Dairy Employees' Union, seek a shorter work week.

May 6

Chicago's twenty-six-hour strike of dairy workers is settled, substantially on the union's terms.

May 8

Harry Gordon Selfridge, former Chicago merchant, dies in London at the age of ninety. After working for Marshall Field, he went to London in 1909 and founded Selfridges Limited on Oxford Street. This store he built into one of the largest and most famous trading places in Europe.

May 11

Frederic W. Goudy, world-renowned printing type designer, dies at his home in Marlboro, New York, at the age of eighty-

two. A native of Bloomington, Illinois, he had designed more than one hundred printing type faces and was regarded as one of the greatest typographic artisans.

May 13

Colonel Diller S. Myers, representative from Livingston County in the Illinois General Assembly from 1920 to 1922, dies at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, at the age of fifty-nine.

May 16

Formal installation ceremonies are held in Urbana for Dr. George D. Stoddard, tenth president of the University of Illinois. Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago, and Governor Green are among the speakers.

May 20

Final settlement of differences between the Western Electric Company and the Association of Communications Workers restores normal telephone service for the first time since April 7.

May 21

The National Safety Council awards the Illinois Central Railroad first place among railroads of the nation whose employees have worked 50,000,000 or more man-hours in 1946. The road's accident rate was 2.18 for each million man-hours worked.

May 24

Roy J. Stewart, a representative from McHenry County in the Illinois General Assembly from 1926 to 1928, dies at La Crescenta, California, at the age of sixty-six.

May 25

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt addresses graduating seniors of MacMurray College in Jacksonville. She is introduced by President Clarence P. McClelland, and is awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters.

May 26

A bill increasing the powers of the Chicago Superintendent of Schools passes the Illinois House of Representatives and is sent to the Governor for approval. A month ago a similar bill met defeat in the House.

May 28

Cold rains, snow, and wind prevail in the Midwest. Temperatures fall to record-breaking lows in many areas.

May 31

Eugene Walter Green, a representative in the Illinois General Assembly from 1914 to 1922, dies in Tuscola at the age of eighty-four.

June 5

Mrs. Frank Knox, widow of the former editor of the *Chicago Daily News* and Secretary of the Navy, gives \$1,000,000 to Harvard University to provide fellowships for exchange of students throughout the world.

June 6

Mrs. C. Wayland Brooks unveils a statue of the late Senator William E. Borah in Statuary Hall, in the nation's Capitol. Bryant Baker, of New York, was the sculptor. In his youth Borah lived in Wayne County, Illinois, near Fairfield.

Hiram Shumate, ninety-seven, of Riverton, is the only delegate to attend the eighty-first annual encampment of the Illinois Department of the G.A.R. at Rockford, and wins another term as department commander.

June 7

H. Clarence Baldrige, former governor of Idaho, dies at Boise at the age of seventy-eight. He was born in White Oak, Illinois, educated at Illinois Wesleyan University, and began his public career in McLean County.

June 9

Waterfront areas of Quincy are flooded as the Mississippi River reaches the record high of 23.6 feet, but the city proper, situated on a bluff, is not in danger. Hannibal, Missouri, is inundated, and much farm land in Pike County, Illinois, is under water.

June 10

The *Chicago Tribune* is one hundred years old today. Festivities beginning on June 7 are climaxed by a special centennial edition of the paper.

June 11

Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson announces the end of sugar rationing for household consumers, effective at midnight tonight. Price control, the Secretary says, will be maintained.

June 17

The first redistricting bill for Congressional representation in Illinois since 1901 is passed by the General Assembly. Cook and Lake counties are to have thirteen representatives and the rest of the state another thirteen.

June 18

President Truman appoints Otto Kerner, Jr., as United States District Attorney for northern Illinois.

June 19

A. L. Sloan, political editor of the *Chicago Herald-American*, dies suddenly in Springfield. For the last twenty-five of the thirty-seven years he had been with the Hearst papers, he had covered politics and the legislature.

The General Assembly votes Joseph Majczek \$24,000 for the twelve years he was wrongfully imprisoned. Majczek was pardoned in 1945 at the request of the Board of Pardons and

Paroles after new testimony cast doubt on the evidence of an important witness.

June 20

Colonel Mathew A. Reasoner dies in St. Joseph's Hospital, Alton, at the age of sixty-two. Colonel Reasoner retired in 1939 after thirty-four years' active service as an officer in the United States Army Medical Corps.

June 21

Payment of Illinois bonus to veterans of World War II begins today.

The crisis passes in the flood in western Pike County as the Mississippi falls steadily.

Clarence Bonnell, founder and president of the Saline County Historical Society, director of the Southern Illinois Historical Society, and a Harrisburg High School faculty member for forty-three years, dies suddenly enroute home from California, at the age of seventy-four.

June 23

Charles W. Creighton, sixty-one, Illinois state representative in the Sixty-third General Assembly, dies at his home in Fairfield.

June 24

Evarts Boutell Greene dies at his home at Croton-on-Hudson, New York, at the age of seventy-seven. Dr. Greene, a member of the staff of the department of history of the University of Illinois from 1894 to 1923, was one of the founders, and for many years an officer, of the Illinois State Historical Society.

June 25

Henry Warren Austin, Oak Park banker, state representative from 1903 to 1908 and state senator from 1915 to 1921, dies at his home at the age of eighty-three.

June 26

Governor Green signs the Congressional reapportionment bill. An error of draughtsmanship in referring to the village, instead of the township, of Stickney is corrected by a joint resolution of the General Assembly.

June 30

The Mississippi River reaches its highest level at St. Louis in 103 years. A sharp earthquake, attributed by some to the terrific weight of the water, is felt in the area. All bridges over the river north of the city of St. Louis proper are closed.

Controversy on school-aid legislation deadlocks the General Assembly and the session adjourns.

The United States government returns the soft coal mines to private ownership today.

July 3

A sandbag barrier at Grand Tower, Illinois, breaks as the crest of the swollen Mississippi moves below St. Louis, flooding the lower part of the town. The main residential section is on high ground and out of reach of the flood waters.

The Most Reverend Henry J. Althoff, bishop of the Belleville diocese of the Roman Catholic Church, dies at the age of seventy-three. Ordained to the priesthood in 1902, he was named bishop of Belleville in 1913.

Reports of "flying saucers" mystify many people. The discs, which observers claim to have seen, are termed "spots before the eyes" by a Chicago scientist.

July 5

After reaching a peak of 40.6 feet, the Mississippi begins leveling off at Grand Tower. More than half the thousand

people of the town are being sheltered in tents and two school-houses on high ground.

July 11

A new child labor law, regulating much more strictly the employment of minors between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, is in effect in Illinois today. The bill, approved by Governor Green on June 30, 1945, was to become law six months after declaration of the cessation of hostilities by the President.

July 13

Henry C. Lytton, Chicago merchant, observes his one hundred and first birthday today. Mr. Lytton opened his Chicago clothing store on State Street in 1887.

July 14

Harry C. Stuttle, member of the Illinois State Senate from 1932 to 1940, dies at his home in Litchfield at the age of sixty-eight.

July 15

Sponsored by the Sons of the Utah Pioneers, 147 costumed descendants of the first Mormon exodus from Nauvoo set out today from the former Mormon city for Salt Lake City.

July 16

The U. S. Department of Commerce reveals today that the nation's twenty principal soybean-growing counties are all in Illinois. Champaign County tops the list.

July 18

President Truman nominates Congressman Evan Howell, of the Twenty-first Illinois District, for judge of the U. S. Court of Claims in Washington.

Among many bills signed by Governor Green is one to enable communities, on local referendum, to levy a one-half-cent sales tax. This tax would be collected by the state and rebated to the local governments.

July 20

Two Northwestern University scientists, L. F. Stutzman and George H. Brown, announce a method of storing natural gas in liquid form. They claim that this reduces storage space by more than 99.8 percent. The method can also be used to conserve natural gas at oilfields, which at present is burned.

July 23

Marshall Field III, publisher of the *Chicago Sun*, announces his offer to buy the *Chicago Daily Times*, an afternoon tabloid.

July 24

The \$105,000,000 bond issue for Chicago's municipally-operated transit system is put up for sale today. Governor Green, Mayor Kennelly, and about three hundred representatives of financial houses are present.

A blast, said to have been caused by a gas explosion, kills twenty-seven coal miners today in Mine No. 8 of the Old Ben Coal Corporation at West Frankfort, Illinois.

Illinois leads the world in the production of wallpaper, with Joliet the leading city of the industry, the Illinois Bureau of Economic and Business Research reports today.

July 25

Governor Green announces the reappointment of Major General Leo M. Boyle as Adjutant General of Illinois for a five-year term. Lieutenant Colonels Edmond P. Coady and Edmond K. O'Neal are named assistants to the Adjutant General.

July 26

The Robert Todd Lincoln papers are opened today at the Library of Congress. Many Lincoln scholars from all over the United States witness the unsealing of the impounded papers.

July 28

All sugar rationing, including industrial and institutional, ends today. Household rationing ended on June 11.

August 1

Unseasonably cold weather ushers in the month of August. Chicago reports the coldest August 1 in history with a low of 52.2° F. Springfield has a temperature of 57°.

August 4

DeWitt S. Crow defeats Joseph Londrigan for circuit judge of the Seventh Judicial Circuit, a position left open by the death of Judge Lawrence E. Stone.

Jesse L. Simpson defeats Carl H. Preihs for justice of the Illinois Supreme Court in the special election in the Second District to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice June C. Smith.

August 5

State Treasurer Richard Yates Rowe announces that the state's cash balance is \$1,117,149,131.45—the highest in Illinois history.

August 6

The streamliner "Green Diamond" crashes into a Burlington freight train at Winston Tower. Twenty-five persons are reported injured.

August 7

President Truman today signs a bill transferring title to the Crab Orchard Lake Project in southern Illinois from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of the Interior. The new administrator plans to create a wild life conservation area and sportsmen's hunting ground in this region. This is in line with plans for developing "Egypt," a section especially favored, scenically and climatically, for a playground area.

August 8

The ninety-first Illinois State Fair opens in Springfield.

August 9

A slight earthquake is felt in five Midwestern states. Both Chicago and Rockford feel the tremor.

August 10

William P. Odom lands at the Chicago Municipal Airport after completing the fastest trip ever made around the world. His time was seventy-three hours and five minutes.

August 17

The Illinois State Fair closes today. Attendance is estimated to have been 1,100,000.

August 20

James G. Harbord, a native of Bloomington, Illinois, Chief of Staff of the A.E.F. in France during World War I, and chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America at the time of his death, dies at his home in Rye, New York, at the age of eighty-one.

August 23

A blistering heat wave over the Middle West, with accompanying drought, blasts hopes of a good corn crop.

August 24

The *Chicago Herald-American* sponsors a rain-making experiment—the sowing of dry ice pellets in clouds high above the city. It produces a relieving shower.

August 29

Frederick Lundin, formerly a member of the Illinois General Assembly and of the United States Congress, dies at his home in Beverly Hills, California, at the age of seventy-nine.

September 12

The annual grape festival begins at Nauvoo. The ceremonies,

patterned after those at Roquefort, France, include a pageant entitled "The Wedding of the Wine and Cheese."

September 19

The project of dredging a new channel for the Sangamon River, to give the Sangamon a more direct outlet into the Illinois River, begins today. It is claimed that the new channel will also relieve flood dangers in the Sangamon Valley.

September 30

Howard Vincent O'Brien, a native of Chicago and columnist for the *Chicago Daily News*, dies in an Evanston hospital at the age of fifty-nine. O'Brien joined the staff of the *News* in 1928 as literary editor, and started writing his column, "All Things Considered," in 1932.

October 2

Albert F. Madlener, prominent for many years in Chicago charitable and social activities, dies at the age of seventy-nine.

October 5

President Truman, in a radio address, asks the nation to refrain from eating meat on Tuesdays and poultry or eggs on Thursdays, in order to make more food available for European relief.

October 15

Robert W. Woolston, superintendent of the Illinois School for the Blind since 1911, dies in Jacksonville at the age of seventy-two.

October 18

The Reverend Richard T. Loring is consecrated bishop of the Springfield Episcopal diocese in St. Paul's Pro Cathedral, Springfield. Episcopalian dignitaries from all over the nation attend the impressive ceremonies.

The first train carrying the bodies of 462 Midwestern men who gave their lives in the Pacific area arrives in Chicago.

October 19

Over four hundred register for a six-day school to train new officers in veterans' service work and to bring present officers up to date on changes in veterans' laws and regulations. The school opens at the State Fair Grounds in Springfield.

October 22

William J. Tyers, seventy-eight, an Illinois state representative from Kane County from 1916 to 1918, dies today in Aurora.

October 25

Joseph M. Cudahy, president of the Chicago Historical Society, dies suddenly in his Chicago home at the age of sixty-nine. A native Chicagoan, Mr. Cudahy was prominent in business and civic affairs.

Saline County climaxes its three-day centennial celebration with a parade of floats throughout the county in the morning and Governor Green's centennial address at the fairgrounds in the afternoon.

October 26

Daniel A. Wedge, commander and sole survivor of Aurora Post, No. 20, G.A.R., and one of the nation's oldest Civil War veterans, dies in Aurora at the age of one hundred and six.

October 30

The first war dead from the European theater of operations arrive in Chicago today. The bodies will be sent to their home towns for final interment as soon as it is possible to comply with the necessary details.

October 31

Price controls are removed from sugar today. Government officials report plenty to supply the demand and no further need for price control.

November 2

Colonel Ira Clifton Copley, publisher of newspapers in Illinois and southern California, dies at the age of eighty-three in the Copley Memorial Hospital, Aurora. Chairman of the board of the Copley Press, Inc., he was a member of Congress representing the Eleventh Illinois District from 1911 to 1923.

November 7

President Truman's Food Conservation Committee abandons "poultryless Thursday" but still appeals to consumers to keep Thursday "eggless."

November 11

The first heavy snow of the winter covers northwestern Illinois. Rockford reports a five-inch fall.

November 14

The "Friendship Train" of food for Europe, which originated in Los Angeles with twelve carloads of foodstuffs, arrives in Chicago today and is split into two trains of fifty-two cars each.

November 21

The Illinois Supreme Court upholds the constitutionality of the state's new reapportionment act. No change is expected now before 1951, when it may be necessary to make a realignment after the 1950 census has been taken.

The plague of starlings that roosted around the State Capitol in Springfield seems to have been solved by the erection of aluminum, two-faced owls in the trees and on the buildings.

November 22

Joseph N. DeGrazio, a representative in the Illinois General Assembly from 1934 to 1938, dies in Chicago at the age of forty-nine.

November 24

The International Typographical Union goes on strike against Chicago's six daily newspapers.

December 2

Howard C. Schaub, president of Decatur (Ill.) Newspapers, Inc., dies in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, at the age of eighty-four.

December 3

The Illinois Commerce Commission approves rate increases for the Illinois Bell Telephone Company amounting to over \$25,000,000 a year.

December 6

A previously unpublished photograph of Abraham Lincoln is presented to the Decatur Public Library by Miss Grace Barnwell, whose father took the picture in 1860.

The United States Secret Service today announces that it has broken up the biggest counterfeit ring to operate in Chicago since 1934.

December 7

Joseph T. Ryerson, a member of the Illinois State Historical Society and director of the Inland Steel Company, dies in a Chicago hospital at the age of sixty-seven.

December 12

John L. Lewis withdraws his 600,000 United Mine Workers from the American Federation of Labor. The split comes over the A.F.L.'s compliance with the Taft-Hartley Act.

Isaac N. Coolley, a representative from Edgar County in the Illinois General Assembly from 1910 to 1912, dies in Greenville, Texas, at the age of eighty-one.

December 29

Henry A. Wallace announces in a Chicago speech today that he will run for the presidency in 1948 on a third party ticket.

December 30

The Republican state central committee endorses Governor Dwight H. Green, Senator C. Wayland Brooks, State Auditor

Arthur C. Lueder, and Attorney General George F. Barrett for re-election, Richard Yates Rowe for lieutenant governor, and William G. Stratton for secretary of state. There is no committee endorsement at this time for the office of state treasurer.

Illinois Democratic leaders select Adlai E. Stevenson as their 1948 candidate for governor, Paul H. Douglas for United States senator, Sherwood Dixon for lieutenant governor, Edward J. Barrett for secretary of state, Ivan Elliott for attorney general, B. O. Cooper for state auditor, and Fred Harrison for state treasurer.

The memory of John Peter Altgeld is honored on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. Governor Green and Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas speak at a banquet in his honor in Chicago.

December 31

As the year ends, the International Typographical Union strike against Chicago's newspapers continues.

Central and northern Illinois are in the grip of freezing rains. Highways are coated with ice and communications lines are down in a wide area.



ROBERT TODD LINCOLN

LINCOLNIANA

With this issue the *Journal* is starting a department of Lincolniana. The editor's drawer has accumulated several items which may be of interest to our readers. Few people know that Edwin Booth, brother of Lincoln's assassin, saved the life of the Martyr President's son. A letter written by Robert Todd Lincoln explaining his own rescue has been acquired recently by the Illinois State Historical Library. The story appeared first in *Century Magazine* for November, 1893. That month William Bispham began a continued story, "Memories and Letters of Edwin Booth." In one paragraph on page 133 he stated:

Booth himself told me of this occurrence. He had started for Philadelphia from New York, and while he was standing on the platform of a car, still in the Pennsylvania railroad station at Jersey City, and just as the train was about to move, a young lad, going from one car to another, stumbled, and would have fallen between them, had not Edwin caught him by the collar of the coat and landed him in safety by his side. The boy, whom Edwin had never seen before, evidently recognized him, and holding out his hand said to him, "That was a narrow escape, Mr. Booth," and thanked him warmly. Two weeks later Edwin received a letter from General Adam Badeau in which the latter mentioned that Robert Lincoln had told him that it was his life that had thus been saved.

The editor of *Century* was Richard Watson Gilder. The magazine had increased its circulation by publishing serially for a period of four years—1886 to 1890—the life of Abraham Lincoln by his Secretaries John G. Nicolay and John Hay. Both collaborators had written under the careful scrutiny of Robert Todd Lincoln and it is not surprising that Gilder should ask Lincoln about the truth of the story of his rescue by Booth, but it is strange that twelve years elapsed before Gilder did so. Editor Gilder seems to have been prompted to make the inquiry during his search for suitable material to publish during 1909—the centennial of Lincoln's birth. *Century* planned many articles during the year. In April an unpublished letter by Edwin Booth was printed, with some deletions, and with it appeared part of the Robert Todd Lincoln letter which is now printed below for the first time in its entirety. Robert Lincoln was president of the Pullman Company at the time he wrote this reply concerning his rescue.

PULLMAN BUILDING

CHICAGO

FEBRUARY 6TH, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. GILDER:

I have your letter of February 4th, but the poems you mention in your postscript have not yet come. I will acknowledge them when they do. In the meantime I think it well to write you about the other matters mentioned in your letter.

In regard to the Lincoln portrait by Healy; I have conferred with Mr. Hempstead Washburne, and find that he has himself no knowledge of his father, Mr. E. B. Washburne, having ever owned the portrait of my father which is now in the possession of Senator Washburn. But he has a portrait of his father, and of several European Statesmen, which were painted by Mr. Healy for his father while he was our Minister at Paris. I find also that Mr. Healy's original portrait of my father made about 1860¹ is in the Newberry Library, in Chicago, and not in the Chicago Historical Society, as I wrote you before. I have accordingly made some slight changes in your copy on this subject.

The account of my rescue by Mr. Edwin Booth, which I return to you, is essentially correct, but it is not accurate in its details. I do not know that it is worth changing—you can judge for yourself.

The incident occurred while a group of passengers were late at night purchasing their sleeping car places from the conductor who stood on the station platform at the entrance of the car. The platform was about the height of the car floor, and there was of course a narrow space between the platform and the car body. There was some crowding, and I happened to be pressed by it against the car body while waiting my turn. In this situation the train began to move, and by the motion I was twisted off my feet, and had dropped somewhat, with feet downward, into the open space, and was personally helpless, when my coat collar was vigorously seized and I was quickly pulled up and out to a secure footing on the platform. Upon turning to thank my rescuer I saw it was Edwin Booth, whose face was of course well known to me, and I expressed my gratitude to him, and in doing so, called him by name.

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

*Richard Watson Gilder, Esq.,
The Century Company,
33 East 17th Street,
New York City.*

¹ The portrait of Lincoln by George P. A. Healy to which Robert Todd Lincoln refers was executed in Chicago in 1866 or 1867. However, Healy may have had "sittings" with Lincoln in 1860. Rufus Rockwell Wilson, *Lincoln in Portraiture* (New York, 1935), 299-301.

HISTORICAL NOTE

Members of the Illinois State Historical Society who attended the 1947 tour all recall our hospitable reception by Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Godfrey in their home in the historic Hossack mansion.

Eighty-eight years ago John Hossack was famous in Illinois and he deserves to be better known today. Born in Scotland, he came to Ottawa in the late 1830's to work on the Illinois-Michigan Canal. After completion of the waterway in 1848, John Hossack became a grain dealer. With an elevator beside the canal he soon accumulated a fortune and built the mansion on the bluff where our Society was entertained.

Some early pictures of the Hossack house and also his grain elevator have come recently to the State Historical Library along with a very interesting speech John Hossack delivered at the time he was convicted in the United States District Court in Chicago for violating the Fugitive Slave Act.

John Hossack, as has been said, was born in Scotland and he brought to America a determined love of liberty. In 1772, another Scotsman, Lord Mansfield, had pronounced in court that any slave who ever set foot on the British Isles was henceforth free. In America, the reputed land of liberty, John Hossack had encountered slavery and he did not like it. Many ragged fugitives came to Ottawa on their way to Canada. The town was a regular station on the Underground Railway to freedom. John Hossack sympathized with the antislavery movement and no doubt hid many runaways on his premises. Then in 1860 a slave named Jim Gray was brought to Ottawa by officers of the law. He had been picked up in southern Illinois and his Missouri master claimed him with a writ issued by the commissioner in Springfield. Judge John Dean Caton examined the papers in the courthouse and a crowd gathered outside.

The crowd appeared to be in an ugly mood. Another Negro known to be a free man had recently come to Ottawa. He had been kidnapped and shipped down the river to slavery. The Northern farmers around the courthouse were determined to prevent a recurrence of such an act, but this time Judge Caton adjudged Jim Gray a legitimate slave and ordered him delivered to the waiting deputy.

Some one in the crowd jumped on a chair and called on all law-abiding citizens to uphold the decision and send the Negro back into

slavery. In the crowd another voice shouted: "If you want your liberty, run."

People saw Jim run across the courthouse yard and dart under the curtain of a waiting carriage. A few men ran into the street to stop the team. One of them grabbed the horses' bridles. Then John Hossack appeared. With clenched fists he snatched the lines from the meddlers, signaled the driver, and the carriage spun away with the fugitive slave inside.

John Hossack was arrested for violating the Fugitive Slave Act and a jury rendered the inevitable verdict of guilty. Judge Drummond in Chicago asked John Hossack if there was any reason why sentence should not be pronounced against him. The Scotsman replied with words that were immediately taken up by the abolition press and broadcast over the land in antislavery tracts. The speech in its entirety appears below.

May it please the Court:

I have a few words to say why sentence should not be pronounced against me. I am found guilty of a violation of the Fugitive Slave Law, and it may appear strange to your Honor that I have no sense of guilt. I came, sir, from the tyranny of the Old World when but a lad, landed upon the American shores, having left my kindred and native land in pursuit of some place where men of toil would not be crushed by the property-holding class. Commencing the struggle of life at the tender age of twelve years, a stranger in a strange land, having to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, your Honor will bear with me, unaccustomed as I am to appear in courts, much less to address them. I have feared that I might fail in bearing myself on this occasion worthy of the place and the position I occupy, and the great principles involved in the case before you. I say to your Honor, therefore, if I fail in observing the usual forms of the place, it will be from a want of judgment and error of the head and not of the heart. Therefore, I do not think I shall fare worse at the hands of your Honor, if I state plainly my views and feelings on the great question of the age—the rights of man. I feel that it is a case that will be referred to long after you and I have gone to meet the great Judge of all the earth.

It has been argued by the prosecution that I, a foreigner, protected by the laws of my adopted country, should be the last to disobey those laws; but in this I find nothing should destroy any sympathy for the crushed, struggling children of toil in all lands.

Surely, I have been protected. The fish in the rivers, the quail in the stubble, the deer in the forest have been protected. Shall I join hands with those who make wicked laws in crushing out the poor black man for whom there is no protection but in the grave, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?

It is true, sir; I am a foreigner. I first saw the light among the rugged and free hills of Scotland; a land, sir, that never was conquered, and where a slave never breathed. Let a slave set foot on that shore, and his chains fall off forever, and he becomes what God made him—a man. It

that far off land I heard of your free institutions, your prairie lands, your projected canals and your growing towns. Twenty-two years ago I landed in this city. I immediately engaged on the public works, on the canal then building that connects this city with the great river of the West. In the process of time the State failed to procure money to carry on the public works. I then opened a prairie farm, to get bread for my family, and I am one of the men that made Chicago what it is to-day, having shipped some of the first grain that was exported from this city. I am, sir, one of the pioneers of Illinois, who have gone through the many hardships of the settlement of a new country. I have spent my best days, the strength of my manhood. I have eleven children who are natives of this my adopted country. No living man, sir, has greater interest in its welfare; and it is because I am opposed to carrying out wicked and ungodly laws, and love the freedom of my country, that I stand before you to-day.

Again, sir, I ought not to be sentenced because, as has been argued by the prosecution, I am an Abolitionist. I have no apologies to make for being an Abolitionist. When I came to this country, like the mass beyond the sea, I was a Democrat; there was a charm in the name. But, sir, I soon found I had to go beyond the name of a party in this country, in order to know anything of its principles or practice. I soon found that however much the great parties of my adopted country differed upon banks, tariffs and land questions, in one thing they agreed, in trying which could stoop the lowest to gain the favor of the most cursed system of slavery that ever swayed an iron rod over any nation the Moloch which they had set up, to which they offered as human sacrifice millions of the children of toil. As a man who had fled from the crushing aristocracy of my native land, how can I support a worse aristocracy in this land? I was compelled to give my name and influence to a party who proposed, at least, to embrace in its sympathies all classes of men, from all quarters of the globe. In this choice I found myself in the company of Clarkson and Wilberforce in my native land, and Washington and Franklin, and many such, in this boasted land of the free; and more than all these, the Redeemer, in whom I humbly trust for acceptance in my God, who came to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty those who were bruised; yea, this very religion binds me to those in bonds as bound with them. Tell me, sir, with these views, can I be anything but an Abolitionist? Surely, for this I ought not to be sentenced.

Again, sir, I ought not to be sentenced, because the fugitive slave law, under which I am torn from my family and business by the subtle tools of the slavehunter, is at variance with both the spirit and letter of the constitution. Sir, I place myself upon the constitution in the presence of a nation who have the Declaration of Independence read to them every Fourth of July, and profess to believe it. Yea, in the presence of civilized man, I hold up the constitution of my adopted country as clear from the blood of men and from a tyranny that would make crowned heads blush. The parties who prostituted the constitution to the support of slavery are traitors; traitors not only to the liberties of millions of enslaved country-

men, but traitors to the constitution itself, which they have sworn to support. A foreigner upon your soil, I go not to the platforms of contending parties to find truth. I go, sir, to the constitution of my country; the word slave is not to be found. I read, "we, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice,"—yes, sir, establish justice,—“to promote the general welfare and to secure the blessing of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America.” These were the men that had proclaimed to the world that All men were created equal, that they were endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—and contended even unto death for seven long years. Can it be, sir, that these great men, under cover of those hallowed words, intended to make a government that should outrage justice and trample upon liberty as no other government under the whole heavens ever done? This dreadful power that has compelled the great political parties of the country to creep in the dust for its power; that has debauched to a large extent the Christianity of the nation; that bids a craven priesthood stand with golden rule in hand and defend the robbing of mothers of their babes and husbands of their wives; that bids courts decree injustice. Sir, I plant myself upon the constitution, or demand for justice and liberty, and say to this bloody Moloch, away! Sir, the world has never furnished so great a congregation of hypocrites as those who formed the constitution, if they designed to make it the greatest slave-holder, slave-breeder and slave-catcher on earth. He is a great slave-holder that has a thousand slaves, but if this law is a true exponent of the constitution, this government, ordained for justice and liberty, holds four millions of slaves.

No, sir! no! for the honor of the fathers of my country, I appeal from the bloody slave-holding statute to the liberty-loving constitution. While these fathers lived, State after State, in carrying out the spirit of the constitution, put an end to the dreadful system. The great Washington, in his last will and testament, carried out the spirit of the constitution. But, sir, the law under which you may sentence me violates both the letter and the spirit of the constitution. I have a word to say upon the articles of the constitution, which it is claimed the fugitive slave law is designed to carry out. “No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labor is due.” That is the provision that is claimed transforms the government into a monster of iniquity. I have read over and over that article interpreted by all laws of language known to a plain man. How these three or four lines can transform this government, ordained to secure justice, into a mean tool to aid the plunderers of cradles, the destroyers of homes, the ravishers of women, and the oppressors of men, to carry on their hellish work—how it can do this thing, I cannot see. That article binds the several states separately not to pass a certain law, but where in it do we find a fugitive slave law? Where do you find a commissioner? Where do you find that the government is to hunt up and return at its own expense

a slave that flees from his cruel and bloody master? Where in those lines is the authority to compel me to be a partaker in the crimes of the man-stealer? The general government is not once mentioned; but the states in their separate sovereignties are named. But, sir, this article expressly provides that the party making the claim shall have owed him service or labor due from the party claimed. If Jim Gray owed service or labor, or money, to Phillips, I am the last man in the world to raise my voice or hand to prevent Phillips or any man from obtaining their dues. What I would grant to the devil himself, I would not withhold even from the slave-holder—his due. Jim Gray claims that he does not owe Phillips a day's work or a dollar of money. Phillips claims that he owes him every day's work that has been deposited in his bones and sinews; yea, the toil of his body and mind both, till death shall end the period of stipulated toil. Here is a question for legal examination and judicial discussion. Does the man Gray owe this man Phillips anything? The constitution is very clear and very plain in pointing out the way this question is to be settled.

Article—provides that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. That Jim Gray is a person, is admitted on all hands. Phillips admits it; the bloodhounds, marshals, and attorneys that hunt him, say he is a person—a person held to service. The amount in dispute is the liberty and life-long toil of a man just entering into the full maturity of manhood. A great question lies between these men. But Gray, standing on soil covered by the constitution, cannot be robbed of liberty, or the wages of his toil, only by due process of law.

Article—says, expressly, in suit at common law, when the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved. Here, sir, is a case involving the question of liberty and hundreds of dollars of money. The law, sir, under which I appear before you, overrides these plain provisions, and commits this whole question to one man, and offers him a bribe to trample right and liberty under foot. I know, sir, it may be said Jim Gray was a slave, and not entitled to these humane provisions. Had he never worn the chain of the oppressor, nor felt the lash of the bloody task master—had he been born in Canada, or anywhere else on the globe—had he been a citizen of one of the states of this Union, and never been enslaved, it would have been all the same. His liberty would have been stricken down, and he been given to the party claiming his life-long toil, and your commissioner would have pocketed the bribe offered by this law for doing such a crime against humanity and the plainest provisions of the constitution.

No, sir,—in a court of the United States, while the constitution provides for trial by jury, I ought not to be sentenced for raising my hand to rescue a fellow-man from a mob that would strip him of his liberty and life-long toil without due process of law, without trial by jury. Sir, this law tramples so flagrantly upon the spirit and letter of the constitution, that I ought not to be sentenced.

Before passing from the constitutional objections to this law, I would call the attention of your Honor to the partiality of the law, which is so at variance with the designs of the fathers in organizing this govern-

ment. No man can read the constitution—in which the word slave cannot be found; from which the idea that a man could be reduced to a thing, and held as property, was carefully excluded—no man, I say, can read that constitution, and come to the conclusion that slavery was to be FOSTERED, GUARANTEED and PROTECTED far beyond anything else in the country. Admit that Jim Gray was Phillips' property, how comes it that that particular property is more sacred than any other property? Phillips' horse escapes from him, and is found in a distant state, but the President of the United States, and every department of government, is not put on the track until the horse is found, and then return him to Phillips' stable, and then pay the whole bill from the national treasury. No, sir. But his slave escapes—he runs away, and, for some reason, this property in man is so much more holy and sacred, that the whole government is bound to take the track and hunt the poor, panting fugitive down, and carry him back to his chains and bondage at the government's expense.

Sir, under a constitution unstained by the word slave, we have a law magnifying slave property above all other property in the nation—a law giving it guarantees that no other property could possibly obtain. Sir, the partiality of this law is so great that it stands opposed to a constitution that guarantees equal justice and protection to all.

John G. Fee is driven out of his Kentucky home, and robbed of the fruits of his life-long toil. There is no power to secure him his home, or protect him in his rights of property or opinion. But had John G. Fee only owned a slave, and his slave escaped, the government, under this law, would have followed his slave to the utmost limit of the United States, and returned his slave to him at its own expense. Your Honor will pardon me, (if I need pardon) but I cannot, for the life of me, see what there is in robbing a man of his inalienable rights and enslaving him for life, that should entitle it to the special and peculiar protection of national law.

I am aware, sir, that I shall be reminded that judges, marshals, attorneys, and many citizens regard this law as constitutional and stand ready to execute it, though it trample every principle of the Declaration of Independence in the dust. Sir, no law can be enacted so bad but that it will find men deluded or base enough to execute it. The law of Egypt that consigned the new-born babe to the slaughter found tools for its execution. The bloody decree of Herod found men ready to obey the law of the country, though it commanded the slaughter of the innocents of a province. Sir, tell me not of men ready and willing to execute the law. My Redeemer, whose name I am hardly worthy to speak, and yet whose name is all my trust, although He knew no sin, yet He was crucified by law.

Again, sir, it will be seen that some whom the world call doctors of divinity and doctors of law have undertaken to prove slavery was guaranteed by the constitution. If that be so, in the name of the Most High God, tear our the red strip of blood; it was not written by the Angel Gabriel, nor nailed to the throne of the Almighty. If slavery is in it, it is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.

But, sir, I have one consideration more that I will urge why sentence ought not to be pronounced against me. This law, which I think I have proved outrageous to the rights of man, is so obviously at variance with the law of that God that commands me to love Him with all my soul, mind, might and strength, and my neighbor as myself, and the Redeemer that took upon Him my nature and the nature of poor Jim Gray, has been so particular in telling me who my neighbor is that the path of duty is plain to me. This law so plainly tramples upon the Divine law that it cannot be binding upon any human being, under any circumstances, to obey it. The law that bids me do to other men as I would have other men do to me is too plain, too simple to be misunderstood. But, sir, I am now left to the general law of love in searching for my duty in this particular case. Permit me to refer your Honor to the oldest law book in existence, though it may not be in use in this court, yet I think it better authority than Blackstone, or any law book that ever was written. It is the Book of books. In that Book I find some special enactments given to the Hebrew commonwealth that leaves me no doubt as to my duty in reference to this law: "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death." Again: "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him." These plain statutes, with many more that I might give, leaves me in no doubt as to the mind of the unchanging Jehovah in reference to man stealing and slave-hunting. Sir, the whole system of slavery originated in man-stealing, and is perpetuated by fraud and violence and plunder. Others may have their doubts as to their duty under this law. I, sir, have none. This law is just as binding on me as was the law of Egypt to slaughter the Hebrew children; just as binding as the law that said, worship the golden image, worship not God; just as binding as the law forbidding Christ and his Apostles to preach the gospel. Send me a law bidding me to rob or murder my neighbor; I must decline to obey it. I can suffer, but I must not do wrong. Send me a law bidding me to join hands in robbing my fellow men of their freedom, I cannot do so great a wrong. Yea, send me a law bidding me stop my ears at the cry of the poor, I can suffer the loss of all these hands have earned, I can suffer bonds and imprisonment, yes, God helping me, I can give up my life, but I cannot knowingly trample upon the law of my God nor upon the bleeding, prostrate form of my fellow man. I go not to Missouri to relieve oppressed humanity, for my duty has called me nearer home; but when He that directs the steps of men conducts a poor, oppressed, panting fugitive to my door, and there I hear his bitter cry, I dare not close my ear against it, lest in my extremity I cry for mercy and shall not be heard. Sir, this law so flagrantly outrages the Divine law that I ought not to be sentenced under it.

A single remark and I am done. From the testimony, part of which is false, and from your rendering and interpretation of the law, the Jury have found me guilty; yes, guilty of carrying out the great principles of the Declaration of Independence; yes, guilty of carrying out the still

greater principles of the Son of God. Great God, can these things be? Can it be possible? What country is this? Can it be that I live in a land boasting of freedom, of morality, of Christianity? How long, Oh, how long shall the people bow down and worship this great image set up in this nation? Yes, the Jury say guilty, but recommend me to the mercy of the Court. Mercy, sir, is kindness to the guilty. I am guilty of no crime; I, therefore, ask no mercy. No, sir, I ask for no mercy; I ask for justice. Mercy is what I ask of my God. Justice in the courts of my adopted country is all I ask. It is the inhuman and infamous law that is wrong, not me.

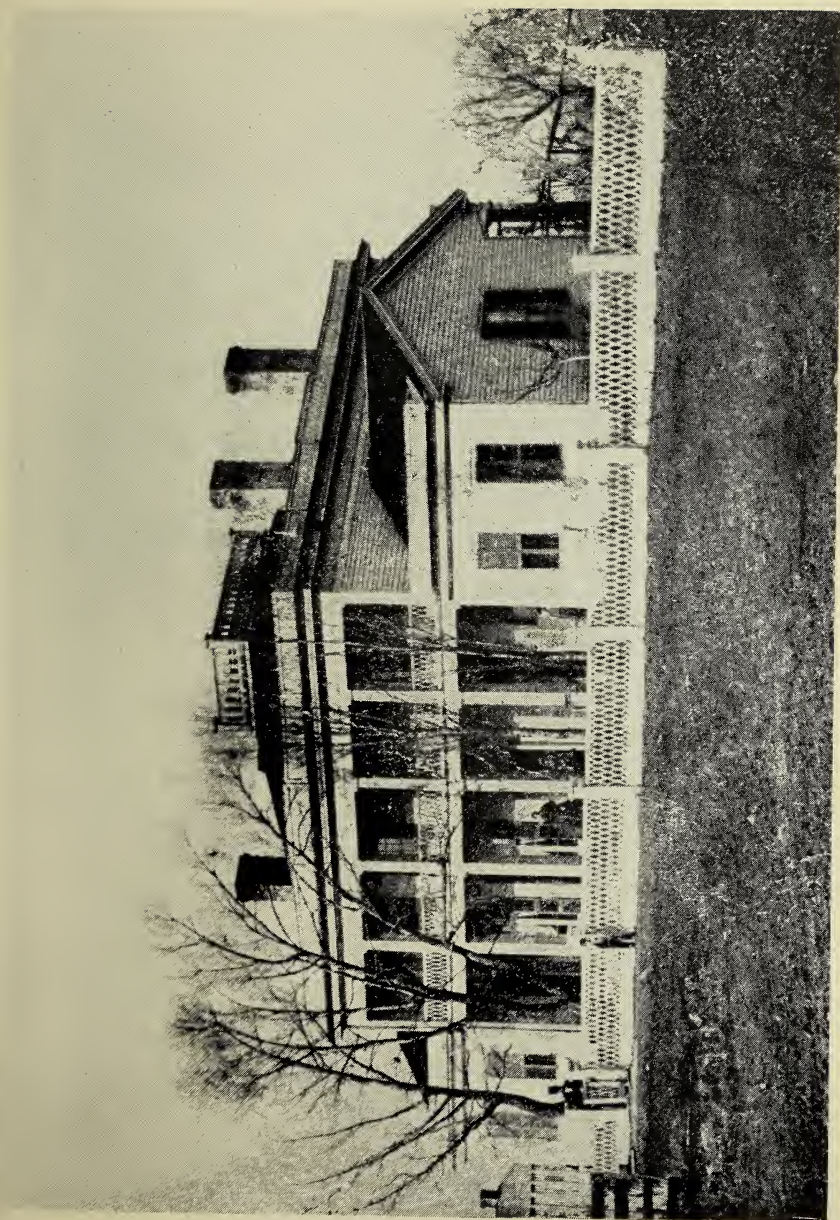
My feelings are at home. My wife and my children are dear to my heart; but, sir, I have counted the cost. I am ready to die, if need be, for the oppressed of my race, but slavery must die, and when my country shall have passed through the terrible conflict which the destruction of slavery must cost, and when the history of the great struggle shall be candidly written, the rescuers of Jim Gray will be considered as having done honor to God, to humanity, and to themselves.

I am told there is no appeal from this Court, yet I do appeal to the the court of high heaven, where Judge Drummond and Judge Caton, the rescuer and the rescued, shall all have to stand at the judgment seat of the Most High.

I have, sir, endeavored to obey the divine law, and all the laws of my country that do not conflict with the laws of my God. My humble wish is that it may then appear that I have done my duty; all I wish to be written on my tomb-stone, "He feared God and loved his fellow men."

JOHN HOSSACK.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3d, 1866.



JOHN HOSSACK HOME IN OTTAWA



Courtesy C. C. Fisher

JOHN HOSSACK GRAIN ELEVATOR ON ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN CANAL

THE ILLINOIS SCRAPBOOK

GRAND TOWER ISLAND

Almost midway between St. Louis, and the mouth of the Ohio, masses of limestone rock are seen on either side, which, though now unconnected, have the appearance of having once formed a continuous ridge, crossing the general course of the river in an oblique direction. It has been suggested that a cataract, as mighty as that of Niagara, may once have existed at this spot. If such was ever the fact, the barrier has now been worn down to the general level of the channel of the river. But there is no reason to believe that such obstruction ever existed at this place, as the surface of the plain, on the Illinois side of the river, is such as to give a decisive negative to the supposition; for the river, if obstructed here, would have flowed over the low ground on that side, instead of being dammed up at this point. The stream thus confined, is narrower here than above or below, and in crossing the rocks, its course suddenly changes to a direction nearly at right angles with that of the ridge.

Approaching from above, we first discover the ridge throwing out a bold promontory into the stream on the Illinois shore, on the extreme point of which, is a large rounded mass of rock, 50 or 60 feet in height, shaped like an oven, and thence termed the Devil's Bake-oven. A low neck of land connects this with a range of perpendicular rocks, which frown in rugged precipices over the stream, and whose summits are beautifully crowned with vegetation. As the current sweeps abruptly round this cape, another promontory is seen jutting out from the opposite shore. Against this the whole force of the current beats with fearful velocity, and by its attrition, has worn it away until a large fragment has been separated, and left standing in solitary grandeur in the midst of the waves. This is the Grand Tower. Its height may be 50 feet, and its diameter about the same. Its contour is remarkably exact and symmetrical, forming a column as nearly circular as if its proportions had been marked out by the hand of art. The sides are nearly perpendicular, but the different strata distinctly marked out. The whole has the appearance of a regular column, whose height is equal to its diameter. The top is flat, and supports a stratum of soil, which gives birth to a short, but rich growth, of trees and shrubs.

In our early history, this was a noted spot. The river boats, which before the application of steam, were propelled up the stream with difficulty, by human labor, were unable to ascend this rapid pass with oars or poles. Not only was the current too strong for this operation, but the danger of being dashed against the rocks, was imminent. The only way to surmount these obstacles was, to drag the boat round the cape on the Illinois side, by means of ropes. To effect this object, it was necessary for a portion of the crew to land, and an opportunity was offered to the Indians to attack them, when the prospects of resistance or of flight, were equally hopeless. Here then they formed their ambuscades, and many a crew was slain at this spot, to gratify the savage lust for plunder and revenge, while many boats were wrecked by the violence of the waves.

These dangers exist now only in tradition. The Indians have retired, and our own industrious citizens inhabit these shores; while the introduction of steamboats has obviated the dangers of navigation, and rendered this spot as safe as any other. When we behold the steam vessel slowly and majestically overcoming the mighty current, riding along in perfect safety, and then turn our eyes to the surges which are beating against the rocks and sending up their sheets of white foam into the air, we cannot but acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude, which our country owes to the memory of Fulton. And when we behold this grand and durable tower, so graceful and so appropriate in its form, so appositely placed in the midst of scenes, calculated to awaken respect for the genius, and gratitude for the services, of Fulton, we are induced to hope that a monument, to the fame of this illustrious citizen will be erected upon this natural pedestal.

JAMES HALL, *Notes on the Western States* (Philadelphia, 1838), 47-49.

DICKENS DESCRIBES DEMOCRATIC AMERICANS

Not far to the west of that quiet, unpretending *white* freestone house in Washington, under the roof of which honest Abe Lincoln, formerly the Illinois boatman, and now the President of many millions of free (and before the fatal war) happy people, stand two old-fashioned brick buildings, the one, one hundred and fifty-nine feet long by fifty-seven deep, the other, sixty feet deep by one hundred and thirty feet long. These buildings, girded with trees and flowering shrubs, belong respectively to the Army and Navy Departments of the United States government.

The best ideal of national happiness is that of a nation that has no government because it requires none; where the wisest and best men should

govern, and where caste, rank, and wealth should have no claims of ruling in the place of virtue and intellect. I do not by any means say that America, fast as she progresses, has yet got far on that desirable but very long and narrow ideal road, but certainly there is no country where the interference and meddling restrictions of a governing oligarchy strike you less than in America. Army you see none; no jealous bayonets unmeaningly guard public buildings from the people to whom they belong, and who would never dream of injuring what they pay for and what no one dare prevent them from enjoying.

The Americans have but one palace; there it is, that plain white Ionic building, much smaller and less pretentious than half the Inigo Jones's mansions that stud our green English parks. It is truly a pleasant house, and stands in a pleasant spot at the head of Central Avenue, near the Potomac, and that ungraciously, half-finished monument to Washington—a great man, who needs no monument. That wicket still leads past the back windows and through the grounds; there are no claims of divine right or divine wrong here; those paths are open to every doctor's boy who chooses to run whistling through. There urchins go to snatch stolen pleasures at surreptitious marbles. Within those plain rooms the President grasps the hands of all that come with hands hard from rail-splitting and barge-rowing, yet with honester and cleaner hands than those of half the statesmen or kings of Europe.

If you want to see the old water-logged officers, fast growing senile, of America, you must not go, however, to the National Admiralty, but to Old Point Comfort, or to the Sulphur Springs, for Saratoga now is a little "rowdy." You can get to Old Point from Baltimore by one of the Norfolk steamers. It gives a great zest and piquancy to the bathing there, the chance of a shark biting you in two before you can splutter back to shore. The captains also now and then turn up at the White Mountains, Lake George, Lake Minnippiessiogee, or Niagara; but, after all, the sea-shore is the true lounge of "the old salt."

I have seen them on the harbour terraces at Charlestown, enjoying a sou'-west wind on their honest faces, and telling stories of how a British admiral was once beaten off by the harbour forts. Ten to one but a grandson will be swimming a little schooner near, and trying all he can do (closely watched, though, by the family Newfoundland dog) to drown himself beyond all hope of salvage. The sun on a passing clipper sail—a sea-gull wheeling white against the blue—the wave washing thin and green over the landing-place stones, that seem so many square emeralds—all delight the old American officer, who is as brave and wary as old Nestor. See him at a "clam bake," or a sea-side pic-nic, and hear

how he talks of the old Shannon and Chesapeake days, when we Englishers got as good as we gave. If he is younger, be sure he is (as all sailors are all over the world) a gallant old beau and a lover of horses—both tastes, I suppose, arising from the same love of contrariety common to perverse man—he has been half his life at sea, debarred from the society of ladies, and far away from a stable.

The nation whose yachts have beaten ours, and whose privateer schooners, even in the last war, in shape, power, and swiftness, were models to the whole world, who build, in fact, "higher bred" and smarter vessels than we do, have no less than seven naval stations, or dockyards, in the States, where they build, equip, and repair (but not re-make) the winged castles that are to guard the vast seaboard from Portland to New Orleans, to garrison that great blue rolling moat that God has put between them and all enemies of universal freedom. Here, with Carolina cedar and Carolina pine, with Californian redwood and northern fir, the Americans could, if they but raised their axes, fill all the seas of Europe with their armed navies. . . .

I visited nearly every State in America without ever seeing a soldier of the regular army, not even a useless sentinel, or a vagrant officer on his way to duty at an outpost fort. I met plenty of colonels in hotel smoking-rooms, but they were militia colonels; the blue uniforms and the white facings I did not see at all. America has no millions to waste on keeping idle soldiers in time of peace, and, in time of war, every man who could bear arms would take up his rifle. But America has no colonies, and each State defends itself.

The small American army is, in fact, not kept to support rich men's sons, and to clothe idle young noblemen, but for real use on the frontiers. The men go to the forts in Texas, to keep back the Comanche horsemen, or to the prairies round the Red River to watch the Indians, to assist travellers, and to protect the fir [*sic*] traders and the buffalo hunters. There is little honour to be got in the service, and but small opportunity to bring out all the high mathematics taught at West Point. There is no large war to stretch the wings of one's ambition, but much swamp-fever, much privation, and much thankless fatigue. To have no night in which sleep may not be broken by an Indian's whoop; to have to arbitrate between drunken Indians and quarrelsome trappers; to bear tropical heat and long winters of snow, for some thousand dollars a year—are not such inducements as make a duke's son enter our English regiments.

It is not the ambitious, the restless, and the insatiable who enter the American army; but men who wish for adventure, and who like command; for in America there is no influential class, as with us, to invariably throw

their influence into the scale of war. War is too expensive a luxury for the American nation, and the great and admirable method of instituting an expensive profession, the expenses of which are paid by the masses, to support rich men's sons, has not yet been dreamt of by the American philosopher.

In the present disastrous war, many of the military traditions of the War of Independence will be revived. The legends of the days of leather hunting-shirts and fringed mocassins—of "the Green Mountain Boys"—of "Marian's" regiment, and of the brave men who fell on Bunker's Hill and at Brandywine, will be recalled to rouse the North and to consecrate the standards dusty with so long and so holy a peace.

If the North is wise, it will keep the war away from its own frontiers, and at once carry the sword into the enemy's country. The South shed the first blood—the South committed the first act of desecration. The North denies that it is declaring war to intolerantly force abolition on the South; but the North says that it is determined to allow no State to leave the Union, or to break the solemn compact once agreed to.

The only quality that renders an American unfitted for military service is his proud incapacity for obedience. He hates uniform as he hates livery, and he does not acknowledge the divine right of generals. His mind is not receptive of pipeclay; he detests those small punctilious exactions which in the English army seem almost intended merely to ruffle the temper and break the spirit of the men. He will march, fight, and bear fatigue with any one, but he does not like to have to perform menial services that should only be required from "helps."

The result is, that of all the volunteer corps in America the most popular is the Zouave regiment of Chicago. The easy, showy dress—the guerilla warfare—the individual action—the free agency of the Zouave drill, which is almost acrobatic, delight the Americans. Moses Adams, a popular Southern writer, who has cleverly sketched their cat-like manoeuvres, says of them in his humorous bad spelling, "They run into batle on the flats of their stomaks, and fire off their guns with the bottom of their insteps."

Our old captains, during the last war, used to laugh (even when taken prisoners) at the licence practised by the sailors on board a French man-of-war, the jangling of voices, the fuss and distracting noise of every one giving orders and advice at the same moment. Such, I am inclined to think from stories I have heard, were sometimes the scenes witnessed in the American camp during the more dangerous moments of the Mexican war. Republicans are by nature impatient of control, and so are volunteers, however brave and disciplined they may be. At moments when

the one great clear-minded man should see all and direct all, I fear that this excitable race are sometimes apt to assume too large a share in the war council, and to become factious when perfect unity is more than usually necessary.

All the Year Round. A Weekly Journal
conducted by Charles Dickens (June
15, 1861), 285-86, 288.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S HOUSE IN CHICAGO

I stop before a little house of two storeys, having only three windows in front—fresh, smart, and nearly new. A few steps lead up to the front door, which is only partially shaded by a porch. Whilst waiting for the opening of the door, I am nearly stifled. What a furnace! It is at one and the same time the summer of the tropics without its dampness, and of the north without its cool refreshing breezes which enable you to bear it. I am ushered into a drawing-room which runs through the depth of the house. I find an air of elegance and simplicity, and at the same time a military tone which is not to be mistaken.

I am at General Sheridan's.

I had crossed the ocean with him on my return to Europe, and last year I had met him at Rome. He welcomed me most cordially, and I was delighted to see him again. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan! These are the three stars, the three heroes who destroyed the Confederation, and by their swords brought about the cementing together of the two halves of the Union.

General Sheridan, of Irish origin, was brought up at the military school of Westpoint. Like the greater part of the scholars in that celebrated college, he unites a great amount of solid knowledge with the martial air and manners of a gentleman, I should almost say of a European which distinguish the officers of the United States army. If, without knowing him, I had met him in the street, judging by his appearance, I should have taken him for an Austrian general. He is only thirty-eight years old. By a special chance, his name became immortalized at an age when the greater portion of young officers are still in the lower grades of the army. But one would give him at least ten years more. His face reddened and tanned and lined by the care, watchfulness, and emotion of the late campaign, breathes at once an air of simple modesty and honest pride. His brown eyes shoot lightning, and tell of the Celtic blood which flows in his veins. His countenance expresses intelligence, boldness, and

that indomitable courage which seems to provoke danger. He wears his hair cut short, and is of middle height, with square shoulders and powerful limbs. His detractors accuse him of cruelty, and speak of him as the exterminator of the Indians; his friends simply adore him. Both one and the other talk of him as a dashing officer; in fact, one has but to look at him to understand that he is the sort of man who would lead on his soldiers to death or victory. His command extends over three parts of the Union. It stretches from the borders of Illinois to the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada, from the frontiers of Canada to those of New Mexico and Arizona. He must travel for two years before he can inspect all the military posts under his care. And this great captain lives quietly on a little parrot-stand which he has built himself, and which he is sure to sell without loss should his duties to the State compel his leaving Chicago, which is at present his official residence. His office is in the heart of the town, on the second story of one of those great houses where business, science, and art, elbow one another; but where rest, pleasure, and domestic happiness are fairly banished.

M. LE BARON DE HUBNER, *A Ramble Round
the World*, 1871 (London, 1874), 70-72.

THOSE UNHEALTHY AMERICANS

Strangers on their arrival in America cannot fail to be disagreeably impressed by the almost skeleton forms and sallow complexions of the male portion of the population. Instead of the robust and well-rounded figures and healthy florid faces of the people in merry England, they find a population who might be supposed to have undergone the depleting process of typhus fever. The want of flesh, and the neat-fitting style of dress have the effect of destroying all apparent distinctions of age. Young men appear to the eye of a stranger like boys, and the class of gentlemen whose faces have been corrugated by time wear the jaunty air of youth. There seems to be something in the rapid and everchanging temperature of the American atmosphere that is opposed to the deposition of adipose matter in the economy of the human body. It is true there are some easy-minded beings who, in spite of the general rule, walk the earth in something like Falstaffian dignity, but the great majority belong to the family of Pharaoh's lean kine. This physiological peculiarity, as contrasted with people of the Old World, is not confined to the meagre forms of Americans, but its effects are equally visible in the restless character of their minds.

But whatever effect the climate may have upon the physical condition of the American people, I think there are other influences which combine to make them what they are. The man who, in Yankee phraseology, has been "raised" in the country, is sure to bolt his food instead of masticating it; and from my own experience I should say that ninety-nine men out of every hundred both chew and smoke tobacco. Time seems to be too fleeting to allow the people an opportunity of eating their meals in a rational manner; their stomachs have therefore to perform both the dental and digestive duties; and when it is borne in mind that the men are continually wasting the saliva which is necessary to make the food yield its nutritious properties by the constant use of tobacco, their sallow complexions and meagre forms may be easily accounted for. Dyspepsia, like an incubus, presses upon the whole of the American people, and, as may readily be imagined, the pill trade is a thriving business. Tonics, too, in the character of bitters (coarse spirits made up with the extract of bitter herbs at one dollar a bottle), are swallowed in immense quantities.

I was much amused by the conversation of two Irishmen who were once working in the same apartment with myself. One of them remarked that an acquaintance of his, who was troubled with "neutreality" in the head, had taken fourteen boxes of Brandrith's pills, and "the divil a morsel of good they've done him." Neuralgia was the disease referred to, no doubt, but the new name answered quite as well. "That's quare," replied his companion; "for just twelve months ago I was saized with a palpitation in my guts (saving your prisence), an' I only tuck five boxes of thim pills, an' bedad they cured me intirely!"

[JAMES DAWSON BURN], *Three Years Among the Working-Classes in the United States During the War* (London, 1865), 3-4.

THE "UPS AND DOWNS" OF THE WINDY CITY

It was a favorite idea with the people of Chicago that the natural elevation of the ground, above the surface of the lake, was sufficient to render a thorough system of drainage practicable. But when the Board of Commissioners, created to carry out this desirable object, came to make their surveys, such was found not to be the case. To remedy the defect the first "high grade" was established by an ordinance which remained in force *one year*. During this year Lake-street was filled and paved, and a considerable number of permanent buildings were erected on this and other streets. Again, it was found that the grade was too low for

the drainage of basements, and that, unless it was still further raised, the city must do without these desirable conveniences, or be content with damp cellars of only six or seven feet. The property owners petitioned, and the grade was fixed at its present altitude, an average of about ten feet above the natural surface of the ground.

New buildings were of course erected "on the grade," with sidewalks in front of them, from which the pedestrian might almost look down into the next-door neighbor's chimney-top. Thus stairways, incline-planes, ladders, tackle and windlasses, or some other hoisting apparatus, became necessary to accommodate pedestrians to the numerous "ups and downs" in Chicago sidewalks.

Multitudinous are the mishaps which have occurred on account of these ups and downs, and great is the amount of money which the city has had to pay to repair damages. To strangers, in particular, who are unacquainted with the topography of the Garden City (so called, I have reason to believe, in compliment to the interpretation of its Indian name—"Place of the Wild Onion") they are a source of no little danger, as well as annoyance. To a strictly sober and temperate gentleman, absorbed, perhaps, in the consideration of some momentous commercial interest, it is not pleasant to be suddenly confronted in the way by a flight of stairs; and to one who is not strictly sober and temperate, it is not agreeable to be tumbled headlong *down* a flight of stairs or off a perpendicular precipice. Of the latter class of cases the fate of our venerable Bridgeport friend furnishes a sad and instructive example:

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a street, called Randolph, passed
A youth, whose locks of early gray,
And countenance, did seem to say,
G. Whillikins!

As with grave mien and look sedate,
And *slight impediment in gait*,
He strode each lager-beer shop by,
From youthful brats escaped the cry,
G. Whillikins!

He heeded not, but onward pressed,
His mighty thoughts no word expressed,
Save when some change of grade before,
Brought him up standing; then he swore,
G. Whillikins!

The night was dark, the mud was deep,
 The uncertain walk was hard to keep,
 And presently a splash was there—
 A voice rang through the startled air,
G. Whillikins!

Recumbent in a mud-hole lay
 The youth with locks of early gray;
 Above, a spectral gas-lamp shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
G. Whillikins!

The Tricks and Traps of Chicago (New York, 1859), 7-9.

CAPTAIN JOHN AND HIS SQUAWS

I will give a short sketch of one of the most remarkable Indian families that ever lived in Fulton county. I am sure no other family of Indians ever caused so much gossip and so much bitter denunciation from the female part of the community, both white women and squaws, as did the conduct of an Indian chief called "Captain John." He was a large, fine-looking Indian about six feet, four inches tall; and was one of the most prominent chiefs in the Pottowatomie tribe. It was told by some of the other Indians who had known him before he came to Fulton county that he had taken the side of the British against the Americans in the war of 1812, and that it was while he was amongst the British soldiers that he obtained the name of "Captain John." He and his squaw had learned to speak some words in the English language. The first we knew about them they had their wigwam on Big Creek near the road that ran from Lewistown to Totten's Prairie (now Smithfield). Their wigwam was about three miles northwest of Lewistown close by the dismantled little village of Milton. It appeared from what the Indians told that "Captain John" had at one time become [*sic*] jealous of his squaw, and in his wrath, while under the influence of bad whisky, had bitten off her nose. She wore a buckskin patch over it, and it gave her a most hideous appearance. To add insult to injury, "Captain John" took to himself two young wives. They were handsome young squaws about twenty-two and twenty-four years old, and he took a god [*sic*] deal of pride in dressing them up in the most gay and gorgeous style. No squaws in all that part of the country were able to dress as fine as "Captain John's" young squaws. They had long black hair which they braided and left to hang gracefully over their shoulders, with the ends tied in bows of gay ribbon. They wore large silver earrings, and four or five strands of large glass beads around their

necks. Their dresses were of a gay color with a row of silver brooches down the front. Their skirts were of the finest quality of blue cloth. They wore bands of silver clasped on their wrists, and their fingers were decorated with many rings. Their moccasins were ornamented with beads and fine needlework. "Captain John" appeared to be very proud of his young squaws. But the lot of the old squaw was a hard and bitter one. She went poorly dressed, much below the average of other squaws that came to town. "Captain John" and his three squaws were in the habit of coming to town about once every week to trade at Phelps' store, and they always passed by my father's house. "Captain John" always appeared at the head of the procession, a fine and stately figure; next came his two young squaws in all their finery, and the poor old squaw brought up the rear with a package of peltry strapped across her shoulders and bending pitifully under its weight. She was compelled to do all the hard work. The white women and some of the squaws were so indignant at "Captain John" and his two young squaws for the way they treated the old squaw that they would have liked very much to have mobbed all three of them, but "Captain John" was a big chief, and they were afraid of him. . . . It was very seldom that an Indian had more than one squaw. I have known one or two instances where an Indian had one or two squaws, but never before where they had as many as three. So bitter was the life of this poor old squaw that she often wished that she could leave this cruel world and go to the Indian's happy hunting ground where she would be no longer tormented with rival wives and a cruel husband. The only relief the poor old thing had from her sorrows was to drown them in whisky. She had no trouble to find some person who would let her have whisky, for it was the general impression that the only comfort she ever had was when she was hilariously drunk. In that condition she would tell in broken English the story of her hard lot—what a bad Indian "Captain John" was, what a good squaw she had always been, how "Captain John" had got drunk and bit off her nose, that his two young squaws were no good, that they would not work, and that she had all the work to do, etc., etc.

HARVEY LEE ROSS, *The Early Pioneers and Pioneer Events of the State of Illinois* (1899), 58-61.

BOOK REVIEWS

Historic Midwest Houses. By John Drury. (University of Minnesota Press: Minneapolis, 1947. Pp. 246. \$5.00.)

Following the pattern of his *Old Chicago Houses* (1941), John Drury has expanded his field of architectural biography to include the twelve northern Midwest states from Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas on the west to Ohio on the east. Actually, as Mr. Drury clearly states, he is more concerned with the people who gave lustre to these houses than with the architectural biographies of the houses themselves. It is this parade of colorful figures of American life that gives zest to the book and should make Midwesterners increasingly aware of their substantial contribution to every aspect of American life.

To look at the stalwart log house of that mid-nineteenth century Norwegian pioneer, Erik Egge, sharpens one's perception of the rugged simplicity that went into the making of the America we know today. Evidence of the important role of France in the mid-continent is made more tangible by presentation of the home settings of the Sauciers, Ménards, Vallés and others. Names such as Sandburg, Riley, Ford, Hoover, Pershing, Eisenhower, McGuffey and "Buffalo Bill" suggest other springs of activity nurtured in the dwellings treated by Mr. Drury.

No plans are given but there are excellent photographs of all eighty-seven houses and many views of interiors furnished in the current style of the houses. Mr. Drury's comments on the architecture and furnishings of the houses reveal the careful study and firsthand inspection which was partly accomplished on a Regional Writing Fellowship of the University of Minnesota. To be sure, some of the houses chosen have little architectural significance, but others, like the Taft and Lanier houses, rank with the best of their periods. Others typify their epochs in fullest degree.

For those with historic or biographical interest in the Midwest and in the roots of American culture and for those who like to explore historic landmarks, John Drury's book will add much of interest and pleasure.

University of Illinois, Urbana.

ALAN K. LAING.

Pontiac and the Indian Uprising. By Howard H. Peckham. (Princeton University Press: Princeton, N. J., 1947. Pp. 346. \$4.50.)

In retelling the story of the Indian uprising which immediately followed the French and Indian War, Mr. Peckham addresses himself both to the general reader and to the scholar. To aim, in the same historical work, at satisfying the interest of the one and meeting the exacting demands of the other is a courageous undertaking. The author has achieved this twofold purpose with distinction.

In clear, terse, and compelling prose, Mr. Peckham tells the same story told by Francis Parkman in his *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*, first published in 1851. None of the drama of the clash between the savages and their newly installed English masters—vividly portrayed by Parkman—is lost in this new work. The differences between the culture of the frontier whites and of the Indians is carefully delineated. The underlying social and economic forces, the rumors and counter-rumors which swept through the frontier posts, the hopes, fears, and suspicions of Indians and whites, the chicanery, double-dealing, and employment of shocking methods, only suitable for jungle warfare, are all given vitality in this moving story.

Unlike Parkman's work, which is panoramic in scope, this study is primarily biographical, focusing attention on Pontiac and the part he played, or failed to play, in the so-called conspiracy. Mr. Peckham has brought to light, through painstaking researches in the Gage and the many other papers housed at the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan, new evidence which shows, beyond reasonable doubt, that Pontiac was not a brilliant conspirator who had an over-all plan for driving the English out of the great Indian hunting ground of the Northwest; but rather he was an unscrupulous, relatively unimportant Ottawa chief who improvised opportunistically, and capitalized magnificently on the general unrest prevailing amongst the Indian tribes of the Northwest. He also shows, with greater clarity than has ever been done before, that the unrest of the Indians was caused by the bumbling, fumbling policies insisted upon by General Amherst, which, even without Pontiac, undoubtedly would have brought sporadic Indian uprisings. Likewise, the author indicates that the failure to quell the uprising quickly was traceable to the jockeying for position amongst Amherst favorites. The stalwart, clear-headed Major Gladwin at Detroit stands out as the one truly able leader on the frontier. Mr. Peckham shows why the old conspiracy thesis, in the light of new materials, is no longer tenable and argues plausibly for this newer interpretation. Also, he publishes for all to see much new evidence which bolsters his thesis, including

the records of Pontiac's speeches bearing on the subject. One cannot lay down this newest work on the conflict between the savage and the more adroit if not more civilized white without realizing that the story of Pontiac has been told again with sympathetic understanding by a craftsman skilled in the art of history.

Illinois College.

JOE PATTERSON SMITH.

The Story of James B. Eads: Road to the Sea and the Mississippi River. By Florence Dorsey. (Rinehart & Company, Inc.: New York, 1947. Pp. 340. \$4.00.)

The author of this extraordinarily good combination of biography, history, engineering, and skilled reporting comes naturally by her love of the Mississippi and its people. She was born at Alton where the river flows from west to east; she has lived by its ceaseless current at St. Louis and New Orleans. Her story of the life and works of Henry Miller Shreve, "master of the Mississippi," was a notable addition to the literature of Old Man River. Now this first-rate study of James B. Eads, builder of the pioneering "St. Louis bridge" is a worthy companion volume.

The road to the sea is the Mississippi's course to the gulf, and Eads was associated with this waterway in one way or another from the day he became a purser on a river boat. Illinois readers will be especially interested in the exciting account of the erection of the bridge from East St. Louis to provide a highway and a railroad link for St. Louis to the east.

Every imaginable difficulty arose and in one way or another was mastered by the genius of Captain James Buchanan Eads. Twenty-seven civil engineers joined in the late 1860's to condemn Eads' plans as utterly impractical. Yet he went ahead, sank his piers to bedrock, raised his steel tube arches until they joined—and the scoffers marveled in the end. After three-quarters of a century, his bridge, now resurfaced with a new four-lane highway floor, carries 1,000,000 bus passengers a month and about a third as many private vehicles.

Some day Hollywood will wake up to the thrilling story of James B. Eads and make a movie of it. When it does, it will need to present only the facts. They are one hundred times more interesting than the nonsense which the scenario writers regularly dream up for moving-picture plays based on history. For the true details, see this sensitive and accurate book.

Collinsville.

IRVING DILLIARD.

The Overland Trail. By Jay Monaghan. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company: Indianapolis, 1947. Pp. 431. \$3.75.)

Among the many pleasing things about this second volume in the *American Trails Series* is that it emphasizes one of the most historic and at the same time one of the most neglected spots in the whole vast expanse of the American nation. This is the site of the camp from which Meriwether Lewis and William Clark launched their expedition up the freshly churned Missouri into the great unknown of the wilderness Northwest.

The site of that camp was at the mouth of the old stream of Wood River, in Madison County, opposite the confluence of the Missouri with the Father of Waters. The reason for using the Illinois side of the Mississippi, rather than the Missouri side, was, as the author points out, so the party might "organize on United States soil where it could be supplied by the War Department." This was an economy suggestion which came from the red-haired President who had put through the Louisiana Purchase, Thomas Jefferson.

Another measure to save costs—the congressional appropriation for the expedition was only \$2,500—was to make use of regular army soldiers, already on the pay roll. And so, on soil which only a few Illinoisans today could identify, twenty-nine men assembled in December, 1803, for training in basic woodcraft and the other arts of exploration. There they drilled and trained in platoons through the winter. In the ranks were John Potts and John Colter, "both destined to like the wilderness better than civilization," the one to die of an Indian arrow, the other to discover the Yellowstone region. With them were John Shields, whose skill as a blacksmith made him a man of magic among the Stone Age Indians, and seventeen-year-old George Shannon, who grew from a boy to a man on the expedition, and others of heroic mold.

Notwithstanding the distractions of a nearby grogshop, the training and provisioning went on. A keelboat and two pirogues were stowed with grain, powder, lead, flints, rope, whisky, dress uniforms, replete with swords, plums and sashes, and a great store of "trade goods," such things as beads, cloth, knives, tobacco, fishhooks, steel traps, medals, ribbons, looking glasses, handkerchiefs, and theatrical paint. May 14, 1804, preparations were ended and the party headed out into the current to begin what many regard as the greatest single adventure in the American story.

There were countless other adventures in this same upper area west of the Mississippi and many of them are dramatically told in this book. Another with Illinois origin is that of the Donner party which ended in

tragedy of the starkest sort amid the snows and bitter cold of mountain-pass winter in Nevada 101 years ago. Grouped around the Donner and Reed families of Sangamon County, this expedition records one of the relatively few known instances of cannibalism in this country.

Others who travel the Overland Trail in these pages include: partners of John Jacob Astor in search of furs, Ashley and his men, Narcissa Whitman, the first woman to go over the Oregon Trail, the black-robed De Smet, Frémont the pathfinder, Francis Parkman, the Mormon patriarchs, the forty-niners, the railroad builders, and Mark Twain. The way they took, and the hazards they underwent make it, as Jay Monaghan says, "the symbol of pioneer America."

The author of this volume and general editor of the series is, as readers of this *Journal* know, state historian of Illinois and secretary-treasurer of the Illinois State Historical Society.

Collinsville.

IRVING DILLIARD.

Ozark Folksongs. Collected and Edited by Vance Randolph. Vol. I: British Ballads and Songs. (The State Historical Society of Missouri: Columbia, Mo., 1946. Pp. 439. \$3.75.)

Mr. Randolph deserves the respect and thanks of all folklore enthusiasts for his painstaking collection of this large mass of material. The volume is well edited and is a worthy addition to the field of folklore. The attractive end-paper drawings by Thomas Hart Benton set the stage for the intensely dramatic ballads and songs that have been carefully recorded without loss of local color.

The late Francis James Child of Harvard University in his five volumes on *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (Boston, 1883-98), assembled practically everything that has survived of that great ballad source. This volume presents forty-one of these "Child" ballads that Randolph has recovered from the Ozark region and eighty-nine other songs that are classified as later importations from the British Isles. Several versions of many of the songs are included—"Barbara Allen" being represented by no less than fifteen versions of the text and six versions of the tune.

In the introduction, Mr. Randolph relates vividly some of his experiences in collecting the material from the people living in the southern Ozark hills. The job was difficult and required a great deal of tact and patience. The compiler says, "I once travelled nearly forty miles through the roughest kind of country to visit a famous ballad-singer, only to learn that the old gentleman had been 'horse-throwed', and fatally injured only

a few days before." The volume is well illustrated by photographs of various singers, frequently in distinctive settings, all taken by Mr. Randolph. Headnotes given with each song are more than adequate and indicate accurate research on the part of the editors. The volume is edited for the State Historical Society of Missouri by Floyd C. Shoemaker and Frances G. Emberson.

If there is a weakness in the volume, it is to be found in the manner in which the tunes are written. Some are in a key that only a low bass could sing, while others are suitable only for a high tenor or soprano. Many of the songs would be improved for the average reader if they were transposed to more singable keys.

Southern Illinois University.

DAVID S. MCINTOSH.

The Hybrid-Corn Makers: Prophets of Plenty. By A. Richard Crabb. (Rutgers University Press: New Brunswick, N. J., 1947. Pp. 331. \$3.00.)

The greatest phenomenon of the Corn Belt in generations is the advent of hybrid corn. Richard Crabb has written the story of its development with discernment. For anyone expecting a factual exposition, this book is profoundly surprising. The author has woven his facts into a living drama of science, nature, and men. The book is accurate because of careful research—readable as a romantic adventure.

Very likely this year of its publication (1947) would have seen the greatest corn-crop failure in a generation had it not been for the hybrid-seed work begun by East, Jones, Holbert, and other practical agronomists of the early 1900's, and for the scientists in experiment stations and agricultural colleges. Important also were the hard work and unselfishness of commercial seed men and farmers.

A reading of this book makes the technique of plant breeding understandable. The story of the men who worked this modern miracle with corn is a historical record told fairly, carefully, and interestingly by Mr. Crabb.

Springfield.

PHILIP W. VANCE.

Grass Roots History. By Theodore C. Blegen. (University of Minnesota Press: Minneapolis, 1947. Pp. x, 266. \$3.00.)

Grass Roots History should be a challenge to the professional historian and a delight to the professional and lay reader alike. The book deals with the story of Norwegian immigration to Minnesota and with the cultural transition made by the immigrant in the new country. Mr.

Blegen makes his readers aware that history is made "from the bottom up rather than from the top down" and that "the pivot of history is not the uncommon, but the usual, and the true makers of history are 'the people, yes.'"

The writer, professor of history and dean of the graduate school of the University of Minnesota, has a vision of the task of the social and cultural historian, a vision which he ably portrays. The task consists, first, of writing the histories of local groups and, second, of creating a total cultural picture by synthesizing these units. Dr. Blegen gives due credit to Professor Merle Curti for having pointed the way to synthesis in *The Growth of American Thought*. Mr. Blegen points the way for those who would write the history of local groups, for in *Grass Roots History* he demonstrates a method for doing precisely this thing.

The concern of the author is deeper than the simple recording of history—local, or even national. As a historian of immigration and of immigrant transition, he hopes to create understanding and thereby to relieve "the tensions and problems [which exist] among Americans of divergent racial and cultural backgrounds in the United States." The second interest is international, "involving the relations between the United States and other nations of various racial and cultural backgrounds."

The book contains so much human warmth, insight, humor—and some stark tragedy, to be sure—that the people of whom it sings reach out to us across the years and become part of us.

Grass Roots History is wholly to be recommended to the historian, to the inhabitants of the upper Mississippi Valley, who would know something of their regional history, and to the general reader, who would be entertained.

Frances Shimer Junior College.

BERTHA R. LEAMAN.

Corn Country. By Homer Croy. (Duell, Sloan and Pearce: New York, 1947. Pp. vi, 325. \$3.50.)

Homer Croy presents a collection of stories about that area of the Corn Belt which includes Iowa, Nebraska, and northern Missouri. The stories are, in the main, about people and incidents, and are arranged in chronological order. The author has avoided stories about the cities since he says, "the cities were least characteristic of all."

The chronicle includes stories of the naming of towns, of claim-jumpers, of the visit of Dvorak, the composer, to Iowa, of Abraham Lincoln's farm in Iowa, of hog-calling contests. The author has included a

list of characteristics of the people of the corn country as well as the outstanding folks, both living and dead. He has further added to the interest of the reader by placing at the end of each chapter "odds and ends" about corn and corn-producing sections. These represent interesting bits of information not connected in any way with the context of the collection.

The chronicle, for such it is, is presented in a manner that is informative. While the material is not fiction, it is so written that the interest of the reader is held throughout. The language is in a conversational and interesting style. It gives the reader a feeling of having an intimate acquaintance with the situations presented. For instance, one has the feeling of actually hearing the farm-owner tell how Lincoln once owned the place, or one can actually see the grieving husband who lost his wife on the plains and chipped a crude monument to her memory.

When the reader has finished this collection and reads the author's enumeration of the characteristics of the people of the corn country, he has the feeling that he knows them better and has acquired a deep appreciation of this segment of America and its significance in the moulding of American culture.

The book should appeal to historians and laymen as well. For the person interested in folklore and in getting an insight into the heritage of the people, this will be a valuable reference work.

Western Illinois State College.

MARCY G. BODINE.

The American Iliad: The Epic Story of the Civil War as Narrated by Eyewitnesses and Contemporaries. By Otto Eisenschiml and Ralph Newman. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company: Indianapolis, 1947. Pp. 720. \$5.00.)

A reader who wants one book only about the Civil War should purchase this one. The whole story is here in the words of the men and women who took part. The opening paragraph catches the reader's interest, and with great skill the authors build an atmosphere of suspense, of the immediacy of threatening war. The bombardment at Fort Sumter is described by several eyewitnesses. Then the story turns to enlistments and the rise of war enthusiasm, North and South. This is also told by young men who answered the call, drilled in public squares and marched away half-trained to fight for right as they understood it. In like manner the authors let the actors tell about Bull Run, Seven Pines, and the strange duel between the first ironclads, the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*—that odd cheesebox on a raft. In the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, General

Grant emerges from obscurity. In the General's first great battles the reader will ride with Grant and an Army surgeon whose spirited horse insists on prancing ahead of the commander's slower animal. At Shiloh the reader will stand in ranks and hear a political colonel address his men: "Gentlemen, remember your State, and do your duty today like brave men"—an odd use surely of "Gentlemen" and loyalty to the State in a war against State rights.

Such are the intimate, personal touches that give charm to this volume and make the reader feel that he is sharing war experiences with every man from private to general. In addition, carefully drawn maps disclose the problems of each campaign and clarify the battlefield terrains. Excellent pictures show all the leading generals. Facsimilies of newspapers and broadsides blare "Bombardment of Fort Sumter"; "Patriots Fall in!" "My Fellow-Citizens, To Arms." Grant's brief but classic "Unconditional Surrender" letter to General Buckner is reproduced in half-tone. Yes, the reader who can have but one book on the Civil War will want this one. But before he finishes reading it, he will have acquired an appetite for a few more volumes in the same field.

J. M.

Bibliography of Ohio Archaeology. By Richard G. Morgan and James H. Rodabaugh. (The Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society: Columbus, 1947. Pp. 189. \$2.50.)

Bibliographies are usually as dull as the backs of the books they list, but a study of them often opens up new worlds compressed on library shelves. Morgan and Rodabaugh's *Bibliography of Ohio Archaeology* illustrates this statement perfectly. These well-known scholars list 1,351 publications and in an illuminating introduction they explain the strange fact that none of the early French explorers noticed any of the remarkable Indian mounds in the Ohio Valley. Jonathan Carver, western traveler, seems to have been the first to note—or at least to mention—them in print when he visited the West in 1766.

Another curious fact disclosed in the bibliography is the antiquity of the use of tree rings for determining the age of ancient habitations. In the Southwest, cliff houses are often dated by counting the "rings" on the logs used in the rafters. Everyone knows that a tree's age may be determined by counting the "rings" in a cross section of a log. These rings vary in size. During favorable years the tree grew larger than it did in unfavorable ones. Thus a calendar of tree growth has been made up for the past thousand years. With this calendar for comparison, a skilled

archaeologist may take a log from a cliff house and estimate the date of the outer ring. Presumably the tree was cut down at that time and in that year, too, the house must have been built. This method of dating cliff houses was perfected by A. E. Douglas in the early twentieth century, but the Morgan-Rodabaugh bibliography reveals that Manasseh Cutler, land speculator and colonizer of the eighteenth century, used tree rings in an effort to date Ohio mounds. Also, Daniel Drake, as early as 1815, compared the skulls of mound builders with modern Indians and came to the conclusion that they were the same race.

Space does not permit a listing of other archaeological revelations in this book. No serious student of the mound builders can afford to do without a copy.

J. M.

Ebenezer: Memorial Souvenir of the Centennial Commemoration of Dutch Immigration to the United States Held in Holland, Michigan, 13-16 August, 1947. By Henry S. Lucas. (The Netherlands Information Bureau: New York, 1947. Pp. 40.)

Ebenezer is an old American slang word meaning "anger." A hundred years ago people knew what a farmer meant when he said, "The old man got his ebenezer up." In this book "ebenezer" means something else again. Webster's dictionary defines "ebenezer" as "a memorial stone, also any commemoration of divine assistance." To the Hollanders who have settled in the Midlands, there is obviously still another meaning of the word, for this book uses it repeatedly in such phrases as, "in spite of all our trials, we may greet each other by saying Ebenezer," or "May all our people. . . join with us . . . in the spirit of Ebenezer." Many Midlanders will wonder at this usage of Ebenezer. The rest of the book bearing this title will be understandable to them.

Here is a detailed history of the early settlements of Hollanders in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa. In February, 1847, Albertus Christiaan Van Raalte and his followers laid the foundations of Holland, Michigan. Before the year passed, a half dozen other villages of Hollanders were established near by. Earlier emigrants from the Low Countries had settled in Sheboygan County, Wisconsin, in 1845. Hendrik Pieter Scholte's village at Pella, Iowa, became one of "the pearls of Dutch settlement." In Illinois, the author of *Ebenezer* lists the first homes of Hollanders as being in the neighborhood of Chicago. With painstaking care, he traces the development of these various settlements. Illustrations, facsimiles of early Dutch newspapers, and township maps of the first settlements add value to this history of a frugal and successful people.

J. M.

Lo, the Former Egyptain! By H. Allen Smith. (Doubleday & Company, Inc.: Garden City, N. Y., 1947. Pp. 212. \$2.00.)

Lo, the Former Egyptain, by a former Egyptian and the author of *Life in a Putty Knife Factory*, *Low Man on a Totem Pole*, and others, will delight devotees of H. Allen Smith. In his characteristic style of broad humor—ribald at times—he will provide many readers with deep, hearty laughs. But he will also offend many.

Humor is a capricious, elusive quality, difficult to define, extremely difficult to write, and not universally recognized. There certainly are times when the author knocks a home run; but there are also a good many strikes. To be funny for 212 pages is a good deal to ask of any one. The author tries hard—frequently too hard.

In the main, this is a collection of comments and reflections on the author's native Egypt. He was born in McLeansboro, Illinois; he did not live there very long. Last year he decided to drive out from New York to the town of his birth. This book is the result.

It is not complimentary to McLeansboro, or Egypt, or any place for that matter, or to H. Allen Smith. He and his family furnish much of the humor by being the butt of many jokes—a common practice of radio comedians.

S. A. W.

Kenilworth—First Fifty Years. (Published by the Village of Kenilworth, 1947. Pp. vi, 116. \$2.00.)

This attractive little book has been published as a permanent memorial of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the village of Kenilworth, February 4, 1896. The booklet was prepared by a committee composed of Frederic R. Kilner, chairman, Mrs. Walter Marx, Mrs. Henry A. Zander, Mrs. F. R. Kilner, Herman Gastrell Seely, and Oliver R. Barrett. It is well illustrated and has an attractive pictorial map of the village as it appeared in 1896.

The story of Kenilworth, however, goes back of 1896, and there is a chapter on the founding of the community and the forming of the Kenilworth Company in 1889. All residents of Kenilworth will cherish this little volume which is more than just a memorial of the town's fiftieth anniversary. It is also a compact and valuable source of information for all who want to read about this North Shore suburb that has grown in beauty with the years.

S. A. W.

The Illinois Country. A Guide for the William Clark Society. By Irving Dilliard. (Mimeographed, 1947. Pp. 15.)

After a lapse of five years, occasioned by the war, the William Clark Society has resumed its annual field trips to areas of historic interest in the region of which St. Louis is the center.

This is a guide for the 1947 field trip of the Society, taken on October 12, 1947. While principally intended for those going on the tour, the information will also be of interest to others who may wish to visit the Illinois country. Some of the highlights of the area are described in detail: the Jarrot Mansion House, Fort De Chartres, and Fort Kaskaskia. A compact map of the area is also included.

S. A. W.

Centennial Sketch of the History of the Presbytery of Chicago. By John Frederick Lyons. (Published by the Compiler: Chicago, 1947. Pp. 53.)

Briefly and clearly the author has presented this history of the Chicago Presbytery—a task not easy to do with the division, at the outset, into New School, Old School, and Cumberland. The Presbytery of Chicago that was organized in 1847 was New School. The Old School organization was effected in 1852. The two were united in 1870 and the reunion with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church came in 1906.

In addition to the historical sketch, there is a list of moderators since the reunion in 1870; stated clerks (New School, Old School, and since the reunion); moderators of the General Assembly from Chicago Presbytery; churches of the Presbytery; bibliography; and index.

S. A. W.

Judge Elbert H. Gary (1846-1927)—His Life and Influence Upon American Industry. By Irving S. Olds. (The Newcomen Society of England, American Branch: New York, 1947. Pp. 32.)

Elbert H. Gary was a distinguished native son of Illinois. This sketch of his life is an address delivered by Irving S. Olds, chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation before a meeting of the Newcomen Society of England in North America at New York on April 24, 1947.

No new information is here presented about the great industrialist who was, himself, chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation from 1903 until his death. The author acknowledges his debt to Ida M. Tarbell's *The Life of Elbert H. Gary*. Concisely, this booklet

stresses Gary's life and influence upon American industry. It is a handsome little brochure, attractively illustrated, and with a frontispiece in color of Elbert H. Gary.

Brief information is also given about the Newcomen Society of England in North America.

S. A. W.

NEWS AND COMMENT

The Swedish Pioneer Centennial Association is preparing an outstanding series of programs to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of Swedish settlements in the Midwest. Herman G. Nelson, member of the National Board of Directors has announced that Prince Bertil of Sweden and Minister of Commerce Axel Gjöres will fly to America in June. The Illinois State Historical Society is naturally very much interested in this worthy recognition of the services of the Swedish people to the development of our state. We plan to give our readers several articles during the year concerning the Swedes and their contributions. In this issue we are printing a summary of early Swedish settlement in Illinois by Dr. Bergendoff, president of Augustana College and chairman of the National Executive and Advisory Boards of the Pioneer Centennial Association. The illustration on our cover this month is a reproduction of the painting "Planting Corn" by Olaf Krans, who as a boy lived in the pioneer Swedish settlement at Bishop Hill.



The Illinois State Historical Society's spring tour has been scheduled for May 14 and 15. Headquarters will be at Cairo, a location easily reached by the Illinois Central, Gulf Mobile and Ohio (Alton Route), and New York Central railroads, as well as various highways and bus routes.

Cairo is one of the most interesting cities in Illinois. Completely surrounded by levees, the city is often below the level of the river. At flood times people on the streets may look up at ships passing on water above their heads. River life—fishing and steamboating—are important and also picturesque Cairo traditions. Along Commercial Avenue some of the houses are bracketed with wrought iron from New Orleans. From the roof of the hotel where the Society will make its headquarters, guests may see the wooded point where the Mississippi and Ohio rivers join. Plans for the spring meeting are not yet complete but we hope to take a boat trip down the river past the junction to Wickliffe, Kentucky.

The Greater Egypt Association is to be our host as it was two years ago. It will furnish busses for a trip to the site of Camp Defiance. Here,

during the Civil War, General Grant began the campaign which ended with his "Unconditional Surrender" ultimatum. The busses will then take us past Horseshoe Lake and up the Mississippi to Thebes where the ancient Greek-style courthouse, of 1846, stands on a bluff above the waters. This is the river town made famous by Edna Ferber's novel, *Show Boat*. Remember, too, that at the time of our tour cotton will be growing in the fields. Mark the date—May 14-15. Detailed programs will be mailed to all members who reside in Illinois in ample time to make hotel and bus reservations. Non-Illinois members of the Society who would like to receive these programs should drop a postal card to the Secretary, Illinois State Historical Society, Springfield, Illinois.



President Dilliard of the State Historical Society has appointed a committee "to take the initiative in getting the highway department to mark historical sites appropriately and also to provide adequate road markers pointing the way to historical sites." Scerrial Thompson of Harrisburg, is chairman of this committee. The other members are: Superintendent of Public Instruction Vernon L. Nickell, Springfield; Dr. James Alton James, Evanston; Senator Everett Peters, St. Joseph; Representative Herschel Green, West York. Local and county historical societies are invited to send recommendations for proposed historical site markers to J. Monaghan, Illinois State Historical Society, Springfield.



Mrs. Charles B. Hynson is compiling a genealogy on the Woolley family on which she has been working for fifteen years. She would like to hear from any Woolleys in Illinois with whom she has not already corresponded regarding the family. Mrs. Hynson's address is 1315 Webster Street, New Orleans 15, Louisiana.



Announcement has been made by Walter A. Rosenfield, director of the Department of Public Works and Buildings, of the purchase of a ten-acre tract within the city of Nauvoo as the nucleus for the development of a new state park.



The "Freedom Train" is scheduled to come to Illinois this summer. Its nation-wide tour began in Philadelphia last September, on the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the signing of the Constitution.

Three display cars on the train contain documents dating from 1493¹ to 1945. The former is a letter from Columbus and the latter is the charter of the United Nations. Other documents on exhibition include the Mayflower Compact of 1620, a contemporary copy of the Declaration of Independence, Washington's personal copy of the Constitution, the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. These are original documents, displayed in specially prepared glass cases and protected at all times by armed guards.

The "Freedom Train" tour has been arranged by the American Heritage Foundation. Local arrangements and train schedules are in charge of the American Association for State and Local History. The train will stop during June in Belleville, Bloomington, Chicago, Decatur, Joliet, Kankakee, Peoria, Rockford, and Springfield. In July the train will be in Cairo and Danville.



The editors are glad to be able to publish the following communication which was sent to the *Journal* by Grace Partridge Smith, of Washington, D. C.

A query from Dr. Percival Bailey, of Chicago, in the December, 1947, issue of this *Journal* is of interest and invites comment. The question concerns the old custom of planting two cedar trees, one on either side of the entrance to the house.

This keen observation on folk customs of early days in the Midwestern states seems, to the writer, to point directly to the folk belief of the "external soul," sometimes referred to as the "life-index," or "life-token." The terms have definite religious connotations in connection with primitive belief. The whole matter is discussed in Frazer's *The Golden Bough*¹ and in Hartland's *Legend of Perseus*.² Encyclopedias of religion and ethics devote authoritative comments to phases of this subject.

The belief that the soul (life, heart) of a person may exist *outside* the body is found all over the world; it may be in an object, an animal, a plant, or a tree. As long as this external soul—wherever it is lodged—is intact, the person to whom it belongs will flourish; as soon as it is destroyed, the physical body dies. This belief is amply illustrated in folktales.³

As a life-token, the *tree* is of importance. The custom of planting a tree at the birth of a child was common up to very recent times in England, on the Continent, and elsewhere. In ancient Hebrew times, it is recorded

¹ Sir James George Frazer, *The Golden Bough* (New York, 1935), XI:159-95.

² Edwin Sidney Hartland, *The Legend of Perseus* (London, 1895), Volume II "The Life-Token."

³ For example: "Koschei the Deathless" (Russian); the life is in an egg.

that a cedar was planted at the birth of a boy.⁴ In some countries, the bridal pair planted twin trees at their wedding.⁵ Thereafter, in both cases, the trees were watched with care, for they were regarded as symbols of health and growth. If they faded, the omen was inauspicious.

Many customs persist long after their origin has been forgotten.⁶ The two cedar trees observed in the front yards of pioneer homes may well be a remnant of a ceremonial custom, nearly, if not wholly obsolescent. Persons questioned on such survivals in this country seem to have only vague reminiscences of such tree-plantings as discussed above. Perhaps others will report specific instances.

It is likely that the cedar was chosen for its perennial green, its slow and steady growth, its durability—all symbols of desired human welfare. In solving Dr. Bailey's nice problem, it might be helpful to learn details of the locale where he observed the cedars so planted and to find out the nationalities of the pioneer settlers who so decorated their front yards.



The historic voyage of Louis Jolliet, French explorer, and Père Jacques Marquette, Jesuit missionary priest, in 1673, is commemorated with a four-ton cross of New Hampshire granite recently erected by Bishop Joseph H. Schlarmann near the entrance to St. Mary's Cathedral in Peoria. The front base of the cross bears the inscription: "This cross recalls to the passerby the heroic journey of Father Marquette and Louis Jolliet and their brave companions, who camped on the banks of Lake Peoria—August, 1673." On another side of the base the inscription memorializes the devotion of the sons of the Peoria diocese who fell in World War II. The memorial was dedicated on December 14, 1947, with a religious and patriotic ceremony.



Miss Ida L. Balç calls our attention to an error in her article on "New Salem and the Hard-Shell Church" which appeared in the December, 1947, *Journal* of the Illinois State Historical Society. In the sentence on page 447 about the monument to Sarah Graham, only the words "Sarah Graham" should be in quotation marks. There was but one name on the monument.

⁴ Hartland, *Legend of Perseus*, II: 35-36.

⁵ Angelo de Gubernatis, *La Mythologie des Plantes* (Paris, 1878), I: 255.

⁶ Consider such everyday ceremonials as christening a ship, throwing rice and old shoes after the married pair, or veiling the bride.

The Chicago and North Western Railway Company is celebrating its centennial this year. Known originally as the Galena & Chicago Union, the road's first locomotive, "Pioneer," made its initial trip on October 24, 1848. After many years' service, the old engine was retired to the Field Museum in Chicago. The Chicago and North Western Railway has been seeking information from historical societies and others to help in compiling a complete picture of the growth of the railroad.



As this *Journal* goes to press, plans are being made to observe in April the centennial of the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. It is expected that Ottawa will play an important part in this celebration. A meeting of the Illinois and Michigan Canal Commission was held Monday, January 12, at Starved Rock State Park.



The Aurora Historical Society has a program called the "Museum in Kodachrome" which shows on slides many incidents in Aurora's history. This program, with Mrs. Arthur F. Muschler as narrator, is available for schools, clubs, and church groups. The idea for a slide library originated with Clarence R. Smith, professor of physics at Aurora College. Vernon Derry, a photographer, has added many slides to the collection.



Boone County Historical Society members were privileged to hear, in November, 1947, a lecture by James C. Whittaker, "We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing." Lieutenant Whittaker was on the Rickenbacker plane which was wrecked in the South Pacific in October, 1942.



As part of its campaign to raise \$10,000, the Bureau County Historical Society urged people to add the Society to their Christmas lists. Money is urgently needed to remodel the Norris home, recently bequeathed to the Society, into suitable headquarters for a museum.



Dr. Lee W. Osborn spoke on the history of firearms and dueling before the Cahokia Historical Society on November 24, 1947.

On December 16, the Society heard Irving Dilliard, president of the Illinois State Historical Society, speak on "Three Anniversaries": one of

a piece of paper, one of a man, and one of a place. The one of a piece of paper was the hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary of the Bill of Rights, ratified on December 15, 1791. The anniversary of a man was the centenary of John Peter Altgeld, born December 30, 1847. The anniversary of a place was the two hundred and fiftieth of Cahokia, to be celebrated in 1949. Cahokia, the first permanent white settlement of consequence in Illinois, was founded in May, 1699, when priests of the Seminary of Quebec established the Mission of the Holy Family. The Society voted to initiate a movement for the celebration of Cahokia's anniversary.



A recent exhibit at the Chicago Historical Society displayed rare examples of printing by Chicago presses during the first forty years of the city's printing history, from 1833 to 1873. The seventh Chicago International Salon of Photography, also at the Chicago Historical Society, contained the largest number of foreign entries ever before submitted.



Vaughn Shoemaker, cartoonist, spoke before the South Shore Historical Society (Chicago) on December 11, 1947.



Mrs. Paul I. Pierson, president of the Woodlawn Historical Society (Chicago) entertained the group's board of directors on January 23, in the Woodlawn Branch Library. Reports of department chairmen were heard and the nominating committee presented its slate of officers for the coming year. Following the business meeting, the staff of the library were guests of the Society.



Cloudy skies curtailed, but did not cancel, the Edwards County Historical Society's tour, the last Sunday in October. A state police safety car equipped with a loud-speaker led the way.

In November, the Society heard the tragic story of the "Trail of Tears"—trek of the Cherokees across southern Illinois and on to what would be Oklahoma. The story, compiled by Mrs. Grace Blood Toler, was presented to the Society by Mrs. Laura B. Killough. Elmer Smith told about the Indians in Alaska where he spent two and one-half years while in the service. The December meeting was devoted, for the most part, to a report by E. L. Dukes of the Illinois State Historical Society's meeting in Rockford, October 31 and November 1, 1947.

The deed to the site of the old Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad station was presented to the Evanston Historical Society in November. The plot of ground, twenty-four feet wide, is on Benson Avenue between Church and Davis streets. A historical marker indicates the site. The Society heard a talk by its oldest member, George Olmsted, in December, 1947. Mr. Olmsted spoke on the early schools of his native Evanston.



The Jefferson County Historical Society heard Mrs. Mildred Metcalf tell the history of the Mount Vernon Public Library at the meeting in December. Orian Metcalf, news editor of the *Mount Vernon Register-News*, also spoke on the newspaper history of Mount Vernon. Denver McDonald, president of the Society, reviewed the accomplishments of the group during this first year of its existence. Officers elected at this meeting are: Orian Metcalf, president; Mrs. Edna Casey, vice-president; Mildred Warren, secretary; Charles E. Simmons, treasurer. Directors elected are: Harold Howard, Denver McDonald, Curtis Williams, Margaret Ann Cummings, and Dr. Andy Hall.



New officers of the Kankakee County Historical Society are: Ralph Francis, president; J. C. Bohmker, vice-president; Mrs. Fannie Still, secretary; Gilbert Hertz, treasurer. Directors elected are: L. O. Minor, Will C. Schneider, Mrs. Victor Boudreau, Edwin C. Bergeron, Vernon McBroom, George W. Lane, Mrs. C. M. C. Buntain, and Roy Wilcox.

It is reported that work is progressing rapidly on the Historical and Arts Building being erected near the site of Governor Small's birthplace. The new building will provide exhibit space and a clubroom for the Kankakee County Historical Society.



The Madison County Historical Society had an informal Christmas program on December 22, 1947. After a dinner at Wilmer Acres, on the old Alton road, members discussed diverse observances of Christmas in Edwardsville in former years.

At the January meeting of the Edwardsville Branch of the Madison County Historical Society, Mrs. Helen Markham Schmidt spoke on the subject, "Indians Preceding the White Man in this Vicinity." This was the third in a series of studies of the local history of Edwardsville and vicinity.

The Morgan County Historical Society met on November 29, 1947, with President Clarence P. McClelland presiding. Mabel Hall Goltra read a paper on Peter S. Newell, author and illustrator. A paper written by Frank J. Heinl and read by John S. Wright, sketched the life of Elihu Wolcott, a pioneer in Jacksonville.

Dr. Roy P. Basler, executive secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, was guest speaker at the January meeting of the Society. He spoke on the compilation of Lincoln's writings being undertaken by the Abraham Lincoln Association. Dr. Clarence P. McClelland, Dr. Alfred E. Henderson, and Miss Fidelia Abbott were elected to the board of directors. Officers for the coming year are: Dr. Clarence P. McClelland, president; Frank J. Heinl, vice-president; Miss Fidelia Abbott, secretary; Miss Elizabeth Brooks, treasurer; and Miss Amelia De Motte, custodian.



The Oak Park Historical Society, at its November, 1947, meeting, saw a sound motion picture, "New England—Yesterday and Today." Thomas Doane, a trustee of the Society, presided at the meeting.



Earl E. Downing, Peoria County superintendent of schools, spoke at the November meeting of the Peoria Historical Society. His topic was, "Recognition and Accrediting of Schools." Ernest E. East gave a report of the Illinois State Historical Society meeting in Rockford. In January Mr. East spoke about the "Whisky Trust" which flourished in Peoria in the early 1890's.



The Riverside Historical Society met on January 30. Colored slides described historic spots in northern Illinois. Mrs. Schofield B. Gross presented a paper on William Le Baron Jenney, architect and resident of Riverside for many years. Miss Josephine Sherman presided. At the business meeting, Miss Sherman was re-elected president. Other officers are: Schofield B. Gross, vice-president; Mrs. E. H. Bangs, secretary; Dr. S. S. Fuller, treasurer. Mrs. Frank H. Landon and Howard Olson were elected directors.



Officers of the St. Charles Historical Society are: Ralph Richmond, president; Mrs. Rex Wells, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Hugo Schneck, recording secretary; and C. J. Marvin, treasurer. Reorganization plans are in progress as this *Journal* goes to press.

Moving pictures of the Saline County Centennial were shown at the November, 1947, meeting of the Saline County Historical Society. Officers of the Society chosen at its January meeting are: T. Leo Dodd, president; Scerrial Thompson, first vice-president; Ernest Gates, second vice-president; John Foster, secretary; James D. Bond, treasurer. Mrs. D. L. Shain of Harrisburg read a paper on early railroads, with emphasis on those in Saline County.



The Stephenson County Historical Society's museum exhibited Christmas decorations, "old style" and "new style," during December, 1947. On the twentieth of the month, children from six to ten years of age were invited to attend a special story hour. In January a collection of seventy-eight fans, presented to the Society by Miss Alice Stoskopf, was on display.



On November 9, 1947, the Winnetka Historical Society dedicated the second of its historical markers. This one indicates the site of the first public schoolhouse in Winnetka. The school was opened on October 1, 1859, and stood on what is now the village commons.

The Society observed its sixteenth anniversary in January, 1948, with a dinner party attended by one hundred of its members. A "spelling bee" and a quilt exhibit were features of the program. Mrs. Frank Fuller outspelled all competitors and Mrs. Allen T. Weinstock's quilt won first prize in the show.



ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEMBERS OF 40 YEARS' STANDING OR MORE.

NAME	CITY	JOINED
Adams, Mrs. Albyn	Jacksonville, Ill.	1905
Adams, Edward E.	Taylorville, Ill.	1908
Ausburg, Mrs. Alta Baltzell	Chicago, Ill.	1909
Clark, Arthur H.	Glendale, Calif.	1909
Davis, Samuel S.	Rock Island, Ill.	1909
Denison, E. E.	Marion, Ill.	1909
Dunn, Mrs. R. R.	Waukegan, Ill.	1909
Folsom, William R.	Chicago, Ill.	1905
Halbert, William U.	Belleville, Ill.	1908
Hauberg, John H.	Rock Island, Ill.	1908
Heinl, Frank J.	Jacksonville, Ill.	1905
Holden, Walter S.	Oak Park, Ill.	1909
James, James A.	Evanston, Ill.	1906
Lampert, Mrs. Philip C.	Belvidere, Ill.	1906
Miller, Amos C.	Chicago, Ill.	1909
Miller, John E.	East St. Louis, Ill.	1905
Miner, E. G.	Rochester, N. Y.	1909
Morris, Henry C.	Chicago, Ill.	1905
Pease, Theodore C.	Urbana, Ill.	1909
Pfeiffenberger, George D.	Alton, Ill.	1909
Reichmann, A. F.	Chicago, Ill.	1909
Robinson, Margaret H.	Springfield, Ill.	1907
Rosborough, C. R.	Moline, Ill.	1909
Ryan, Rev. John H.	Pontiac, Ill.	1908
Schlaflly, L. A.	Alton, Ill.	1909
Scott, Franklin W.	Urbana, Ill.	1908
Stericker, Mrs. George F.	Springfield, Ill.	1905



In the last issue of this Journal, a list of people who joined the Society in July, August, and September was printed. The following list includes new members enrolled during October, November, and December, 1947.

Andersson, E. Einar	Chicago, Ill.	Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J.	Mt. Carroll, Ill.
Barclay, Ray	Peoria, Ill.	Carlson, Roy W.	Auburn, Ind.
Bardolph, Richard	Greensboro, N. C.	Cavanagh, Helen M.	Normal, Ill.
Barnes, J. Ward	Raleigh, Ill.	Chapman, Annis Morris	Tonica, Ill.
Bartling, Mary E.	Monmouth, Ill.	Cheek, Mary Ashby	Rockford, Ill.
Basler, Roy P.	Springfield, Ill.	Cleary, Rev. Thomas	Bradford, Ill.
Batchelder, John D.	Dixon, Ill.	Colberg, Claude A.	Pecatonica, Ill.
Berry, Mildred F.	Rockford, Ill.	Cooke, Mrs. Russell S.	Springfield, Ill.
Bill, Mrs. Shirley A.	Chicago, Ill.	Crawford, Mildred	Benton, Ill.
Blomquist, Eric G.	Chicago, Ill.		
Bond, James	Galatia, Ill.		
Bowman, Rev. F. H. O.	Bloomington, Ill.	Daugherty, J. C.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Boyer, Alden S.	Chicago, Ill.	Davenport, F. G.	Monmouth, Ill.
Bradford, Mary	Chicago, Ill.	Davis, Dr. David J.	Wilmette, Ill.
Broeksmit, John S., Jr.	Lake Forest, Ill.	Doyle, Mrs. Howard	Decatur, Ill.
Burch, Guy	Macedonia, Ill.	Dymond, Mrs. Wayne E.	Decatur, Ill.

- Easterberg, Carl J. Chicago, Ill.
 Eldredge, Elwin M. New York, N. Y.
 Evans, William E. Riverton, Ill.
- Fauth, Dollee Sterling, Ill.
 Forgue, Norman W. Chicago, Ill.
 Franklin, John Hope Washington, D. C.
- Grassenbacher, Hélène Chicago, Ill.
- Hammond, Dorothy Decatur, Ill.
 Hargrave, Harry S. Los Angeles, Calif.
 Hart, William T. Joliet, Ill.
 Hill, Ruth Esther Anna, Ill.
 Hill, Mrs. Wayne Decatur, Ill.
 Hines, Mrs. Ruth Mt. Carroll, Ill.
 Hostick, King V. Chicago, Ill.
 Humphrey, Mrs. Merrill Lombard, Ill.
- Johnston, Wayne A. Chicago, Ill.
- Kemble, John H. Pasadena, Calif.
 King, David E. Rockford, Ill.
 Kiniery, Paul Chicago, Ill.
 Kunz, Hazen E. Detroit, Mich.
- Laing, Alan K. Urbana, Ill.
 Lanphier, Mrs. Beatrice H. . . . Dixon, Ill.
 Launer, Mrs. P. E. Danville, Ill.
 Lawson, Clayton H. Des Plaines, Ill.
 Lord, Mrs. Walter E. Milwaukee, Wis.
 Lower, Mrs. Mathilde D. . . . Congress Park, Ill.
 Lyle, John H. Chicago, Ill.
 Lyons, Dr. William N. Mt. Carroll, Ill.
- McCracken, Eugene R. Naperville, Ill.
 McDermott, John F. St. Louis, Mo.
 Metz, Mrs. R. E. Elmwood, Ill.
 Morgan, Bruce Karnak, Ill.
- Tagel, Herman C. Chicago, Ill.
 Nevius, Mrs. Imogene B. . . . Winnetka, Ill.
 Newell, Mrs. Eva H. Smithfield, Ill.
- Olson, Axel B. Shenandoah, Iowa
 Olsson, Nils William Chicago, Ill.
- Rabourn, Cecil C. Carrier Mills, Ill.
 Ranson, Mrs. Addie R. Decatur, Ill.
 Rauch, Mabel Thompson . . . Hollywood, Calif.
 Reese, T. W. Geneseo, Ill.
 Reyburn, G. H. Peoria Heights, Ill.
 Richardson, Karl S. Chicago, Ill.
- Schwarz, Mrs. G. Russell Jerseyville, Ill.
 Scott, Frederick H. Chicago, Ill.
 Sheeche, Mrs. Norman L. Rockford, Ill.
 Sieck, Ernst Chicago, Ill.
 Skinner, W. L. Glen Ellyn, Ill.
 Smith, Dale Berkeley, Calif.
 Smith, Elbert S. Decatur, Ill.
 Speelman, Pauline Arcola, Ill.
 Stem, Chester B. New Albany, Ind.
 Stephens, Paul Chicago, Ill.
 Stowe, Mrs. Glen Mt. Carroll, Ill.
 Stroup, Fred Rockford, Ill.
 Swanson, James A. Galesburg, Ill.
- Thomas, Joe Cobden, Ill.
 Tingley, Ralph R. Wheaton, Ill.
- Van Deventer, Carroll F. . . . Arlington, Va.
 Vandiver, Frank E. Austin, Texas
 Viall, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. . . . Chicago, Ill.
- Wallace, Mrs. Frank T. Monmouth, Ill.
 Waters, Mrs. Byron Decatur, Ill.
 Watson, Mrs. W. W. Chicago, Ill.
 Welch, Thomas J. Kewanee, Ill.
 West, Edward J. Raleigh, N. C.
 Wilkins, Phoebe E. Alto Pass, Ill.
 Williams, Mabel E. Decatur, Ill.
 Williams, Mrs. Robert R. Carmi, Ill.
 Wilson, Mrs. Jessie B. . . . Worthington, Ohio
 Wood, William G. Charleston, Ill.



The Society's membership committee consists of the following district chairmen: Jewell F. Stevens for the Chicago area; Wayne C. Townley for the northern area; Mrs. Harry L. Meyer for the central area; and Scerial Thompson for the southern area of the state. Local county chairmen are: Herman G. Nelson, Winnebago; Bertha R. Leaman, Carroll; Lawrence A. Ludens, Whiteside; Mollie Duffy, Lee; Mrs. Bentley F. Ramsdell, Kane; C. C. Tisler, La Salle; C. E. Van Norman, Knox; Godfrey G. Luthy, Peoria; Mary B. Wright, Fulton; Mrs. Dorothy M. Gard, Champaign; Oliver D. Mann, Vermilion; Edward E. Adams, Christian; U. L. Evans, Shelby; Craig Van Meter, Coles; Donald F. Lewis, Madison;

Harold G. Baker, St. Clair; J. M. Mitchell, Wabash; Sam A. Ziegler, White; O. M. Karraker, Union; Judge Elihu Nicholas Hall, Hardin.

The list below contains the names of persons who deserve thanks from the Society for adding new members during the period from July to December, 1947:

Allison, John	Normal, Ill.	Luthy, Godfrey	Peoria, Ill.
Borland, Dr. Robert L.	Hollywood, Calif.	Meyer, Mrs. Harry L.	Alton, Ill.
Brannan, Mrs. J. A.	Jerseyville, Ill.	Nelson, Herman G.	Rockford, Ill.
Carveth, C. E.	La Salle, Ill.	Newman, Ralph G.	Chicago, Ill.
Cooke, Mrs. Russell S.	Springfield, Ill.	Pearson, David R.	Chicago, Ill.
Dukes, E. L.	Albion, Ill.	Pomeroy, J. M.	Carmi, Ill.
Dymond, Mrs. Wayne E.	Decatur, Ill.	Ramsdell, Mrs. Bentley F.	Geneva, Ill.
Elliott, Mrs. Ivan A.	Carmi, Ill.	Sager, May	Belvidere, Ill.
Evans, U. L.	Shelbyville, Ill.	Scott, Modesta	Arcola, Ill.
Gard, Mrs. Dorothy M.	Champaign, Ill.	Shaw, Joseph L.	Geneseo, Ill.
Grassenbacher, Hélène	Chicago, Ill.	Smith, Sidney B.	Springfield, Ill.
Hayward, Oscar C.	Winnetka, Ill.	Stephens, Ethel Gertrude	Bloomington, Ill.
J ohnson, Capt. Joseph M.	Chicago, Ill.	Stevens, Jewell F.	Chicago, Ill.
Johnstone, Norma	Riverton, Ill.	Taylor, J. F.	Chicago, Ill.
Larson, Robert H.	Dearborn, Mich.	Tisler, C. C.	Ottawa, Ill.
Leaman, Bertha R.	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Trigg, L. O.	Eldorado, Ill.
		Wright, Mary B.	Farmington, Ill.



CONTRIBUTORS

Theodore C. Pease is Chairman of the Department of History at the University of Illinois, and the author of many books and articles. From 1920 to 1939 he was Editor of the Illinois Historical Collections, published by the Illinois State Historical Library. . . . Conrad Bergendoff, clergyman, educator, and President of Augustana College, presented this paper at the forty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society in Rockford on November 1, 1947. . . . Herbert O. Brayer is Archivist of the State of Colorado and Consultant for UNESCO. This is the written version of his lecture at the Illinois State Historical Society's Rockford meeting, November 1, 1947. . . . S. A. Wetherbee is Associate Editor in the Illinois State Historical Library.

Journal
of the
ILLINOIS STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

REFERENCE



PETER NEWELL CARTOON OF JACKSONVILLE CITIZENS

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

JUNE 1948

The Illinois State HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The Illinois State Historical Society was organized to collect and preserve data relating to the history of Illinois, disseminate the story of the state and its citizens, and encourage historical research. An annual meeting is held in October. In May the Society tours some historic neighborhood. Membership is open to all. Dues are \$2.00 a year, or \$50 for Life Membership.

Members receive the publications of the Society, which are printed by authority of the State of Illinois. These publications are the Journal, a quarterly magazine devoted to Illinois history, and occasional books and pamphlets on historical subjects.

Manuscripts submitted for publication should be addressed to J. Monaghan, Illinois State Historical Society, Springfield, Illinois.

The editors do not assume any responsibility for the personal opinions expressed by authors of articles published.

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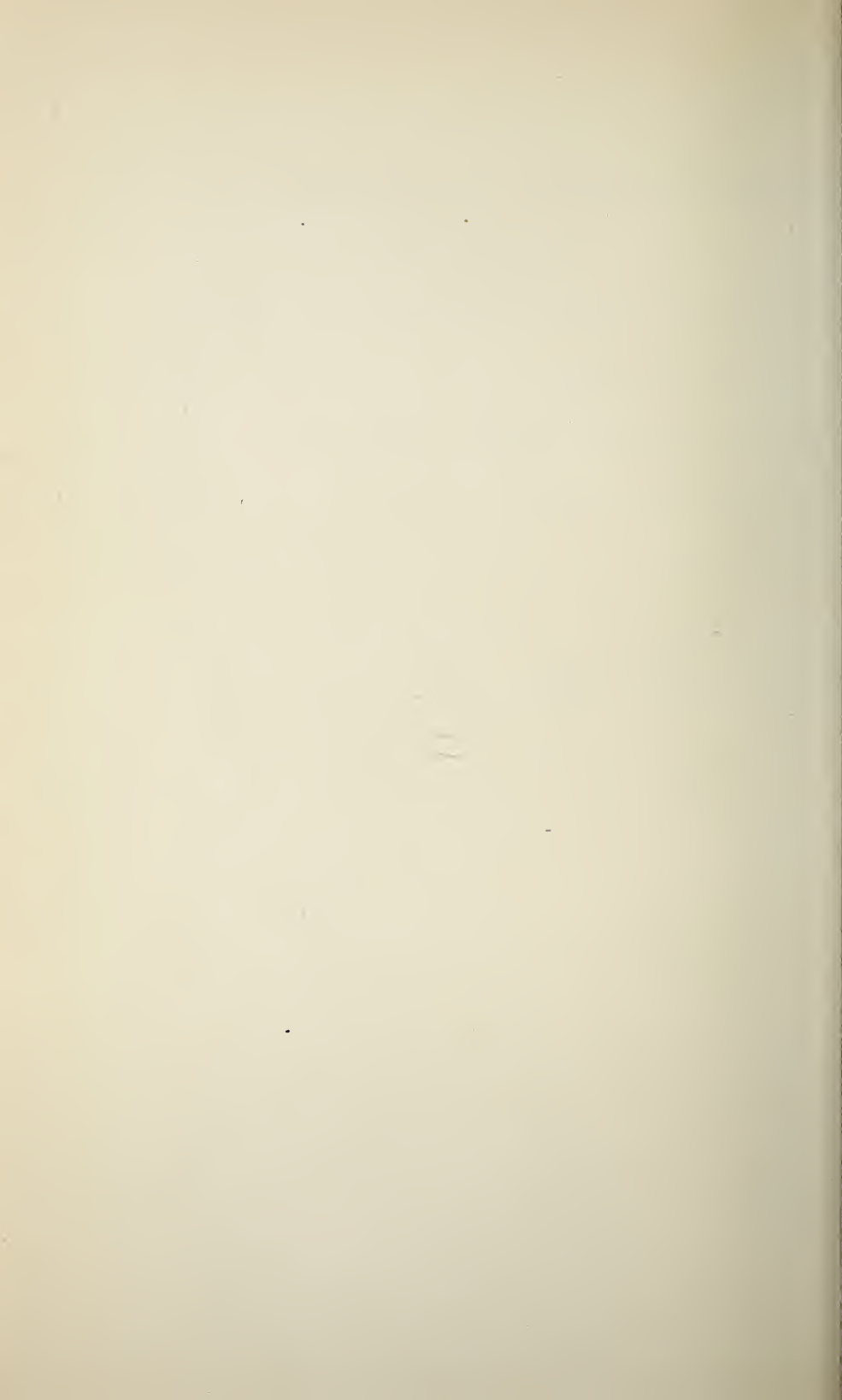
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THE NORMAL SCHOOL COMES TO CHARLESTON*

BY CHARLES H. COLEMAN

THE value of state normal schools was recognized in 1887 in a state Senate committee report. The first such school had been founded at Normal in 1857, the second in Carbondale in 1869. The senatorial committee agreed in substance that the state ought to provide and support normal schools in order to meet the need for more efficient teachers.¹

The movement for additional normal schools was accelerated by the teachers themselves. On April 25, 1891, the Northern Illinois State Teachers Association adopted a resolution calling for a normal school in the northern part of the state, and a committee from the Association prepared and sponsored a bill for its creation.² Although this bill did not pass, important groundwork had been done. In 1894, the Central Illinois State Teachers Association went on record in favor of additional normal schools, and at the December, 1894, meeting of the State Association a resolution was adopted recommending "the establishment of at least two new State Normal Schools, one of which shall be in the northern end of the State and the

* This article consists of the material in the first two chapters of a silver anniversary history of the Eastern Illinois State College, now in progress. It is to be published in the spring of 1949 in connection with the observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the school. The author invites criticism of the material here published, and will welcome any other suggestions concerning the history of the school.

¹ T. V. Smith and W. E. C. Clifford, *Senate Committee Report on the Normal Colleges, State of Illinois* (Northern Illinois State Teachers' College, DeKalb, 1936), 10-11.

² In the House this bill was introduced by Representative James P. Wilson and called for an appropriation of \$75,000. A copy of this document, House Bill No. 522 of the Thirty-eighth General Assembly, is in "Papers Relating to 1893 Meeting of the Illinois Teachers Association" in the files of the Illinois Education Association, Springfield, Illinois.

other in the western part of the State."³ Although this resolution specified the northern and western parts of the state, Coles County Superintendent of Schools John L. Whisnand appointed a committee of three to work for a school in eastern Illinois.

This agitation for additional schools resulted in action by the General Assembly early in 1895. On January 10, Senator Hunt of DeKalb introduced a bill to "establish and maintain the Northern Illinois State Normal School."⁴ Eastern Illinois redoubled its efforts to get a similar bill for a normal school in that section of the state. Meetings were held and prominent citizens urged the Coles County assemblymen to act. On February 7, 1895, bills for the establishment of an Eastern Illinois State Normal School and providing an appropriation of \$100,000 (reduced to \$50,000 before final passage) were introduced by Senator Isaac B. Craig of Mattoon and Representative W. H. Wallace of Humboldt in the Senate and House.⁵

At this time few people expected that Charleston would be selected as the location for the new school, but the *Scimitar* called attention to the opportunity that Charleston was overlooking if she did not enter the contest along with Paris and

³ *Synopsis of the Proceedings of the XLth Annual Meeting of the State Teachers' Association, Held at Springfield, Illinois, December 26, 27, 28, 1894* (Journal-Republican Power Plant, Metropolis, 1895), 9-10.

⁴ *Journal of the Senate of the Thirty-Ninth General Assembly of the State of Illinois* (Springfield, 1896), 50. John W. Cook, in 1895 president at Normal, who became president at DeKalb in 1899, in his *Educational History of Illinois* (Chicago, 1912), p. 244, gives Clinton Rosette of DeKalb, member of the Normal board of trustees ("The Board of Education of the State of Illinois") by appointment of Governor Altgeld in 1893, the major credit for the success of the movement to secure the northern normal school, which was located in DeKalb. Rosette was aided by the "barbed-wire tycoons" of DeKalb, Joseph F. Glidden, Jacob Haisch, and Isaac L. Ellwood, who contributed land, money, and influence to the movement. The prominence of these men "brought aid from all over the State, and from quarters where the schoolmasters could do nothing. . . . The opposing forces withdrew their hostility and the committee [of the legislature] made it practically unanimous." The bill for the eastern school, introduced on February 7, "slid along in the groove made by the first," Cook recalled. The efforts of Rosette and Ellwood were recognized by the Northern Illinois Teachers Association at its first meeting following the enactment of the normal school bills. Both were "cordially thanked by the Association for their labors." The Association also voted thanks to Peleg R. Walker "for his long campaign of six years" to secure additional normal schools. Meeting at Elgin, October 25, 26, 1895. Summary of proceedings in Cook, *Educational History*, 391.

⁵ *Journal of the Senate of the Thirty-Ninth General Assembly*, 149; *Journal of the House of Representatives of the Thirty-Ninth General Assembly* (Springfield, 1896), 164.

Mattoon. The editor suggested that the hill south of Charleston (where the school was finally located) would be an excellent site for the buildings.⁶

At first glance it appears logical that the school should be in Mattoon rather than in Charleston, if a Coles County city was to be chosen. Mattoon was then as now over one and one-half times the size of Charleston,⁷ and it also had better railroad facilities. Mattoon, the crossing point of the Illinois Central and Big Four railroads, had excellent north-south and east-west connections. True, Charleston was the junction of the Big Four and the Clover Leaf, but neither of these roads served northern or southern Illinois. Senator Craig, the sponsor of the bill before the General Assembly, was from Mattoon and of the same political party as Governor Altgeld. It was thought that surely he would secure the appointment of trustees in favor of his home town.⁸ Furthermore, Coles County had outgrown its Charleston courthouse, and Mattoon hoped to secure the county seat. In March, 1895, a trade was suggested. Let Charleston aid Mattoon in securing the normal school, and Mattoon, in turn, would withdraw its opposition to a new courthouse for Charleston.⁹ After a few weeks, however, this idea was abandoned. Perhaps the citizens of Charleston became convinced that they had a chance to get both school and courthouse.

On April 18, 1895, a meeting of the Commercial Club of

⁶ *Charleston Scimitar*, May 29, 1896. Surveying the events of the year before, the *Scimitar* recalled that it had stated that Charleston "could easily afford to pay \$25,000 to \$50,000 to secure it, and that here was an excellent opportunity for Jack Jeffries to distinguish himself. That Jack took this advice in the proper spirit, is shown by his work in the great fight that followed thereafter."

⁷ Mattoon's population was 6,833 in 1890, and 9,622 in 1900; Charleston had 4,135 in 1890, and 5,488 in 1900.

⁸ H. A. Neal, "In the Beginning," p. 2. Unpublished MS of a paper read at the twenty-fifth anniversary observance at the Eastern Illinois State Teachers' College, 1924, in the possession of the writer.

⁹ The *Charleston Scimitar* later suggested the reason Mattoon was willing to make such a deal with Charleston was that "Mattoon began to see the handwriting on the wall." Tuscola entered the contest for the school about March 10. With both Paris and Tuscola seeking to take the school away from Mattoon, that city "tried to bribe Charleston with promises of her support for a new courthouse, if we'd only keep our hands off the Normal." *Charleston Scimitar*, May 29, 1896.

Charleston was called to consider the possibility of securing the normal school for that city, and on the following night another public meeting drew a large and enthusiastic crowd. A "committee of eleven" was appointed to organize the community. Henceforth "Normal meetings" became a regular item of local news. "Charleston was out to win."¹⁰ The committee raised a pledge fund of \$75,000 and set to work with a will to secure the location of the school at Charleston.¹¹ Both bills, one for a northern and the other for an eastern normal, passed. Obviously the devotees of each bill had gladly helped one another thus doubling the vote. On May 22, 1895, Governor Altgeld signed both bills.¹² Then the real fight commenced in eastern Illinois for the selection of a proper site for the college.

The act created a board of trustees of five members, to be appointed by the Governor with the consent of the Senate. The trustees were to serve for four years, two and three to be appointed every two years and they were not to be residents of the territory in which the school was to be located. Their first task, as provided in the act, was to locate the school.

The act also called for the donation of a site and "other valuable considerations." Thus the contest for the location of the school at once became a battle of bids between eastern Illinois cities. At least thirteen were more or less serious in their efforts to secure the school. Most prominent in the contest were Charleston and Mattoon of Coles County, Paris, Danville, Shelbyville, Effingham, and Olney. Other hopeful cities were Tuscola, Oakland (also of Coles County), Kansas, Lawrenceville, Palestine, and Pana.¹³ The contest among these cities "was the hardest ever fought in the history of eastern Illinois, if not in the whole State and probably the most hotly contested

¹⁰ *Charleston Courier* (weekly ed.), May 28, 1896. The *Charleston Plaindealer*, Dec. 21, 1894, gives descriptions of the leading citizens of the community. The *Charleston Scimitar*, May 29, 1896, gives the date of the first meeting in Charleston as April 19.

¹¹ *Charleston Plaindealer*, Aug. 29, 1899.

¹² Cook, *Educational History*, 244-45.

¹³ Pana was outside of the area fixed by the act of May 22. Its chances died with the passage of the act.

(of its kind) on record anywhere," commented the *Charleston Courier* after Charleston had won the victory.¹⁴

In its issue of May 17, 1895, after the bills for the two normal schools were in conference and their passage was assured, the *Mattoon Gazette* gave much of the credit to the Mattoon normal school committee which had "spent many hours in Springfield working up a sentiment" in favor of the bills.

The citizens of Charleston, meantime, took up Mattoon's challenge in earnest. The *Plaindealer* later told the story as follows:

Meetings were held two or three nights in the week at George H. Jeffries' office. Politics were laid aside and all factions and creeds pulled together. By the last of May our forces were well organized.

The first committee to visit Springfield was R. R. Fuller, W. E. McCrory, I. H. Johnston, Sr., S. D. Jeffries and W. R. Highland, all Democratic; but they had a Democratic Governor to do with, and there was "method" in their appointment. . . . But there was no "politics" here in Charleston. Everybody was for the school. H. A. Neal, R. S. Hogden, G. H. Jeffries, F. K. Dunn, ably seconded by Col. Geo. W. Parker of St. Louis worked right along with the Democrats.¹⁵

The advantages which would come to the city with the normal school were summarized by Mr. Neal in an interview on June 1, 1895:

[The school will] bring from 300 to 600 students here annually. It will bring many hundred people here each year as visitors, men of prominence in this state, and elsewhere. It will make Charleston known all over the state of Illinois. It will make our society better. It will add to our wealth. It will increase our population, and in many ways give us standing and prestige.¹⁶

The Mattoon paper, in its turn, replied: "It will be necessary for our citizens to go down deep into their pants and put up the collateral. A site of forty acres is one of the very first things, and \$25,000 besides will be required." The *Gazette*

¹⁴ *Charleston Courier* (weekly ed.), May 28, 1896.

¹⁵ *Charleston Plaindealer*, Aug. 29, 1899.

¹⁶ *Charleston Plaindealer* of June 1, 1895, as quoted in its Aug. 29, 1899, issue.

urged that the existing committee which had done so well be continued. "Mattoon must have that normal school if it costs \$100,000."¹⁷ Effingham also made a bid. A circular distributed in that city called for action. Fifteen thousand dollars was stated as the necessary amount, and a committee was appointed to accept donations.¹⁸

The danger of other cities' bids for the school was recognized in Charleston. On May 21, the *Courier* reminded its readers that "we must not lose sight of the fact for an instant" that Mattoon and Effingham "are no mean competitors. Both of these cities have some advantages over us." Indeed, Mattoon did have a prime advantage in Senator Craig. "Ike has a peculiar way, all his own, that when he goes after anything to never say quit until he gets it and can come as near getting 'close' to a fellow as any we know of."¹⁹

Mattoon continued to drive ahead in its efforts to secure the school. On May 27, a crowd of six hundred or more citizens met at the Opera House to hear reports from the committee which had been working on the school question, and from Senator Craig and Representative Wallace. At this meeting a committee was selected to name an executive committee of ten and a finance committee of thirty. The *Gazette* warned Charleston that Mattoon would have the school "if it takes \$200,000." "Some day," the editor wrote, "the question of a new courthouse will arise, and unless Charleston does what is right now Mattoon will make the citizens of that place put up a fortune or it will be removed here." Charleston was assured that "Mattoon at this writing does not want the courthouse," but Mattoon did want the normal school, "and Charleston might just as well make up its mind it is coming here."²⁰

Early in June the Charleston city council took a hand in the normal school contest. At a council meeting on June 6, the

¹⁷ *Mattoon Gazette*, May 17, 1895.

¹⁸ Circular published in *Mattoon Gazette*, May 24, 1895.

¹⁹ Quoted in *Mattoon Gazette*, May 24, 1895.

²⁰ *Mattoon Gazette*, May 24, 31, June 7, 1895.

council unanimously adopted a resolution offering to the trustees of the Eastern Illinois Normal School "water for fire protection and other legitimate uses for the term of fifty years at the rate of one dollar per annum."²¹ A month later the city council adopted another resolution reducing the charge for water for the normal school from one dollar a year to five dollars for fifty years, "providing it be located in this city."²²

On May 29, 1895, trustees for the Eastern Illinois State Normal School were named by Governor Altgeld as required by the act of May 22. The members of this first board were: F. M. Youngblood of Carbondale, president, A. J. Barr of Bloomington, M. J. Walsh of East St. Louis, M. P. Rice of Lewistown, and Calvin L. Pleasants of El Paso. As required by the act, not one was a resident of the area in which the school was to be located.²³ The board entered promptly upon its first task, that of selecting the location of the school. They spent twenty-four hours in Charleston on June 18 and 19, visiting possible sites. The board had luncheon at the "Boathouse," located on the Embarrass [Ambraw] River northeast of the city, near the Schermerhorn ford. Their visit was made the occasion for a civic celebration.

That evening the trustees sat on the balcony of the Charleston House to watch a demonstration of the power and effectiveness of the city waterworks. Four streams of water were thrown from opposite corners of the square over the courthouse dome. While the fire department was putting on this demonstration, the Knights of Pythias band gave a concert and the square was swept from one side to the other by electric searchlights. This was followed, at 9:00 P.M., by a banquet in honor of the trustees, attended by some sixty representative citizens. At the close of the meal, Mayor Neal, Mr.

²¹ "Minutes," Charleston City Council, June 6, 1895, in City Hall, Charleston, Ill. The resolution was offered by Alderman I. B. Mitchell, whom the *Charleston Plaindealer* of Dec. 21, 1894, called "Charleston's leading grocer."

²² "Minutes," City Council, July 5, 1895.

²³ *Charleston Courier* (weekly ed.), May 28, 1896.

George W. Parker, and others presented the claims of Charleston to the board. On the morning of June 19, the trustees visited other suggested sites, including Decker's Springs, before proceeding to Mattoon to look over the possibilities in that city.²⁴

The trustees were sufficiently impressed by Charleston to return for a second visit on July 18, when they "were again given a chance to view our advantages and left for Oakland with a better impression of the center of the district than ever."²⁵ About the time of the board's second visit to the city, the normal school committee submitted to the board the proposals stating in detail Charleston's offer to secure the location of the normal school. This document is reproduced in full, as follows:

TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE EASTERN ILLINOIS
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL:-

In accordance with notice received from your Secretary of a meeting of your Board to locate a school under an act to establish and maintain an Eastern Illinois State Normal School, the Undersigned committee Isiah [Isaiah] H. Johnson [Johnston] Robert S. Hogden, George R. Chambers representing the citizens of Charleston, Illinois, and vicinity, hereby submit the following proposals:-

If said school is located within two (2) miles from the Court House at Charleston, Illinois, the said citizens will:

First.—Donate forty (40) acres of land to be selected by you from any of the sites shown you.

Second.—Donate Forty Thousand (\$40,000) Dollars payable July 1st, 1896, or in monthly installments as may be needed and called for by you, provided however, if sites as shown on map as No. 2 or No. 3 are selected, the above donation shall be One Thousand (\$1,000) Dollars less; if site No. 8 be selected, the said donation shall be Three Thousand (\$3,000) Dollars less; if sites No. 4 or No. 5 be selected, said payment shall be Five Thousand (\$5,000) Dollars less.

Third.—Take to the grounds selected, water in four inch pipes and

²⁴ *Charleston Courier* (weekly ed.), May 28, 1896; *Charleston Scimitar*, May 29, 1896; *Mattoon Gazette*, June 21, 1896. While in Charleston the trustees were shown a map of the normal school district which placed Charleston within three miles of the exact center of the district. This map, constructed by Herm Hill, "did much to influence the decision of the commission in our favor," the *Scimitar* reported in the May 29, 1896, issue.

²⁵ *Charleston Courier* (weekly ed.), May 28, 1896.

furnish as many hydrants not exceeding four and at such points as you may direct, and furnish you water for fifty (50) years at Five (\$5) Dollars per year.

Fourth.—Cause a street to be paved or graveled from the Court House to whatever site may be selected for said School by the trustees and cause a suitable and sufficient sidewalk to be constructed to said site.

Fifth.—To furnish incandescent electric lights for the school for twenty-five (25) years at the price of ten cents per thousand Watts and at half regular rates for arc lights.

Sixth.—Furnish Five Thousand (\$5,000) Dollars of freights on any of the lines of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway Company, when called for by your Board.

Seventh.—To furnish free of charge all freights for any material used in the construction of said school building to be shipped from any point on the line of the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City Railway Company, and deliver the same in Charleston.

Eighth.—To furnish coal for said school until July 1st, 1901, f.o.b. at Charleston, at the following prices, to-wit:—

.75 per ton for Lump coal—.70 for Steam Lump coal—.65 for Mine Run—.45 for Nut coal—.35 for Pea coal free for [of] slack, until the first day of July, 1901.

Ninth.—To furnish all gravel that may be needed in the construction of walks, roofs and drives within the grounds of said school, free on cars at Charleston.

Citizens of Charleston

By R. S. Hogden

Geo. R. Chambers

Isaiah H. Johnston

Committee²⁶

At first it was anticipated that the board of trustees would make a decision on the location of the school soon after its second visit on July 18. Chairman Neal of the citizens' committee had gone to New Hampshire for his vacation. Shortly after his arrival there he received a telegram saying that the trustees were to meet in Springfield two days later. As Mr. Neal told the story in 1924, "I had been appointed to represent the interests of Charleston before the board; so I traveled one thousand miles to be present. They did not act upon that

²⁶ The original is on file at the business office of the Eastern Illinois State College, undated. The Charleston committee actually paid to the trustees, by September 1, 1898, in cash and for land and freight bills, a total of \$56,216.72. *Report of the Trustees of the Eastern Illinois State Normal School* (Springfield, 1899), 4, 6.

day, and the meeting was postponed until September, so I returned to complete my vacation."²⁷

The fourth point in the proposals of the city to the board called for the improvement of the street leading to the desired normal school and the construction of a sidewalk to it. This was complied with on August 15, 1895, when the city council unanimously adopted a resolution to provide the improved street and sidewalk "if said school shall be located at any place within two miles of the Court House, in the city of Charleston."²⁸

An odd story persists in Charleston concerning a bottle of water which, so the rumor says, influenced the final selection of the site. According to this account, some Charleston city water was taken by one of the trustees for testing, but before he left town with it someone substituted filtered water for the test. The story is current in various forms, but all probably stem from the following account which appeared in the *Charleston Plaindealer* at the time of the dedication of the school in August, 1899:

Many strange tales could be told of the things done to land this big prize. One will suffice. Speaking of our water supply, and the chemical test that was applied to it, brings to mind the story told by Dick Cadle [proprietor of the Charleston Hotel], and which Oliver Gerard, then the bus driver [the bus from the railroad station to the hotel], vouches for. Trustee Walsh [M. D. Walsh of East St. Louis] was a committee of one to go from town to town and get a sample bottle of water which was to be tested by chemical analysis.

One night while the summer's heat and drought were at their worst, and when no one suspected that he was within a hundred miles of Charleston, Walsh "rolled in" on the midnight Big Four train from the west. Gerard knew him by sight, and he knew that mischief would be to pay if Walsh discovered that our water supply was low. For in addition to supplying our own shops and mills, we were furnishing thousands of gallons daily to Mattoon, Kansas, and other towns, besides street and yard sprinkling. These latter uses had been curtailed, however, and only certain hours were given in which to use the water—which limitations have since been removed by the building of the dam.

²⁷ H. A. Neal, "In the Beginning."

²⁸ "Minutes," Charleston City Council, Aug. 15, 1895.

Gerard went over these things in his mind as the "Bessie" rattled uptown, and while Mr. Walsh was at the water trough filling his bottle from the pipe that conveys the Ambraw's crystal tide to the city, Mine Host Cadle was aroused and the situation explained to him. Dick first hustled Mr. Walsh off to bed. Then he sent Gerard down to waken Jack Jeffries. Next the engineer at the water works was telephoned to give extra pressure. Quietly and steadily the word was passed along the line and when the early morning came everyone was out sprinkling street and lawn, and water flowed on every hand as though that "catfish hole," as Peck used to call the classic Ambraw, were 100 feet deep and a mile wide.

When Trustee Walsh rose up to take the early eastbound train he was everywhere greeted along the way to the depot with people sprinkling, and he left with a very profound regard for Charleston's water supply.

Meantime, while this good man slept, Cadle had extracted his bottle from his gripsack, and emptying the "real stuff" from the Ambraw filled it with the clear, sparkling fluid that is always on tap at his filter in the hotel office. The sequel to this story is that on the very day that the location of the Normal was decided the St. Louis chemist sent word that Charleston's water was the best and purest of all.²⁹

The writer is not prepared to say that the water substitution incident actually occurred. Concerning the public-spirited Mr. Cadle of the Charleston Hotel, it is interesting to note that the *Plaindealer* of December 21, 1894, described him as "the cleverest man in town," who "always finds time to lend a hand to every public enterprise that comes along." If anyone did perpetrate a trick of that sort, obviously he was the man to do it. It is true that Charleston water was not notable for either purity or clearness until the installation of new equipment at the municipal waterworks about fifteen years ago. It is true, also, that when the women's dormitory was added to the school in 1909 it was necessary to install water filtering equipment for that building.³⁰

The board of trustees met at Springfield on September 5, 1895, to decide on the location of the normal school. Charles-

²⁹ *Charleston Plaindealer*, Aug. 29, 1899. The *Charleston Courier* (weekly ed.) of Sept. 12, 1895, reported that "the Charleston bottle of water was the only one which stood the test."

³⁰ See correspondence of President L. C. Lord with C. G. Everson Co. of Chicago concerning filtering equipment, 1909, in Lord Letter Books, No. 37, in files of Eastern Illinois State College, Charleston.

ton's case was presented by a committee consisting of George R. Chambers, George H. Jeffries, Henry A. Neal, Isaiah H. Johnston, Sr., Robert S. Hogden, R. R. Fuller, F. K. Dunn, and Richard Cadle.³¹ They were assisted by two men who were not residents of Charleston—George W. Parker of St. Louis, president of the Cairo Short Line Railroad and former Charlestonian, and General Superintendent A. L. Mills of the Clover Leaf Railroad, a resident of Toledo, Ohio. Neal, Fuller, Dunn, Johnston, Parker, and Mills appeared in person before the board on September 7, the day the final voting took place. The decision was reached at 2:45 P.M. on the twelfth ballot by unanimous vote.³² The *Charleston Courier* credited Neal with making the winning presentation.³³ Years later, he gave the following account of the meeting and the decision:

But in September, the fateful day came and the committee from Charleston was present, and we sat in the anteroom after our case and that of the other localities had been presented awaiting the verdict. I doubt if any accused criminal ever waited with more intense interest than did our committee. Mr. George W. Parker of St. Louis, a former citizen of this city, was a member of our committee, and we relied very largely upon his assistance. While the trustees were deliberating some one came out and asked for a bit of information. Mr. Parker was out of the room. He was sent for in post-haste, and Mr. Jeffries remarked to him, "Don't you ever dare leave us again until the verdict is rendered." In a few minutes the board announced the result of their deliberation, Charleston was victorious. There was one happy crowd present.³⁴

The result was telegraphed by Jeffries, as follows:

State House, Springfield
September 7th

To the People of Charleston:

Charleston wins on the twelfth ballot. Hard fought battle. Be home tonight.

Geo. H. Jeffries

³¹ This is the committee as given in the *Courier* of Sept. 12, 1895. The *Plaindealer* of Aug. 29, 1899, recalling events of September, 1895, included all these men except Cadle.

³² The *Courier* of Sept. 12, 1895, states the vote was unanimous. The *Plaindealer* of Aug. 29, 1899, says the vote was four to two in favor of Charleston. The city or cities receiving the two votes were not given. Both accounts agree that the decision was reached on the twelfth ballot.

³³ Issue of Sept. 12, 1895. Neal, Fuller, Hogden, and Jeffries had been members of the original normal school committee of eleven, appointed on April 19, 1895.

³⁴ H. A. Neal, "In the Beginning."

The arrival of this telegram at 3:30 P.M. set off a spontaneous community celebration never before or again equalled in the history of Charleston. "People flocked to the square by thousands, yelling like wild men, throwing hats in the air and acting like full-fledged candidates for Kankakee." In five minutes every bell and whistle in town was going. "It had been a long hard fight, nobly fought and won." The noise and excitement continued until after midnight. Left-over fireworks from the Fourth of July were disposed of at boom prices, and enthusiastically discharged. There was no attempt at any organized celebration. It was "one continuous and prolonged yell" from the receipt of the news until after midnight. Two local bands were out, tooting away manfully, but such was the noise that they couldn't be heard twenty paces away. The committee arrived from Springfield at 11:30 P.M. They were escorted by the two bands and about 2,500 celebrating citizens from the depot to the square, where H. A. Neal was called upon for a speech. He spoke about fifteen minutes, but was scarcely heard in the din of the celebration. After cheering the committee, the trustees, and the city, the crowd gradually dispersed shortly after midnight.³⁵

This impromptu celebration was followed, on September 13, by a more systematic one "in which competing cities and friends from the surrounding country could participate."³⁶ Every city within a radius of fifty miles sent representatives. The program included a parade, speeches, and fireworks. The celebration was held from seven to ten o'clock in the evening. With a crowd around the square estimated at eight thousand persons or more, and with three bands going full blast, "the night was made hideous." Ten thousand Roman candles for an hour or more filled the night sky with thousands of fiery

³⁵ *Charleston Courier* (weekly ed.), Sept. 12, 1895. The theme of Neal's remarks was that winning the normal school marked a turning point in the history of the city. Neal especially complimented Parker and Mills for their contribution to the victory.

³⁶ Richard Cadle, Virgil Curd, and George H. Jeffries had been named on September 7, to serve as a committee on arrangements for the September 13, celebration. *Charleston Courier* (weekly ed.), Sept. 12, 1895.

balls. The crowd was so large and noisy that the scheduled speeches were abandoned. The parade was held, however, proceeding south on Jackson Street (now known as Sixth Street) to the site of the school, where "a monster bonfire raged for three hours, visible for twenty miles around, and suggesting to rural residents that the city was on fire."³⁷

Mattoon had confidently expected to the end to secure the normal school. When the prize went to Charleston the *Mattoon Gazette* headlined the news "Charleston Gets It. The New Reform School Located at Catfishville." The *Gazette* complained that although Charleston's offer to the state was \$70,000 less than Danville's, and \$40,000 less than the Mattoon offer, the smaller offer had been accepted. The *Gazette* smelled a rat. "What was the animating motive which took from the State \$175,000 or \$144,000 and gave it \$105,000?"³⁸ Until this question was answered, "every brick going into that edifice will be considered marked with boodle and every drop of mortar with which they are cemented with fraud." The *Gazette* listed in detail the items making up the \$144,000 offered by Mattoon, as follows:

1. Forty acres, worth.....	\$ 20,000
2. Cash.....	55,000
3. Insurance for twenty years.....	10,000
4. Temporary quarters for the commissioners [trustees?].	5,000
5. Lights and water.....	20,000
6. City improvements (sidewalks, streets, etc. for the convenience of the school).....	15,000
7. Improvement of school grounds.....	2,000
8. Railroad switching facilities.....	2,000
9. Railroad freight charges.....	15,000
Total.....	\$144,000 ³⁹

³⁷ *Charleston Daily Courier*, May 28, 1896. The school site had been selected on September 9, 1895.

³⁸ The *Courier* of Sept. 12, 1895, estimated that the total outlay by Charleston would "cost close to \$100,000."

³⁹ *Mattoon Gazette*, Sept. 13, 1895.

A comparison of these items with those of the Charleston offer indicates that there was actually little difference. The Mattoon offer exceeded Charleston's substantially in only two particulars—\$55,000 cash instead of \$40,000, and \$2,000 for the improvement of the school grounds, or a total cash offer of \$17,000 more, rather than \$40,000 as claimed by the *Gazette*. Both communities offered land, water, freight charges, and public improvements. The \$10,000 insurance item in the Mattoon offer was of no significance, since the state of Illinois had long followed the policy of assuming its own insurance risk on state property. The \$5,000 for "temporary quarters for the Commissioners" likewise was of no consequence, since the commissioners, or trustees, had no such requirement. These items appear to have been included to make the total offer look larger.

What sort of community was it that had received the Eastern Illinois State Normal School? Although smaller than Mattoon, Charleston was more than twenty years older. It was first settled about 1830, the first post office was established as "Coles Courthouse" on March 31, 1831, and the community was incorporated under the name of Charleston on March 2, 1839. Mattoon was settled about 1855 following the location of the route of the Illinois Central Railroad, and was incorporated on February 22, 1859.⁴⁰ The population of the older city fell behind that of its junior after the Civil War, and by 1880 Mattoon with 5,737 inhabitants was twice as large as Charleston with 2,867. Both grew steadily in the 1880's, to reach 6,833 and 4,135 in 1890. Charleston was beginning to catch up. The more rapid rate of increase for Charleston was not maintained during the 1890's, however. The 1900 figures gave Mattoon 9,622 and Charleston 5,488. Although Mattoon was growing at a more rapid rate than Charleston from 1890 to 1900, the numerical increase for Charleston, 1,353, was the greatest in any decade of the city's history until the 1920's.

⁴⁰ *Illinois Blue Book*, 1903 (Springfield, 1903), 385, 391.

Beginning with 1894, Charleston experienced an upsurge of city pride and a marked material growth. The local *Plaindealer* reported in December of that year that not a single store building was unoccupied, and, what was more remarkable, there were no vacant residences in the city. In November the little city began to pave its streets, and by December 21, the streets around the square and for a block in each direction were brick surfaced. The *Plaindealer* observed:

1894 will be recalled as the beginning of a more important epoch—the advent of a “boom” that made all previous booms look puny and insignificant. Inertia has been overcome and the city has acquired a momentum that will carry it headlong through and past all obstacles.⁴¹

The *Plaindealer's* optimism was justified. In 1895, in addition to securing the location of the Eastern Illinois State Normal School, the telephone was added to the city's utilities, many additional street lights were installed, sidewalks were laid, and the paving of streets was carried forward. In October, 1895, the streets of the city were renamed and renumbered, enabling the city to meet the requirements of the Post Office Department for household mail delivery, which was started in the spring of 1897. In June, 1896, a start was made in creating a public library, which became a Carnegie library in 1902. In August, 1897, a dam was authorized on the Embarrass River to increase the amount of water available for the use of the growing city. By 1897, the city's growth made necessary its division into five wards instead of four. When the normal school building was dedicated in August, 1899, two other important public buildings were under construction in the city: the new courthouse, and a new central school building to be used by the high school. During the 1890's the office of mayor was filled by Dr. W. R. Patton, W. R. Highland, Henry A. Neal, C. O. Skidmore, and Dr. Patton again.⁴²

⁴¹ *Charleston Plaindealer*, souvenir edition, Dec. 21, 1894.

⁴² “Minutes,” Charleston City Council, *passim*, 1895-1902; *Charleston Courier* (weekly ed.), May 28, 1896, Aug. 31, 1899; *Charleston Daily Courier*, Aug. 29, 1899.

The location of the normal school in Charleston was the signal for real estate development. In May, 1896, at the time of the cornerstone laying, George H. Jeffries offered for sale lots in "Bishop Heights," the "Normal School addition to Charleston." These lots were located between Lincoln and Garfield streets, and between Seventh and Tenth streets. The property was on the east side of the campus, adjoining it. In his advertisement, Mr. Jeffries described the advantages of the city as follows:

Charleston . . . has a population of about 7,000 and is rapidly increasing. It is splendidly lighted by the Thomason-Houston system, both arc and incandescent, day and night circuits. Has a well equipped and efficient fire department. Has a large flouring mill of the highest standard. An Ice Plant with a capacity of eight tons per day; three good banks, two national and one state; also, four building and loan associations; a stove foundry employing 75 to 100 hands and manufacturing first class cooking and heating stoves. We have one of the best woolen mills in southern Illinois which makes its own product up into pantaloons and sells direct to the trade. A cigar factory employing a number of hands and paying out \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year. Have an extensive tile factory and brick yards; two good lumber and coal yards; five good newspapers;⁴³ splendid educational facilities including State Normal School and four public school buildings. Its main streets are under contract to be paved with brick, twelve blocks being already down and over a mile to be paved this summer. The city owns and operates its own system of water works and furnishes a never failing supply for all purposes at reasonable rates. . . . Charleston is located on the edge of the timber with a creek running through the center of the town, which, in connection with a scientific system of sewerage upon which \$10,000 is to be expended this season, makes it one of the healthiest cities in the State.⁴⁴

The community benefited from the normal school even before its opening. The local high school building was destroyed by fire in the early spring of 1899 and the high school moved into the new normal school building to complete the work for that school year.⁴⁵

⁴³ The five newspapers were the *Courier*, the *Plaindealer*, the *News*, the *Scimitar*, and the *Herald*. Half a century later the *Courier* and the *News* were still being published.

⁴⁴ Advertisement in *Charleston Scimitar*, May 29, 1896.

⁴⁵ Letter from J. W. Price, principal of the Charleston High School, to the writer, Dec. 10, 1947.

PETER S. NEWELL, CARTOONIST

BY MABEL HALL GOLTRA

THE true genius and whimsical charm of Peter S. Newell, famous cartoonist and illustrator, have been revealed in interviews with a few of his intimate friends who still live in Jacksonville, Illinois, where Newell began his professional career.

Peter's father, George Frederick Newell, was born at St. Clairsville, Belmont County, Ohio, March 20, 1832. Orphaned at twelve, he lived for a time with an uncle who found work for him on a farm near Princeton, Illinois. After five years on the farm, George Frederick went to Canton, Illinois, to work in a brickyard. On March 5, 1851, he married Louisa Dodge, a native of northern New York, and in 1852, they moved to McDonough County, Illinois, where George Frederick taught school. It was there that Peter Newell was born on March 5, 1862, the last of four children. Of his birthplace Newell once said: "Oh, I broke out about the same time as the Civil War did, in a cross roads in the country in MacDonough [*sic*] County, Illinois. The place hadn't any name, but its nickname was 'Gungiwam.' Our house was the only frame house in the place (the rest were log huts), and it was clapboarded with walnut. Expensive clapboarding, according to modern ideas."¹ The family later moved to Bushnell, where George Frederick went into partnership with Peter Hersey, a blacksmith and relative by marriage. The elder Newell took over the wagon woodwork in the shop.

¹ Charles Battel Loomis, "Interesting People: Peter Newell," *The American Magazine*, Vol. LXXII, no. 1 (May, 1911), p. 48.



LOCATED

PETER NEWELL STUDIO POSTER



"WHAT JOLLY COLD WEATHER WHEN YOU CAN SMOKE A SLATE PENCIL." (NEWELL CARTOON)

Like many youngsters, Peter, who had been named for his father's partner, Peter Sheaf Hersey, kept a dairy which shows that his early years in public school were typical of those of a small-town boy in the middle seventies. He began to draw when he was young, and the margins of both his grade- and high-school textbooks are filled with sketches which disclose his talent for drawing and caricature. While he was in high school, Peter did a large oil painting of "The Good Samaritan," which his father framed and entered in the annual Bushnell Fair. It was awarded a blue ribbon. Immediately after his graduation from high school, May 7, 1880, Peter went to work in a cigar factory.

During the summer of 1880, Professor H. B. Chicken² of Brown's Business College in Jacksonville went to Bushnell to interview high school graduates in order to secure pupils for the business college. When he called at the Newell home, he admired the family portraits which lined the walls of the living room. The professor became especially interested in the portraits when he realized that they were not photocrayon enlargements, popular at that time, but Peter's original drawings. On his return to Jacksonville, the professor recommended Peter to his friend, Samuel Warren Nichols.

Nichols was a prominent citizen of Jacksonville, connected with many of the city's enterprises. He was an extreme individualist and supplied the townspeople with much amusing gossip. It is said of him that he never purchased new clothes, and that he used to come to banquets wearing worn, disheveled suits with his hat stuffed in his pocket. His sister worked many schemes to get Nichols into the clothing stores where she had preceded him to select his suits and overcoats. It was up to the merchant to try to complete the sale. With all his eccentricities, Sam Nichols was one of Jacksonville's philanthropists. He helped many boys through Illinois College,

² Professor Chicken later changed his name to Henkle.

and it is not surprising that he took an interest in young Peter Newell.

Among Nichols' business enterprises was the City Photograph Gallery, in which he was a partner with Louis Kosciusko Clendenon. Although Clendenon did not like the idea of hiring a strange boy, he was finally won over, and Peter Newell arrived in Jacksonville in the fall of 1880 to begin work as an apprentice at a salary of \$15 a week.

The gallery occupied the top floor of a business building on the east side of the square near State Street. In addition to Peter, the proprietors employed a young woman, Anna E. Cox, who did trimming and mounting, and a young man who assisted with the photography and solicited orders for crayon portraits in rural districts.

Peter helped at all sorts of gallery jobs—developing, printing, and mounting—but his main work was done at an easel in a corner of the large front studio, where he produced fashionable crayon portraits, really faint enlargements retouched to resemble hand drawing.

Before Peter left Bushnell, Nichols had prevailed upon his next-door neighbor, Deacon Henry Irving, to take the lad as a boarder. Nichols explained that he wished to have the young fellow near so that he might keep an eye on him. He had led the Irvings to expect a rather small boy, but to their surprise, Peter was six feet, two inches in height, and all legs. They delighted in calling him "Mr. Nichols' little boy."

Nichols was an active member of the Congregational Church and he encouraged his shy protégé to join the young people's groups there. Peter attended Christian Endeavor meetings regularly and sang tenor in the church choir.

Although he apparently enjoyed the social life of Jacksonville's young people and his association with Nichols and Clendenon, Peter's work at the gallery gave him little opportunity for creative drawing. Talent such as his must be satis-

fied; so after the gallery closed at night, he made humorous sketches and submitted them to such periodicals as *Harper's Bazaar* and the *New York Graphic*, one of the earliest illustrated newspapers. When he sent his first sketch to *Harper's Bazaar*, he asked the editor to tell him if the drawing showed talent. "The reply came back: 'No talent indicated,' but a check was enclosed."³ The success of his early cartoons encouraged Peter to go to New York in 1883⁴ to study at the Art Students' League. He stayed there only one season, believing that the originality of his work would be destroyed by formalized, academic training.

In the summer of 1884, Peter went back to work for Clendenon & Nichols, and again he boarded with the Irvings. When Deacon Irving's daughter went to Michigan in August to escape the heat, Peter wrote her:

JACKSONVILLE ILL
AUG 7TH 1884

FRIEND HANNAH

I presume you are having a fine time drinking in the breezes from the North Pole. No doubt that by this time you begin to feel oppressed with the adipose (?) tissue that has accumulated as the result of increased vital energy. But I feel shure that if you were informed of the melancholy quietude that prevails around the table of our common bounty since your departure your joy would be turned into mourning—hence I will remain silent on this subject as it is far from my desire to in any way mar the pleasure of your visit. I am real glad that you went when you did as you are escaping the cold weather which we have been quite liberally treated to since you folded your tent or rather apparel and hide ye to the land of the almost midnight sun.

Well I must cease my scribbling as the sleigh is waiting for me out in front.

Yours truly

P. S. NEWELL

Later that fall Clendenon left Jacksonville and Peter decided to go into business for himself as a commercial artist.

³ *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York, 1934), XIII: 457.

⁴ The date of Newell's study in New York, the season of 1883-84, was given to the author by the artist's grandson, Alfred Baker, of Mill Neck, N.Y. The *Dictionary of American Biography* states that Newell went to New York to study in 1882.

Since his mother wanted him to settle not far from Bushnell, he opened a studio in Springfield above the offices of Drs. J. L. and Ed. A. Million at 106 South Sixth Street, on the east side of the square.⁵ His business was not successful and Peter again returned to Jacksonville.

On February 5, 1885, Newell married Leona Dow Ashcraft.⁶ The following account of the wedding, written by Nichols, appeared in the *Daily Jacksonville Journal*:

A few years since a young gentleman came to our city, practically unheralded and unknown, but by his quiet, modest demeanor and faithful attention to business and other duties, soon made a large number of friends. His occupation here was to make faces, that is, portraits of other people, for one of the establishments here in that line, and during his leisure moments he amused himself by making numerous sketches for which the publishers of Harper's Weekly and other illustrated periodicals were always glad to pay him a good price. Frequently, too, his intimate friends would find themselves suddenly portrayed in grotesque attitudes on stray pieces of paper and woe to the person who ever furnished the text for a comic illustration of this sort.

But though none of his friends could retaliate in the same way there was a wee artist, who is generally represented scantily clothed, with a bow and quiver full of arrows who had designs on the young and rising artist. Living next door to our hero's boarding house was a winsome young lady who had no other thought than that of performing her mission in life, whatever that might be, and so the little winged elf watched his opportunity and as usual came out ahead.

Then followed the customary effects in such cases; loss of appetite, sleepless nights, far away looks, audible sighs and all such things until the momentous question was settled. We can testify that when a favorable answer in the great affair was given, our artist, who is rather small in stature, came down town with just four steps and two jumps. Then came the glad consummation of all these fond hopes which to others as well as to themselves was a pleasant event. A small number of the young friends of the bride and groom were invited to the residence of S. W. Nichols last evening to participate in the festivities of the happy occasion and see that all was properly done.

⁵ Newell is listed as an "artist" in *Phillips Brothers & McIntosh's Springfield City Directory*, published in 1884. However, his name does not appear in either Babeuf's directory of 1882-83 (published in 1882) or of 1884-85 (published in 1884).

⁶ The *Dictionary of American Biography* incorrectly gives the date of Newell's wedding as Feb. 5, 1884. However, newspaper accounts of the wedding show that the artist was married in 1885.

To the stirring notes of the Wedding March, skillfully rendered by Miss Annie Cox, the youthful couple entered the room which had been decorated by their friends, with a marriage bell and an immense easel and palette, with a monogram, all handsomely trimmed with evergreen, and placed themselves in front of Rev. H. E. Butler, where by a solemn, yet beautiful ceremony, Peter S. Newell and Miss Leona Ashcraft were made man and wife.

After congratulations had been offered the guests naturally looked for the usual wedding feast until they happened to remember that not much is to be expected at an editor's house, so they politely made the best of the broken victuals which had been sent in by the neighbors and completed the meal at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell took the evening train en route for Bushnell, where a short time will be spent with Mr. N.'s parents. We sincerely regret to lose them from our midst, but are certain that they are followed by the hearty good wishes of numerous friends.⁷

Newell and his bride stayed in Bushnell for six weeks. When they returned to Jacksonville, they roomed for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Nichols.

Mrs. Nichols was then teaching a class in the Portuguese Sunday school located across the railroad tracks on the outskirts of town. She and her husband urged Newell to become superintendent of the Sunday school. He did so, and later presented the school with a melodeon.

In May, 1885, Henry E. Storrs, professor of natural science and German at Illinois College, arranged for the Newells to keep house for him while his wife was "summering" in California. It was in the Storrs' home that Newell became acquainted with the younger Richard Yates and William Jennings Bryan, a former Illinois College student.

Mrs. Margaret Irving Caldwell⁸ owns a number of unpublished, original Peter Newell sketches, together with a few of his letters written in the 1880's. One of the sketches, reproduced on page 134, was used as an advertisement for Newell's Springfield studio.

At one time during the eighties a group of prominent

⁷ The *Daily Jacksonville Journal*, Feb. 6, 1885.

⁸ Mrs. Caldwell is the granddaughter of Deacon Henry Irving.

Jacksonville citizens engaged Newell to sketch them, as they appeared walking in single file. Photographs of Newell's clever caricatures were made from the sketch. Then, on New Year's Day, when the eight men paid their traditional New Year's calls, they presented each of their hosts with a photograph. Appearing in this sketch (on the *Journal* cover) are, from left to right: Professor G. W. Brown of Brown's Business College; William Mason, a jeweler; Attorney Julian P. Lippincott; Alfred H. Sturtevant; the Rev. C. C. Pierce, pastor of the First Baptist Church; Brayton Smith, a hardware merchant; J. G. Morrison; and Frank Elliott, a banker.

The Newells spent the winter of 1885-1886 in New York where Peter studied art and sold his comics to several magazines. The following summer the Newells again kept house for Professor Storrs. This was the last period they lived in Jacksonville.

One former Jacksonville resident,⁹ a boy of thirteen when the Newells moved away, recalled his impressions of the cartoonist:

I remember Peter Newell very well, and knew that he became a great cartoonist. . . . His most popular [cartoon] characters were those of colored people. I remember very well the time when some entertainment was on at the old Strawn Opera House, and he was one of the attractions. He was drawing almost life size pictures of different people, and after drawing one famous person he made a few extra lines and curves, and there stood a correct likeness of our good friend, Sam Nichols with his Scotch cap on the back of his head, and one pant's leg in the top of his boot, and one down as he was often seen. You asked me what I thought of him. I always admired him, and after he left Jacksonville, the first thing I did when I picked up a magazine or newspaper was to look for one of his cartoons.

In the early spring of 1887, Peter and Leona Newell came west to visit relatives in Bushnell. Later in the spring they went to Nebraska. After another visit in Bushnell, they rented a house in Colorado Springs where they remained the following

⁹ Walter Weller Goltra, now a resident of Houston, Texas. The quotation is from his letter of July 8, 1946, to the author.

winter. In the spring of 1888, they rented for the summer a tent camp about a mile from Manitou up the Pike's Peak trail. Upon their return to the Middle West that fall, they went to Chicago where Peter did free lance work, mostly comics, for several national magazines, but he failed to establish himself there.

From Chicago the family went back to New York, and Newell worked most of the time for the Harper publications. In 1893, Newell's cartoons of Negroes, done in his new flat-tone technique, became very popular. (The illustration below is an example.) Also in 1893, *Harper's Weekly* sent Newell to Chicago to cover the Columbian Exposition. The same year he published his first book for children, *Topsys and Turvys*.



SAFE AT SECOND

Newell was said to have been disturbed when he saw one of his children looking at a picture book upside down; so he created *Topsys and Turvys*, which could be "read" from any angle.¹⁰

Another one of his trick publications, *The Hole Book*, appeared in 1908. Like *Topsys and Turvys*, the physical nature of the book itself has delighted thousands of children through the years. In this text, Newell tells in rhyme how a bullet passed all the way through the book, causing great consternation among the characters on the book's pages. Let us pause for a few examples:

Mis' Silverman had made a fire
And shoveled on some coal,
When through the stove-pipe crashed the shot
And made a gaping hole!

The smoke in murky columns rose,
The lady raised a shout;
Then on the scene the firemen came
And put the lady out!

A cat espied a tiny mouse,
And crouched to make a spring,
The mousey couldn't find a place
In which to hide—poor thing!

Just then the bullet made a hole—
A fair-sized hole at that—
And in it dashed the frightened mouse,
And thus escaped the cat.

The Hole Book is the only one of Peter Newell's books still in print, and the current editions lack the color plates found in earlier copies.

Other books written and illustrated by Newell include his book of nonsense verse, *Wild Flowers* (1893); *A Shadow Show* (1896) published by the Century Company; *Peter Newell's Pictures & Rhymes* (1899), *The Slant Book* (1910), and *The Rocket Book* (1912), all published by Harper's.

¹⁰ *Dictionary of American Biography*, XIII: 457-58.

Newell also illustrated a number of books by other authors, especially those of humorists. Among them were *A House-Boat on the Styx* (1896) by John Kendrick Bangs, *Fables for the Frivolous* (1898) by Guy Wetmore Carryl, *The Innocents Abroad* (1903) by Mark Twain, *Cobb's Anatomy* (1912) by Irvin S. Cobb, and *Whilomville Stories* (1900) by Stephen Crane. Like many other Harper publications, the *Whilomville Stories* first appeared serially.

Perhaps the most famous illustrations done by Newell were those for a 1901 edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. When the book appeared Newell was criticized for attempting to supplant the original illustrations of Alice-in-Wonderland characters, created by Sir John Tenniel. In defending his work, Newell explained, "It may appear presumptuous . . . to portray what Alice means to me. But the kindness with which the public has received my other work, together with the encouragement of certain friends (to whom the inception of this undertaking is due) has inspired the hope in me that this more serious effort will not be altogether unwelcome."¹¹ Then, in great detail, Newell analyzed his conception of each of the characters in the story.

Recently, Rupert Hughes wrote to Elizabeth S. Kingsley, the "Croistics Club" columnist, about one of Newell's bits of humorous verse:

Many years ago Pete Newell published one of his drawings showing a little boy in a long double-breasted coat. He is startled by a turkey and the buttons look exactly like his terrified eye-balls; so the poem read:

† Little Willie saw a turkey,
 ✱ A turkey bold and bad!
 And his astonishment was repeated
 Along his whole facade.¹²

Always prodigiously energetic, Newell continued to work as a cartoonist and artist for Harper's while writing his own

¹¹ Peter Newell, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland: From an Artist's Stand-Point," *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, Vol. CIII, no. 617 (Oct., 1901), p. 713.

¹² Elizabeth S. Kingsley, "The Croistics Club," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, Vol. XXVIII, no. 52 (Dec. 29, 1945), p. 35.

books. In 1897 he visited France and Holland. *Harper's Weekly* sent him abroad in 1900 to record his impressions of the Paris Exposition, and in 1912 he covered both the Republican and Democratic conventions.

In 1893 the Newells established their permanent home in Leonia, New Jersey, a small town named for Mrs. Newell. They had three children, two daughters, Helen and Josephine, and a son, Clendenon, who was killed in action in France during the first World War.

The following description of the artist's life in Leonia has been given by his grandson, Alfred Baker:

Peter Newell's life in Leonia was very much that of a small town citizen. In later years he was known by his friends there as Uncle Peter. At one time or another he was a member of the Leonia Board of Education and of the town health board. He was one of the original members of the Leonia Presbyterian Church, their Sunday School Superintendent for awhile and, for many years, an elder in that church. He was one of the founders (& first president) of the Men's Neighborhood Club of Leonia which gave periodical dinners at which educators, humorists, artists, authors etc. spoke. Though shy, Peter Newell enjoyed the role of toastmaster. He often gave "chalk talks" for out of town or local benefits. (And he had entered into amateur dramatics during his first years in Leonia.)

In his early Leonia days P. N. was an enthusiastic tennis player. He always enjoyed a game of checkers (which he played very well indeed) but he excelled at chess (his favorite game), doing quite well in regional chess tournaments. He at one time coached a group of local young men known as the "Chessnuts." P. N. played the piano (poorly) quite often, the flute (fairly well) infrequently, the cello (sketchily) most infrequently and the ocarina—but most of all he enjoyed singing tenor (especially hymns) and he was a member of the Presbyterian choir for years. He was very fond of fishing.

In later life P. N. acquired an idle interest in astronomy which he liked to discuss with a neighbor who was a person of some reputation in astronomical circles. He thoroughly enjoyed taking his grandchildren to the circus, zoo or aquarium. He had a detached interest in animals but his favorite was the cat. It delighted him to perform sleight of hand tricks for children. He carved wood figures as a hobby.

As an adult P. N. was of slender build, wore longish pompadoured hair, had grey-blue eyes (wore glasses), smoked a curved pipe (& an occasional cigar) and carried a cane.¹³

¹³ From a letter to the author dated July 14, 1946.

Peter Newell died January 15, 1924. Commenting on his death, the Jacksonville *Daily Journal* stated:

It is interesting to note that the father of Peter S. Newell, famous cartoonist who died recently, is still a resident of Bushnell.

He is George F. Newell, now ninety two years of age, a wagon maker by trade who has spent the greater part of his life in Bushnell.

It was the practice of Peter Newell to write his aged father weekly, and the last letter was received in Bushnell just a few days before his death.¹⁴

For a picture of Peter S. Newell as a young man, see illustration facing page 150.



MODEL OF LINCOLN'S RIVER STEAMBOAT

A scale model of the *Talisman*, the river steamboat that Lincoln helped to pilot up the Sangamon River from Beardstown to near Springfield, has been given to the Illinois State Historical Library where it is now on exhibition.

A great amount of research was necessary before the model could be made because the original *Talisman* was destroyed by fire on the trip following its visit to the Sangamon and, of course, details of its construction have long since disappeared. It was known that the *Talisman*, a 150-ton, upper-cabin steamboat, was built in 1828 and, on the basis of comparisons with other Ohio River boats of that period, it was approximately 136 feet long and had a beam of 48 feet.

Lincoln's steamboat career began on March 13, 1832, when he was a member of a crew that boarded the *Talisman* at Beardstown to steer and cut its way up the flood-swollen Sangamon. They went as far as Portland Landing, five miles

north of Springfield, and returned to Beardstown on April 6. The only mishap on the 200-mile trip occurred at New Salem on the down-stream journey when low water caused the boat to stick on the mill-dam. It was backed off and a part of the dam was torn away to let it pass.

The *Talisman* carried a cargo from Cincinnati consisting of hardware, whiskey, sawmill equipment, dry goods, food, soap, candles, and other merchandise. However, the venture was not a success, commercial or otherwise, and was not repeated.

The model, along with its glass exhibition case, was presented to the Library by F. L. Schrader of Springfield. It was made by Thomas E. Kenny of Pittsburgh, under the direction of Frederick Way, Jr. of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, publisher of the *Inland River Record*. The scale used is one quarter of an inch to a foot, which is the standard adopted for use in the River Museum at Marietta, Ohio.

¹⁴ The Jacksonville *Daily Journal*, Jan. 27, 1924.

AN EXILED SWEDISH NOVELIST AND THE CIVIL WAR

BY E. GUSTAV JOHNSON

CARL Jonas Ludwig Almquist, who has been called "one of the glories of Swedish prose" and "one of the most singular figures in literary history,"¹ was a popular and successful writer in Stockholm by the middle of the nineteenth century. His long career had been marked by erratic behavior and personal failures. Finally, in 1851, he fled to the United States to escape investigation of widespread charges that he was guilty of forgery, theft, and even attempted murder.

Almquist spent his first winter in this country in Cincinnati, going to St. Louis in the spring of 1852. However, as he wrote his family, when the warm weather came, he found St. Louis "so terribly hot that one can hardly live there." He crossed the river on the ferry, for a fare of five cents, and from the landing he took an omnibus to Belleville for ten cents. Almquist stayed in Belleville from July, 1852, through January, 1853. While he was there, he lived well at a German boardinghouse where he paid \$1.75 a week for room and board. Almquist described Belleville to his family as a small town with a population of seven or eight thousand people. The town, he wrote, is "surrounded by beautiful park-like groves of oak, elm, linden, chestnut, hickory, sycamore, and acacia trees."² The groves afforded pleasant places for walks which the author liked.

¹ By Edmund Gosse, in an essay, "The Poetry of Sweden," in *The Oxford Book of Scandinavian Verse* (Oxford, 1925), 212.

² Almquist's letters to his family, which, with one exception, were written in Swedish, are printed by Ruben Gustafsson Berg in his work, *C. J. L. Almquist i Landsflykten, 1851-1852* (Stockholm, 1928).

C. J. L. Almquist was born in Stockholm on November 28, 1793. He came from a family that has figured prominently in the cultural history of Sweden for two hundred years. Almquist attended the University of Uppsala, where his uncle was professor of theology, and received his degree there in 1815.

The year before, at the age of twenty-one, Almquist began his literary career with the publication of a poem, *The Life of Hector*. His first published work was followed two years later with an essay, *What is Love?* About this time, Almquist became the leader of an organization of idealistic romanticists, the Manhem Society, the purpose of which was to "regenerate the moral, patriotic, and religious spirit of the Swedish people and to revive Nordic power and true Christianity."

When he was thirty-one years old, Almquist married a peasant girl, and attempted for a time to live the simple, idealistic life of a peasant in the province of Värmland. Failing in this, he moved to Stockholm where he later became a teacher in a private school. He wrote a number of school textbooks among which were a Swedish grammar, an arithmetic for beginners, a handbook of freehand drawing, a Greek grammar, a grammar of the French language, a Swedish dictionary, and the *Saga of Mankind* (a general world history). His best-known textbook, *Swedish Orthography*, the twentieth edition of which appeared in 1881, was used for more than half a century in Swedish schools.

In 1832 he began the publication of *The Book of the Rose*, a series of stories, sketches, and essays, which made him famous. Abandoning earlier tendencies toward romanticism, he now "became a bitter and brilliant critic of the institutions of his day—the first realist in Swedish literature."³ The first part of the series is a story called *The Shooting Lodge*. Then followed thirteen parts of varied character: *Columbine*, *The Urn*, *The Palace*, *The Hermitage*, *The Queen's Jewel*, *Ramido*, *Marinesco*, *Signora Luna*, *Marjam*, *The Mill of Skällnora*, *The*

³ Andrew A. Stomberg, *A History of Sweden* (New York, 1931), 639.

Chapel, *The Dignity of Labor*, *Ormuzd and Abriman*, and *The Significance of Swedish Poverty*.

He also published a book of *Songes*, and, in subsequent parts of *The Book of the Rose*, his famous novel, *It Can Be Done*, and a political treatise on *The Foundations of European Discontent*. The latter was intended to set forth a revolutionary program of reform, directed against the existing social order, but Almquist never got beyond the first part, *On the Family*.

The radical novel, *It Can be Done*,⁴ brought a storm of protest and the author was condemned for his extremely liberal views, particularly those regarding marriage. This reaction to his novel had serious consequences for Almquist. He had applied for a vacant professorship in esthetics and linguistics at the University of Lund, but mainly because of the book he was rejected. In 1837, he was ordained a clergyman but failed in obtaining assignments though finally in 1846 he was appointed a regimental chaplain, an office with only a small salary. He had become, in 1839, a contributor and editorial writer on the radical newspaper *Aftonbladet*.

To Almquist's literary works were now added a new series of novels: *Amorina* (1839), *Amalia Hillner* (1840), *Three Wives in Småland* (1842), *The Emerald Bride* (1845), *Sister and Brother* (1847), and *The Masters of Ekolsund* (1847). By the middle of the century he was known as one of the most prominent authors in Sweden and his fame was beginning to spread beyond the boundaries of his native land.

Then came the first week in June, 1851, and with it the rumors, spreading rapidly in Stockholm, that Almquist, now

⁴ Published, together with *The Chapel*, in an English translation by Adolph Burnet Benson, *Sara Videbeck and The Chapel* (The American-Scandinavian Foundation, New York 1919).

The only Almquist writings previously published in English are *Gabriele Mimanso, the Niece of Abd-el-Kader, or An Attempt to Assassinate Louis Philippe, King of France*, translated by G. C. Hebbe (New York, 1846); three pieces: "Characteristics of Cattle," an essay, "A New Undine," from *The Book of the Rose*, and "God's War," a poem, in Charles Dudley Warner, ed. *Library of the World's Best Literature* (New York, 1896), I: 439-46; and two pieces: "The Battle of the Lord," another translation of the poem mentioned above, and "The Deserted Church," from *The Book of the Rose*, in John Clark Ridpath, ed., *The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature* (New York, 1901), I: 378-81.

fifty-eight years old, had stolen a number of promissory notes, amounting to a considerable sum, from an old man, Johan Jacob von Scheven, a former army captain. Almquist had become involved with him in financial matters and had borrowed large sums of money from him. According to rumors, Almquist had not only committed theft, but he had also attempted to poison the old captain by putting arsenic in his porridge as well as in his brandy.

When Almquist realized that these rumors would lead to investigation by the authorities, he left his home early in the morning of June 10, 1851, never to return. He had told his family that he was going to Uppsala and that he would be back in a day or two. But he fled the country and covered his tracks. On June 14, *Aftonbladet*, the newspaper for which Almquist had worked, carried a story about the von Scheven case and Almquist's disappearance.⁵

Letters to his family reveal that Almquist arrived in New York in August, 1851. The winter of 1851-1852 he spent in Cincinnati, and from March, 1852, to February, 1853, he sojourned in St. Louis and in Belleville, Illinois. Then he traveled in the South, stopping in New Orleans and San Antonio, and spending a considerable time in New Braunfels, Texas. In February, 1854, he came to Philadelphia which was from then on to be his home. He lived at the boardinghouse of Mrs. Emma Nugent under the assumed name of Lewis Gustavi, and there, on May 11, at the age of sixty-one, he married his sixty-eight-year-old landlady. He still had, of course, a wife in Sweden, and he was keeping up correspondence with her and with their son and daughter, but from now on Almquist did not reveal much concerning his life in the New World. His marriage here was made simply to insure his getting his daily bread and a roof over his head. He was listed in the city direct-

⁵ The court proceedings which followed are recorded in detail in A. Hemming-Sjöberg, *A Poet's Tragedy* (London, 1932). The Swedish original, *Rättegången mot C. J. L. Almquist*, was published in Stockholm, 1929.

ory as professor of languages and music, but he earned his livelihood by being errand boy and general handy man at his wife's boardinghouse.

In the summer of 1865, Almquist left the shores of America as abruptly as he had arrived fourteen years earlier. In October he was in Bremen, Germany. His name had changed again: first he was Professor Jules Charles and then Professor Carl Westerman. When his family learned that he was in Europe, they became alarmed and told him by all means to stay away from Sweden. His half-brother, Fridolf Almquist, evidently furnished money so that he could maintain himself in Bremen. There, on September 26, 1866, he died alone and forgotten at the age of seventy-three.

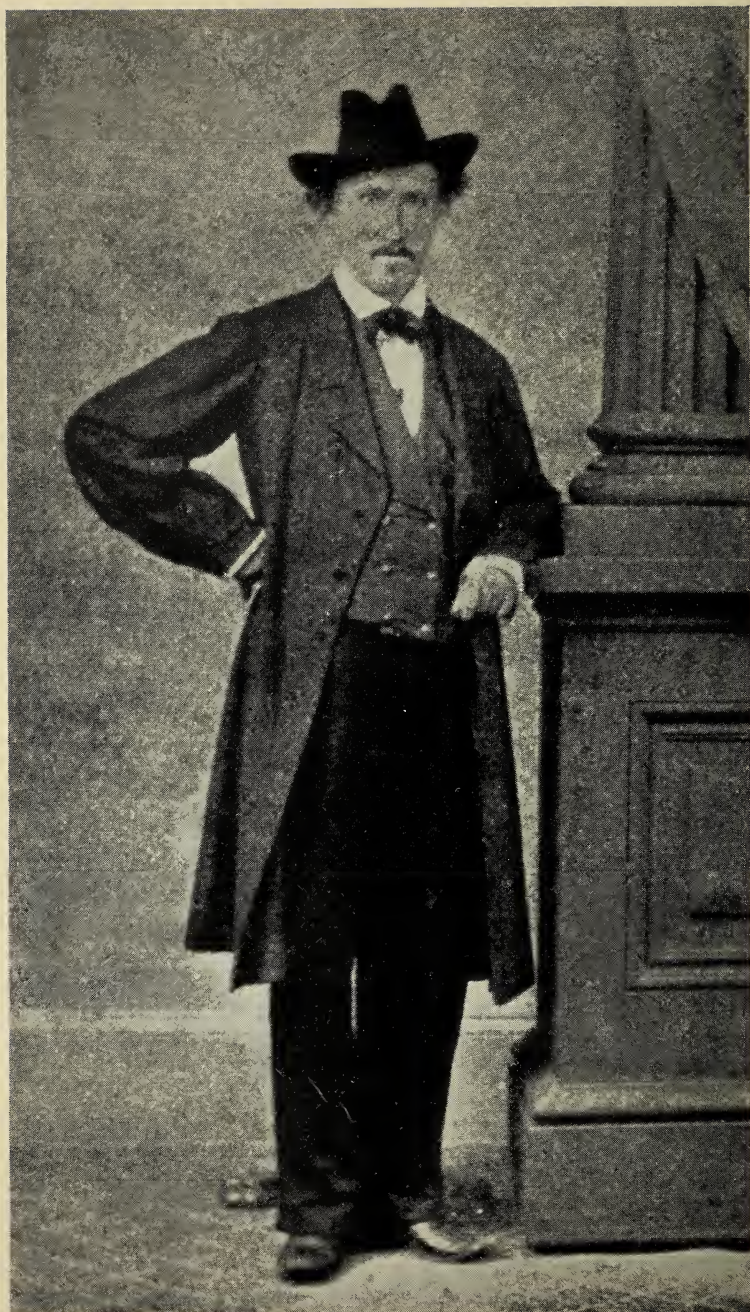
During his fourteen years in America, Almquist apparently wrote nothing of significance. His literary genius was conditioned by the limits of the Swedish language, and in America there was no market for writings in Swedish. He wrote German and, less effectively, English, but, so far as we know, nothing by him in any language was published during his exile.

Among the papers and manuscripts found in Bremen after the author's death are some items of interest to Americans in particular. They deal with matters pertaining to the Civil War and to that period. Almquist was a firm believer in the Union cause, and he would not tolerate anything that might be thought of as favoring the South.

On October 18, 1864, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* published an editorial in which the "Order of American Knights" was accused of being actively opposed to the Union and of treacherously aiding the rebels. While the *Inquirer* article was couched in extremely condemnatory language, it evidently was not strong enough for Almquist, for he wrote a letter to the publisher of the newspaper in which he definitely expressed his feelings and convictions on the subject. The first part of the letter is reproduced on the next page.



PETER S. NEWELL



C. J. L. ALMQUIST

To Mr. Will. W. Harding, Publisher of the *Phil. Inquirer*.

Sir! As a true Unionman and a legal citizen (although not born in this country, but for more than half my lifetime⁶ enjoying the benefits of the noble republic of the Un. States), I have with great interest gone through your valuable Article about "The Order of American Knights" and their treasonable intentions persuit; where the conclusion runs thus: if Gen. McClellan is elected President, he will be powerless, even if is in the favor of the War for the restoration of the Union to the end.

That's all very well.—But, Sir, why don't you speak out the whole and plain truth: "That Mc Cl. himself *is a Member of this treasonable Order*, yes, one of the *highest members* (if not the very chief member) of the Order?"—Only to tell, or to make probable that he is a friend to the Members, or that those Members are friendly to Him, intending him in this carrying on the War for the restoration of the Union, if he really is willing to do so—all that way of speaking, my dear Sir, is too little, too weak, to no great purpose. No! He M.C. is, and he has for years been, a Participant of this Conspiracy against the Empire of the U. S. He is, and he has for years been the principal Traitor—even much more dangerous than Jeff Davys, because Jeff has always been a known and avowed enemy, when M.C. was working in the dark, concealing his and his fellow-corporation's designs and secret schemes of the Am. K. was not bound to speak truth generally nor bound by any oath taken to the country as his oath to the m. Society was above everything else, and for a long time invested with great power of command ostensibly *for* the union but in reality *against* it.⁷

The draft goes on in that vein. If McClellan is elected, the South will lord it over the North, and "then, Sir, we have to bid farewell to the Blessings of this great Republic; bid goodbye to all what is dearest to us; we have either to leave our beloved country or submit to M's ironrod, the slaveholders' aristocratical rule, and be Serfs ourselves. Would you like to be that? I don't want your answer, because I know it must be not! !"

The letter apparently was not mailed and served merely as the rough draft of an article, entitled "What is Treason and Who is the Traitor?" The article is a broadside against General George B. McClellan, the candidate for President opposing Lincoln in 1864. Although Almquist wrote his criticism of McClellan for publication in the *Inquirer*, it is not found in the

⁶ Actually he had lived here only thirteen years.

⁷ Berg, C. J. L. *Almquist*, 325-26.

issues of the paper of that period. Written in broken English, the complete article appears below:

What is Treason and Who is the Traitor?

I do not mean to speak of the logical or even philosophical sense of the word "*Treason*"; I only want to write to You some few lines about the popular and to everybody intelligible meaning of the word. Who is a disloyal citizen? Who is an unpatriotic man? A man, who thinks, speaks and acts against the Union, the Constitution and the laws of the Country, is certainly not a loyal man—I am sure; but, is he, therefore and in the same, to be called a Traitor? I should think he is. At least the public seems to understand and accept the word so; although the definition of *Treason* may be applicable only with some latitude, and is perhaps to strong for *Disloyalty*.

I may be allowed to illustrate the question by some example of notoriety. It has been—and it is yet, I think—a great talk all over the country, about *the Order of American Knights*: the same, on the whole, as the Knights of the Golden Circle, the Sons of Liberty, and so forth and all those secret societies are noted as *treasonable*. Are they not? No doubt! They have been treasonable, as acting and plotting against the Union and the Constitution; they are, and have been, not only Rebel-sympathizers, but closely connected with the South, fellow-conspirators with Jeff Davys and his gang. Under this presumption all the members and intimate friends of the said Order, or Orders, must be considered as Traitors, and so denominated. Well. I have no objection.

But let me ask—if it be true, as some people say, that the greatest scheme and the most important secret of the Order (in company with a certain class of the Democrats) was to try to get some of their most prominent and talented members or friends on the Presidential Chair in Washington and that they for (to) that purpose adverted to General Mac Clellan—if, further on, that be true, that General Mac Clelland approved of the American Knights' schemes in favour of the South, and approved of being elected President by their means, and according to their platform—then, if all that be true, what is General M. himself, or rather, what has he been? A Traitor? or not?

I do not want to answer the question. But, one thing I can do, in reference to Loyalty and Disloyalty. I would wish to remind You of something, perhaps not so generally known. I have heard of a Letter, pretended to be from Genral Sherman to one of his friends, some years ago, and at the time of Fort Pulaski's surrender, when that General was commander of the United States forces on the Seashore, in South Carolina, etc. The letter purports "that he (General Sherman) could have gone in taken Savannah, but for General McClellans formal and imperative order, commanding him *not to take or occupy Savannah*, at any rate or for whatso-

ever reason": and as Gen. M. was allpowerfull in Washington, at that time Sherman had to obey; and so the obvious opportunity of regaining Savannah already at that time was lost. What do you think of that? Whether the anecdote is perfectly true, or not, I cannot tell. But, suppose it is—was that treason of Gen. M.? or was it not? I will not speak of all the secret macinations employed to save Charleston; there has been, and still is, perhaps, other people concerned in that matter, as there are many others of the same stamp. Be that as it may: certain it is, any how, that a certain General, after his last retreat from command, residing sometimes in Philadelphia, sometimes in New York, or elsewhere, always tried his best to throw ridicule and make bad jokes on Gen. Gilmores endeavours to rescue Charleston; for instance, an account of the "Great fire", and its failure etc. All I have to say, is this: would a man, true of the cause of the United States and the Union, speak, write and act in such a way concerning the Charleston Siege (or rather Blockade) and concerning the effectuality of the whole war in the South? The victory at Antietam is recorded as a great feat of arms, throwing a splendid light of glory over Gen. M.'s name. All right! I have no objection. But still, when at some future time the secrets of the battle will be some little closer scrutinized, several things may come out and be revealed. For instance: is it true, that, when the battle was on the verge of being lost because Gen. Burnside's ammunition was out, his (Gen. B.'s) repeated calls for succours from Gen. M. and at least of a small detachment, he could get no answer and no succours from Gen. M., "because he (Gen. M.) wanted to have that little force *saved for the Union!*" Thus, that force should *not act* for the Union, that it may be *saved* for the Union!! A good logic, and very loyal, indeed! At last, providentially, the dark at night came on: Lee retreated, on his own account, rather than obliged to do so, by Gen. McClellan's bravery; and such was the great, the celebrated victory of Antietam! Why did it come to pass, that Lee was not pursued, not hindered from recrossing Potomac, not prosecuted by the great Victor? Was that treason, or what was it?⁸

Almquist's passionate adherence to the Union cause may have been responsible for the unfounded story that he became the private secretary of Abraham Lincoln.⁹ Another false story about Almquist and Lincoln deals with the author's travels through the South. When Almquist's papers, according to his own statement, were stolen in Texas, "he is said to have appealed in person to President Lincoln, but the robbers could

⁸ Berg, C. J. L. *Almquist*, 320-24.

⁹ *The World's Best Literature, The Warner Library, University Edition* (New York, 1917), I: 440. This legend appears in practically all older encyclopedia references to Almquist.

not be traced."¹⁰ (Almquist was in Texas in 1853, page 149.)

In 1863, Henry J. Morgan, a Canadian, wrote to Almquist for a biographical sketch and a photograph to be used in an illustrated biographical encyclopedia. The letter, which had been addressed to Stockholm, was forwarded to Almquist in America by his daughter. Almquist sent the biography to Morgan and enclosed a photograph of himself which had been taken in Philadelphia. In the picture, reproduced on page 151, Almquist is wearing such a peculiar-looking hat that he felt called upon to explain it. In his letter to Morgan, and also in a letter to his daughter, he told the following quite obviously fictitious story:

During the last Rebel invasion in Pennsylvania, I rushed, like so many thousand other Union men, to the battlefields or the neighborhood of them. I am not engaged in the United States army, but I had many acquaintances there; and when the great 3-days battle at Gettysburg went on, I was close by, although in the beginning not in the very struggle—as a civilian. In one of the hottest *melées* I saw one of my best friends drop down, badly wounded. I ran to him, saw him die, and was pretty near to be cut in pieces myself; but, fortunately, perhaps, instead of having my head cut off, I only lost my hat, which the blast took in a minute and carried away, I don't know where. In the same time, seeing my friend deceased, I grasped *his* hat, covering so my own skull and my bushy hair flying for the wind in every direction. From this moment I have kept *this very hat* as a "souvenir" of my deceased friend, and in the same time as a little piece of memorial from the fields where our noble victory at Gettysburg was fought and won.¹¹

The only story by Almquist which has an American background or reflects his sojourn in this country is a sketch entitled "Don Guatimozin: His Life and Practice of Alchemy." The manuscript was found among the deceased author's papers. Together with a few other short pieces, it was published as an addition to *The Book of the Rose* series the year after Almquist's death, evidently in an attempt to provide some aid for his Swedish widow who was in poor financial circumstances. The title page of the volume, *Anecdotes Contributing to the*

¹⁰ *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (14th ed., New York, 1929), I: 674.

¹¹ Hemming Sjöberg, *A Poet's Tragedy*, 252-53.

History of Alchemy, explains: "The manuscript [was] composed in St. Louis, Missouri, in North America, but later delivered for *The Book of the Rose* by C. J. L. Almquist. Stockholm, Oscar L. Lamms Förlag, 1867." It seems that only a small edition was printed, for copies of the book are now rather scarce.¹²

The tale of Don Guatimozin, translated for the first time by the author of this article, is an unusual piece of Americana, a curious compilation in which Almquist takes the opportunity to display his fervent convictions regarding the questions of the day.

As the story opens in Bellefontaine, Missouri, Don Guatimozin, a young chemist of Spanish background, has developed a method of making gold. Confident of his success, he persuaded his employer and landlord, Pietro Bianconi, to secure financial backing for the scheme. Bianconi was able to get the necessary money only by promising the hand of his daughter, Erminia, in marriage to a prosperous distant relative, as a bond for the loan.

Just as the undertaking was to start, civil war between the states seemed imminent. Since Don Guatimozin and Bianconi were Union sympathizers and they feared Missouri would join the Confederacy, they fled with Erminia to Mexico. There, Don Guatimozin felt, he could find the most satisfactory metals for his experiments in alchemy.

Don Guatimozin did succeed, but only with the help of Erminia, who donated her blood to the mysterious elixir used in the transmutation of lead into gold.

When he had accumulated enough gold, the alchemist returned to the United States to pay off the loan so that he and Erminia might marry. But again his life was complicated by political affairs.

The Kentucky apothecary to whom he planned to sell the gold was an ardent Confederate and a member of the "Golden

¹² The author has seen a copy of the book only in the Palm Collection in the library of the University of Texas.

Circle," one of the secret anti-Union societies which Almquist scathingly describes at length. Don Guatimozin refused to accept Confederate notes for his gold since he had to repay his loan to a man in Cincinnati, and he knew that Confederate money would not be acceptable there. Insulted by the alchemist's lack of faith in Confederate notes, the apothecary and another "Golden Circle" member, a high-ranking Rebel officer in close touch with Jefferson Davis, confiscated the gold and sent Don Guatimozin to Mammoth Cave, where a laboratory was set up for him. There he was forced to make gold for the Confederacy—and there he mysteriously disappeared.

However, at the close of the Civil War, Don Guatimozin's original backer, an Irishman named O'Brien, had a chance encounter with the apothecary in a Kentucky tavern. O'Brien overheard the apothecary mention Don Guatimozin's name and asked what had become of the alchemist. The apothecary then related the story, omitting, of course, his own part in Don Guatimozin's disappearance. Immediately, O'Brien traveled to Mexico to explain to Bianconi why the alchemist had not returned. In a heroic gesture, O'Brien renounced his claim to Erminia's hand, but, alas, it was too late. When Erminia heard that O'Brien had arrived, she fulfilled the vow made to her beloved Don Guatimozin and dramatically took her own life.

The statement made by the author that the manuscript was composed in St. Louis is obviously false, at least so far as the final copy is concerned, for in January, 1853, Almquist left St. Louis, or rather Belleville, where he actually had lived, never to return to that vicinity. At the close of the Civil War, he was in Philadelphia and had then lived there for more than ten years.

One writer has recorded that in Belleville, "as in other cities where he stayed for any length of time, Almquist maintained himself with work in print shops, editorial offices, and with doing translations and other writing for private persons,"

and that he was "particularly aided by the German colony."¹³ There is no evidence that he did any writing for publication.

Among Almquist's papers, there was, however, a manuscript in German entitled "Vom Dreck Bellevilles."¹⁴ Since it is not very complimentary to Belleville (it is a satire describing the muddy streets of the city), it was undoubtedly never printed. At least, it has not been found in the *Belleviller Zeitung*, the German paper published at that time.

In a letter written to his family from Belleville, Almquist mentioned, among the persons with whom he was acquainted and whom he visited, one named Massow, a Polish or German nobleman. Cultured, interested in literature and music, Massow had translated some of the poetry of Esaias Tegnér, the Swedish poet, and had showed his manuscripts to Almquist.

There is a peculiar statement in one of Almquist's Belleville letters—it is dated January 28, 1853—referring to Gustave Koerner, the German leader in Illinois politics of that day. Mentioning some German families in Belleville with whom he associated, Almquist said: "Körner has now—God help us!—been elected vice governor of the state of Illinois; isn't that something!" Undoubtedly the antipathy which this statement reflects was based simply on the fact that Koerner was then a Democrat. Almquist had no use for Democrats. Or perhaps it indicates a prevalent attitude toward Koerner, who later said about himself: "I was never very popular amongst the mass of the people. . . . I was always reported by my political opponents as being proud and aristocratic."¹⁵

Almquist's regard for Koerner a decade later would probably have been more favorable if he had known what a staunch Union man Koerner was and what a loyal friend of Lincoln's he was. He would have thanked God for Koerner!

¹³ A quotation from Harald Wieselgren's *Bilder och Minnen*, in Berg, C. J. L. *Almquist*, 226.

¹⁴ This essay is printed in Berg, C. J. L. *Almquist*, 227-29.

¹⁵ Thomas J. McCormack, ed., *Memoirs of Gustave Koerner, 1809-1896* (Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1909), I: 588.

The romantic and fantastic Almquist would also quite likely have regarded Koerner more highly if he had known how Koerner happened to receive his baptismal name, Gustave. Such trifles fascinated Almquist. Koerner relates the circumstances thus :

My having been named Gustave was owing to that eccentric King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus IV, who, shortly before I was born, had, on account of his undying opposition to Napoleon, been forced to abdicate by his own people, who considered his warring against Napoleon as warring against fate to the detriment of his country. . . . My father hated Napoleon with all the fervor of his nature, and hence named me for the king.¹⁶

A little thing like that, together with Koerner's Civil War record and subsequent service to his adopted country, would have been enough for Almquist to accept the Illinois statesman "with all the fervor of his nature," and in later years he might have thought of Belleville as the home of a great patriot rather than as a city with muddy streets.



BEGINNINGS OF THE "AMERICAN LANGUAGE"

These definitions are from the *Dictionary of Americanisms*, by John Russell Bartlett, the subtitle of which is *A Glossary of Words and Phrases Usually Regarded as Peculiar to the United States* (Boston, 1859).

AMBITIOUS. Angry, enraged. A native of Georgia was heard to say, "I was powerful *ambitious* and cussed snortin'." The word is used in the West in a similar sense. Thus, they say an "*ambitious* horse," meaning thereby a horse that is fiery and unmanageable.

BIG DOG. In some parts of the country the principal man of a place or in an undertaking is called the *big dog with a brass collar*, as opposed to the little curs not thought worthy of a collar.

BLANKET. A term used distinctive-

ly for the clothing of an Indian. To say of one's father or mother that they "wore the blanket," implies that they were but half-civilized Indians. Western.

TO GREASE THE WHEELS is a metaphorical expression used in the West to signify paying occasionally a little money to your creditor, grocer, etc.

CONFECTIONARY. In the Southwest and some parts of the West, a bar room.

STARE-CAT. A woman or girl who amuses herself with gazing at her neighbors. A woman's word.

¹⁶ *Memoirs of Gustave Koerner*, I: 3.

DRAMA IN SWEDISH IN CHICAGO

BY HENRIETTE C. K. NÆSETH

THOUGH there have been extensive performances of plays in Swedish in the United States from 1863 to the present, the history of the Swedes in America has generally neglected this important phase of immigrant life—a situation paralleled in much immigrant history. The Swede recorded with relative fullness the activities of his church, his press, his achievements in art and music, without realizing that dramatic performances in his native language were an important factor in his social history. Thus E. W. Olson's bulky volume of 1908, *History of the Swedes of Illinois*, referred to Swedish theatricals in Chicago only incidentally. The two-volume *Svenskarna i Amerika*, published in 1924, gave one brief paragraph to decades of activities of Swedish dramatic societies in America.

This neglect was to some degree remedied in 1934, when the fourth volume of *The Swedish Element in America* included a chapter, "Seventy Years of the Swedish Theatre in America," written by Ernst H. Behmer, a leading figure in the Chicago Swedish theater.¹ Behmer begins his account with Swedish plays presented in San Francisco in 1863. He refers to performances in Chicago in the early 1880's but regards the period from 1899 to ca. 1915 as the one most significant in the history of Swedish drama in Chicago. From his point of view as an actor and director, this emphasis on the later period is justified, as the most pretentious and carefully prepared plays

¹ Behmer was one of the actors who assisted the author in gathering material for this article.

were then given with fair regularity in professional downtown theaters.

However, amateur performances given at lodges and social halls before 1880 are also of significance to the student who is interested in the relation of Swedish theatricals to the problems and adjustments of the immigrant. Plays in Swedish were a welcome outlet to both performers and audiences through the years during which Chicago was the center of Swedish immigration to America, when immigrants needed social and cultural activities which would satisfy their natural thoughts of the country they had left and which would at the same time provide present pleasure helpful to them in making adjustments to life in the country of their adoption. The drama was, of course, but one of several channels through which the needs of the immigrant were met. To two others, lodges and musical activities, it was closely related; and it was well supported by the non-churchly Swedish-American press.

The generally pietistic Swedish Lutheran church was naturally opposed to the dramatic activities of Swedish immigrants as an objectionable form of entertainment which, moreover, was ordinarily enjoyed on Sunday, with a bar as an important adjunct, and a dance as the concluding feature of the evening. In addition, a majority of the leaders of the Swedish theater, like those of most Swedish-language papers, represented liberal social and religious attitudes not in favor with the church.

The first performances of Swedish drama in Chicago for which records are available were given at the Svea Hall by the Svea Theatrical Society as early as March 7, 1868. Since the Svea society, or lodge, had been established in 1857, it is not improbable that its theatrical activities began earlier. Newspaper accounts of 1868 suggest that the Svea Theatrical Society was then familiar and established. Whether the first performances were given in 1868 or earlier, the important point is that plays in Swedish appeared during the first period in which

there was a sizable Swedish colony in Chicago. One thousand Swedish immigrants a year are reported to have come to Chicago in 1851 and 1852, to stay or to go on as settlers in the middle western states, with as many as one thousand a day arriving after the Civil War. The Swedish population of the city increased from five hundred in 1850 to about thirty thousand in 1867.² The founding, in 1868, of the *Svenska Amerikaneran*, the first non-churchly Swedish-language paper in Chicago, is evidence of the importance to which the Swedish colony had then attained.³

Swedish theatricals continued in Chicago well into the 1940's, with the last major performance being given in 1934 under the direction of Behmer. However, the plays presented after 1920 can hardly be considered as constituting a real Swedish theater, since the popular new trends departed widely from the earlier theater.

Through the period from 1868 to 1920, more than two hundred plays in the Swedish language were presented in Chicago in at least six hundred theatrical productions. A single production, of course, often included more than one play, two farces being a staple offering in the small hall and lodge performances. Lodge halls, Turner Halls, music club halls, parks, city theaters, even millinery shops—Swedish plays were seen in more than ninety such places in these fifty-odd years. Most of the performances were given by a dramatic society or company, sometimes for the benefit of a lodge or other association, often

² Karl Hildebrand and Axel Fredenholm, eds., *Svenskarna i Amerika* (Stockholm, 1924-25), I: 259-63.

³ The limited issues of *Svenska Amerikaneran* for 1866 to 1868 make it impossible to say whether the Swedish plays antedated the *Svenska Amerikaneran* or appeared at approximately the same time. The complete files of *Hemlandet*, founded in Galesburg in 1855, and moved to Chicago in 1859, are of no help in solving this problem, for *Hemlandet* was an organ of the Augustana Lutheran church, and naturally ignored the dramatic activities of the Swedish immigrants.

From 1876, the year of its founding, the *Svenska Tribunen* is available in practically complete files. From 1891 on, the *Svenska Amerikaneran* is also complete, and there are incomplete but important files of other more short-lived Swedish periodicals. The history of the years for which records are available may, the author believes, be taken as representative of the years for which records are partial or missing. Moreover, though newspapers must be the basic source of such history, information and records obtained from actors and their families supplement the newspaper material extensively.

for a welfare group, or by a society in co-operation with a leading player, or as a benefit for some member or an unfortunate countryman. Singing organizations and lodges frequently gave their own performances, assisted by actors from a dramatic society.

The history of the dramatic societies is confusing. Their names were often interchanged and they were practically always loosely organized and without clearly defined membership. Directors and managers, as well as actors, frequently shifted from one group to another. Four companies, however, seem to have produced plays from 1868 to 1879.

The *Svenska Amatör Sällskap*, active after 1879, evidently served as the nucleus of the first company of which there are relatively full records. This company was the *Svenska Dramatiska Sällskap*, which appeared in the spring of 1885, under the leadership of Fritz von Schoultz, a young man who was to remain a dominant figure in the Swedish Chicago theater in the years after his fairy-story rise to proprietorship of the flourishing costume company which still bears his name. The *Svenska Dramatiska Sällskap* continued as the chief source of Swedish performances through 1892, though it was sometimes known as the Pfeilska Company, because two of its leading actors were Carl and Anna Pfeil, who had come to Chicago from professional careers in Finland and Sweden in the spring of 1888.

A second company of some importance appeared in 1891. It was managed in its first two seasons by L. P. "Greenbacks" Nelson, who presented his young daughter, Hilma, as leading lady. She joined Augustin Daly's famous stock company in 1893, and after a period on the American stage, made a success in Sweden.

The activities of the Swedish theatrical societies became more definitely organized about 1899. At that time, Behmer, who had been active in the theater since 1893, and Christoffe Brusell, familiar in the theatrical circles a decade longer, united in a new organization called the *Svenska Teatar Sälls*

skap. Their society was dominant until the season of 1903-1904, when the directors separated. Brusell continued to direct the *Svenska Teatar Sällskap*, and Behmer took over the direction of the *Svenska Dramatiska Sällskap*. In February, 1918, the two directors wisely reunited and from this time through October, 1920, they gave five major performances in Chicago and made several brief tours.

A general summary of productions may clarify the foregoing picture of the Swedish theater in Chicago: from the spring of 1868 to the spring of 1879, thirty-three productions were given. From the season of 1879-80 through 1887-88, productions ran from one to six a season. From 1888-89 to 1914-15 the range was from nine to twenty-four a season, with twenty or more plays during eight of the seasons.

The more interesting aspects of Chicago Swedish theater remain to be considered: the kinds of plays presented, and the performers, and, briefly, the quality and success of the performances, what they meant to actors and audiences.

The two hundred-odd plays given in Chicago represent, on the whole, standard Swedish repertoire for the period 1842 on. A new Stockholm theater had ended the monopoly of the royal theater in 1842, and there was a revival of interest in Swedish dramatic literature abroad. To this interest a growing Swedish nationalism contributed, which expressed itself in a series of historical and folk plays and in drama and comedy of contemporary Swedish life. These plays were, however, often based on French and German originals; and the Chicago repertoire included many other plays not originally Swedish.

The majority of the plays given by the Chicago Swedes were comedies and farces, but nationalistic and folk plays were often the high lights of the dramatic season. In 1869, one act of the first recorded historical play was given—Börjesson's ponderous verse tragedy, *Erik XIV*, an influential work of 1846. A folk history, also from 1846, *Engelbrecht och hans Dalkarl*, by August Blanche, was first played in Chicago in 1870,

and remained popular there as in Sweden. This story of the peasant hero who was killed after securing victory for his king Gustav Vasa, is a typical folk drama with loose chronicle structure, genre pictures of peasants and nobles, blending of love story and historical events, and use of such devices as processions and music.

Two plays by Zakarias Topelius, the famous Finnish writer, were among the good historical dramas seen several times in Chicago. *Bröllopet på Ulfasa*, one of Sweden's best historical plays, was produced eleven times between 1891 and 1909—not always in its entirety. *Valborgsmessaafton*, which stressed country festival, and *Ljungby Horn*, which used a supernatural theme from the saga period, were played four times. It was a folk play, however, F. A. Dahlgren's *Vermvändingarna* (1846), which led all the rest with at least sixty-two performances between 1884 and 1921. It is not difficult to understand the lasting popular appeal of *Vermvändingarna*, for it is a skillful blend of sentimental and melodramatic plot with a picture of Swedish country life, complete with national dances and characteristic songs. The hero, Erik, loved Anna the poor cotter's daughter, but was prevented by his wealthy landowner father from marrying her until she passed through such ordeals as temporarily losing her mind and nearly drowning.

In later years of limited theatrical activity, *Vermvändingarna* retained its hold on the Swedish theatergoers, becoming a symbol of the past of both Sweden and of the Swedish colony in Chicago; and it is the play which Swedes in Chicago still wish to revive. Almost every actor of leading roles played Anna or Erik, and was judged by comparison with earlier favorites.

Most of these historical and folk dramas were written by the prolific dramatists who also provided the Swedish stage with its staple fare of comedy from the forties through the sixties. Thus, nine comedies by August Blanche were played

in thirty performances; five comedies by Frans Hedberg, author of *Bröllopet på Ulfasa*, *Valborgsmessafton*, and *Carl XII*, were played in ten performances; and fourteen comedies by Frans Hodell in sixty-six performances. The works of later Swedish dramatists were also presented. For instance, the novelist Geijerstam's farcical and nonidyllic picture of peasant life, *Lars Anders och Jan Anders och deras Barn* (1894), was played eight times from 1907 to 1921. The great Scandinavian realists were played little and late. Strindberg's fantasy, *Lycko Pers Resa*, did well in 1899 and 1900, and in 1912, his birthday was honored with a gala production of his *Gustaf Vasa*. Ibsen was represented by *The Doll's House* only, and its 1907 performance had a mixed reception.

Scandinavian drama other than the Swedish was seldom presented, but *Jeppe paa Bjerget*, by Ludvig Holberg, Denmark's seventeenth-century Molière, was played six times in the 1890's. The German Sudermann's *Ara*, played in 1905 and 1913, shows growing interest in serious modern drama. Though a good deal of the drama and comedy by Swedish playwrights was adapted from the German, French drama was more frequently the source of translations and adaptations. Besides many farces from the French, a number of French melodramas were performed. Among them were Duval's *Skilsmissa* (Bisson and Mars' *Les Surprises du Divorce*), *Jorden Rundt* (Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days*), and two adaptations from Dumas, *Edmond Kean* and *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Two Shakespearean productions, one good and one bad, and an excellent *Pinafore*, translated by Gustaf Wicklund, a Chicago and Minneapolis newspaperman and actor, constituted the English contribution to the repertoire.

Though familiarity and ease of production undoubtedly were factors determining the number of times a play was repeated, two plays were given so much more frequently than any others that we may assume they were themselves popular favorites. One of them, *Vermälandingarna*, has been discussed.

The other was *Anderson, Petterson och Lundström*, adapted by Hodell in 1866 from the German *Der Böse Lumpaci Vagabundus*. A fantastic farce, it describes the adventures of a colorful trio, a shoemaker, a carpenter, and a tailor, in this world and also in the realm of trolls and fairies. It was played at least thirty-eight times from 1869 to 1914, and though some reviewers professed to be weary of it, comedian after comedian became a public favorite through his portrayal of one or more of its roles.

The popularity of farce is further evident in the plays written by Chicago Swedes. Of the twenty-two theatrical productions by Chicago authors, some may have been little more than tableaux, and others, like the very amateurish temperance play, *Löftet* (1913), are unimportant. Some half dozen of the plays pictured the adventures of Swedish newcomers in America and Chicago, and used local Chicago scenes, such as the Linné monument in Lincoln Park, or Sharpshooter's Park. Songs and dialogue abounded in local and personal reference. This sort of thing was often inserted in Swedish plays to give them fresh appeal. Witty and entertaining, if not of high literary value, the locally written plays indicate that the Swedish theatricals were an outlet for the creative talents of the immigrants; and it is reasonable to suppose that such plays helped give them a sense of belonging to their new environment.

The Chicago authors were generally newspapermen who also acted. But the ambition to write plays was not limited to the press. The following story of an amateur writer was told by Ernst Lindblom, an early Chicago newspaperman and playwright.⁴

In 1885, A. B. Holson, coachman for the prominent Swedish businessman Robert Lindblom, evolved a plot which he sought to have developed into a play. He urged Gustaf Wicklund, then well known as an actor and editor of the witty peri-

⁴ Ernst Lindblom, *Svenska Teaterminnen från Chicago* (Stockholm, 1916), 38-43.

odical *Humoristen*, to write it for him. After some persuasion Wicklund agreed to write the play for \$25. *Allt för Guld* (*All for Gold*) was written in one night, and is, as Wicklund, Lindblom, and a reviewer seem to have agreed, a cheap, sensational melodrama, lacking the interest of local setting.⁵ Nevertheless its performance was a success, for Holson's lodge friends attended in numbers and applauded heartily. In fact, Holson was so encouraged that he backed a production of *Hamlet*. The play was a fiasco, in which the coachman himself tried to save what seemed to him a dull story by interrupting it with a jig.⁶

Few performances in the Swedish theater reached a level so ludicrously low. Frequently, it is true, minor performances at lodge halls were carelessly prepared. Stage and scenic resources were often inadequate; and performers amateurish and without talent. But in spite of weaknesses and handicaps what was achieved is far more impressive than failures and limitations. The North Side Turner Hall, in the heart of the Swedish colony, and locale of most of the productions from 1877 to 1890, had a large auditorium with a fair stage and scenic equipment. The city theaters, where most of the major productions were given after 1890, had all the resources necessary for successful performances. Through the continued interest of Fritz von Schoultz, the costumer, splendid and appropriate costumes were available.

Many gifted and experienced actors from Sweden appeared as stars with the local companies and also occasionally directed performances. Strindberg's *Gustaf Vasa*, for instance, was directed in 1912 by a prominent Swedish actor, August Lindberg, who had been giving Shakespeare readings in America. Some outstanding performances were contributed by

⁵ The manuscript of the play was given to the author by Wicklund's widow, who had been mystified at finding a play by A. B. Holson in her husband's handwriting.

It was after this episode that Wicklund translated *Pinafore* and wrote a one-act musical play about the convivial eighteenth-century poet, wit, and musician of Stockholm, Bellman—both of which brought him recognition in Sweden and America.

⁶ Lindblom, *Svenska Teaterminnen från Chicago*, 43-45.

Swedish-American actors like Arthur Donaldson, star of *The Prince of Pilsen*, who had begun his career in Sweden and found a place on the English-speaking stage in the United States. The press naturally emphasized the theatrical experience in Sweden of many of the local favorites. In fact, much local pride developed, and it was not always conceded that a visitor from New York or Sweden gave as good an interpretation of a familiar role as a Chicago actor.

The Chicago Swedes who were the mainstay of the Swedish theater did not try to live by their acting. Naturally managers and directors hoped to make money, and when two thousand customers filled Turner Hall at fifty cents admission, with dancing free and refreshments available, the ventures were profitable. The later, more elaborate productions were expensive to stage, and even with admission prices at \$1.00, they sometimes resulted in losses. There was profit to be made in occasional trips to other cities in Illinois and Minnesota. It is said that funds from one such tour enabled Fritz von Schoultz to establish his costume company.⁷ In general, profits and losses of the Swedish theater were fairly well balanced through the years.⁸

The Swedish plays performed in Chicago were not, however, primarily profit-making in purpose. Nor were the actors, with the possible exception of some leaders, consciously trying to perform a service to immigrant society by keeping alive Swedish culture. To recognize that most of those who participated in Scandinavian theatricals in Chicago did so for enjoyment, for fun, without further analysis of their reasons, does not lessen the significance of their activities.

On the whole, the people active in the Swedish theater were from good families. They had come to America moved by a spirit of restlessness, of curiosity, or of ambition, or be-

⁷ This information is based on statements of Ernst Behmer and Hedwig Brusell Melinder. Mrs. Melinder, long active in Swedish theatricals as well as in business and civic enterprises, is the daughter of Christoffer Brusell.

⁸ Information from Mrs. Gustaf Wicklund.

cause they wanted to live in a freer atmosphere. Some of them were black sheep whose irregular habits were a handicap to them in America as they had been in Sweden. A number of gifted and engaging scapegraces enlivened the Swedish theater in Chicago during its first decades and were frowned on as Bohemians by their more strait-laced countrymen.

There is much evidence that the members of the Chicago companies were not a very serious group. They enjoyed life and found in the theater a means of adding to that enjoyment. The actors who still survive have a thoroughly happy time recalling comic episodes and mishaps which have become legendary tales in their circles. Lighthearted though they were in their attitude toward these activities, their love for the drama and the theater was undoubtedly deep-seated and genuine. They realized when their performances fell below the level of respectable dramatic achievement and, though limited in time and means, they worked for good performances. If reviewers criticized them for attempting that to which their talents were unequal, the theatrical enthusiasts still persisted, and with considerable success.

They persisted in the face of discouragement resulting from audiences which were sometimes small or unappreciative or rude. Many members of the audience, unlike the majority of the actors, were country people and laborers who had been unacquainted with the theater in Sweden. Like many audiences, which should know better, they laughed at the wrong places, at Anna's mad scene in *Vermländingarna*, or at her rescue from an obviously "prop" sea. Sometimes the Turner Hall and lodge audiences were more interested in the bar and the dance than in the play. There are recurring complaints in the reviews of early days of noisy talking and disturbance during the performances. With the years, however, the audiences improved in appreciation and behavior. If the support of the performances throughout the entire period was not always steady or enthusiastic, it was sufficient to keep the Swedish

theater alive and to permit fairly frequent recording of full houses.

As a rule, the Swedish newspapers of Chicago reviewed the plays regularly—often lengthily—and supplemented the advertisements with many puffs. Too often, unfortunately, the reviews were mainly conventional praise. Occasionally a reviewer grew tired of being polite, of making allowances for amateurs, and of praising every participant in every performance, and there would be a damning blast. On the whole, however, the reviews were favorable, and from time to time showed that they had been written by well-educated men with a knowledge of the theater. The newspapers have, at any rate, left basic material for a chapter in the history of the Chicago theater and the Chicago Swedes which is a significant part of the larger history of the American theater, of Swedes in America, and of American immigration.



HISTORICAL WORDS ABOUT HISTORY

"If the will of man were free, that is, if every man could act as he chose, the whole of history would be a tissue of disconnected accidents."

—COUNT TOLSTOI

"[History] hath triumphed over Time, which besides it, nothing but Eternity hath triumphed over."

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH

"Anybody can make history. Only a great man can write it."

—OSCAR WILDE

"What is history but a fable agreed upon?"

—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

LINCOLNIANA

In the Lincoln papers opened at the Library of Congress last July there is one very mystifying letter. It is allegedly to Abraham Lincoln from the spirit of Edward Baker, killed at Ball's Bluff, October 22, 1861. Baker was an Englishman who came with his family to Belleville, Illinois. He served as a private in the Black Hawk War and in 1835 settled in Springfield to practice law and become intimate with the leading political figures, Douglas, Yates, Trumbull, and Brown- ing. His association with Abraham Lincoln was particularly close and the future President named a son Edward Baker Lincoln.

During the Mexican War Baker became a brigadier general, distinguishing himself at Cerro Gordo. In 1852 he moved to California and in 1860 went to Washington as senator from Oregon. In March, 1861, when Lincoln rode to the Capitol to take the oath of office and deliver his first inaugural address, his old friend Edward Baker was in the same carriage with him. Six weeks later the Civil War commenced with the firing on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor.

In May, Lincoln's friend Elmer Ellsworth was killed when he crossed the Potomac to tear down

a Confederate flag flying on the Marshall House in Alexandria. Ellsworth had been reading law in Lincoln's Springfield office and he had accompanied the President-elect to Washington. His death was a severe personal blow to Lincoln.

Then, in July, Lincoln received another shock. At Bull Run the Union Army fled in panic. Senators implored Lincoln to strike back at once. The President replied that the Army was untrained. Another defeat, even worse than Bull Run, might result. The senators stormed. A defeat, they said, would be better than uncertainty. Copperheads, defeatists, the peace party, might get control of the country unless the administration took the offensive quickly. In October a desperate little army crossed the Potomac to strike again. Lincoln's friend, Edward Baker, was with it and he fell, mortally wounded, leading a charge at the Battle of Ball's Bluff.

The worry of the war, coupled with the loss of his intimate friends, was almost more than Lincoln could bear. It is not surprising, therefore, that the mysterious letter sent him by the spirit of Edward Baker was preserved permanently

among the President's papers, and it does reveal a new facet of Lincoln's character.

Lincoln, of course, must be judged in the atmosphere of his day. People were superstitious a hundred years ago. Lincoln's law partner, William H. Herndon, maintained that Lincoln once consulted a voodoo fortuneteller, that he took his son to Terre Haute to be treated by a magic stone, for a mad-dog bite, and that he attached peculiar significance to a double image of himself which he once saw in a mirror. Several people have testified that the Martyr President considered dreams important omens.

At the time Lincoln was elected, spiritualism had reached the proportions of a craze. Contemporary newspapers carried many accounts of "visitations" and spiritualistic seances. In hotel parlors, in private homes, on steamboats, so-called mediums became entranced and talked with spirits of the dead. Under their magic touch, tables and chairs rocked and danced. Mysterious knocks—spirit-rappings—on doors and walls replied to verbal queries about dead friends.

The cult of spiritualism had started near Rochester, New York, in 1848, where two girls, the Fox sisters, astounded their neighbors with "spirit-rappings." Almost at once the girls became famous. Seances were held in New York and throughout New England. Promi-

nent men such as Horace Greeley and George Bancroft became interested in the phenomenon and the cult assumed religious proportions. Finally Katie Fox declared the rapping to be a hoax, but it was too late. Thousands of people had learned to listen with awe for the eerie signals from their loved ones and they would not renounce the experience.

At the time of the Civil War spiritualism flourished in the North but not in the South. The cult was noticeably strong in centers which supported Frémont and Lincoln in 1856 and 1860. In fact it was part of the radical transcendentalism of the period and it went hand in hand with the crusade for temperance and against slavery. Many of Lincoln's constituents took spiritualism seriously and the President attended some seances in Washington. His enemies accused him of running the country on the advice of spirit-rappers, but the record shows Lincoln to have been extremely reticent on the subject and, as yet, there is no good evidence to show that he considered the demonstrations profound—except this mysterious letter preserved in his official papers.

Mrs. Lincoln took spiritualism more seriously than her husband did. At least three mediums held seances in the White House: Nettie Colburn Maynard, Charles Foster, and Charles Colchester. At the time of Lincoln's assassination a medium made himself very obnox-

I am very well
 and hope you are
 at Geneva I wish
 you well and all

SPIRITUALIST LETTER TO LINCOLN
 To Read, Hold before a Mirror

ious and Robert Lincoln ordered him out of the White House.

The spiritualist letter in the Lincoln papers transcribed below is from a medium who signed his name I. B. Conklin. The complete "spirit message" was written on five sheets of paper, each somewhat similar to the reproduction above. A sixth sheet contained the entire message "translated" for easy reading—as follows:

DEC 28 1861

My friend will you please have this conveyed to his Excellency the President.

My esteemed and best earthly friend.

You will no doubt be surprised to

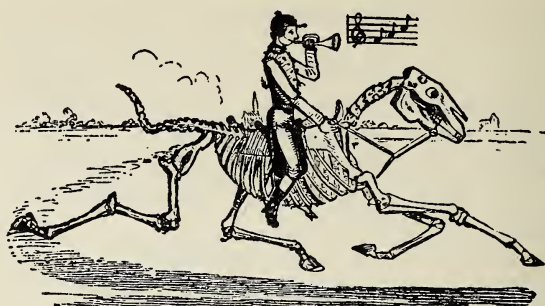
receive this from me, but, I like millions of other disembodied spirits feel a desire to convey expressions of gratitude and hope to earthly friends. I am not dead. I still live, a conscious individual, with hope, aspirations [*sic*] and interest for the Union still alive.

I experienced a happy reality—a glorious change, by the process termed "death."

I would communicate with you personally, if not now, after the close of your official term.

I will be with you in spirit, and with many others impress and strengthen you. Man lives on Earth, to live elsewhere, and that elsewhere is ever present. Heaven and Hell are conditions, not localities.

E. BAKER.



HISTORICAL NOTES

JOHN ERICSSON DAY BANQUET, MARCH 9, 1898

On March 9, 1898, the Paxton Swedish-American Republican Club entertained the Swedish-American Republican League of Illinois at a John Ericsson Day Banquet at the Middlecoff Hotel in Paxton. The meal was elegantly served, and attended by 175 persons. The menu is printed in the League's *Proceedings* for 1898. This gourmet's delight of the bygone days of superabundance is reproduced below:

MENU.

New York Counts.		
<i>Consomme Printanniere a la Royal.</i>		<i>Lettuce.</i>
French Shrimp <i>Mayonnaise</i> .		
Chicken Salade.		
Lobster <i>a la Balke</i> .		
Young Onions.		
Tenderloin of Beef Larded <i>Financiere</i> .		
Radishes.		
Chicken Patties <i>a la Reine</i> .		
Celery.		
Strawberries and Cream.		Fancy Cake.
Tea	<i>Cafe Noir</i>	Milk
	Cigars.	

According to the *Proceedings* "The Paxton orchestra discoursed sweet music during the banquet, which was completed about 12:30 A.M."

Following the dinner, in response to toasts, there were many speeches. The first of these, in honor of the occasion, was on Captain John Ericsson. This speech was delivered by Carl R. Chindblom, at that

time a young and promising lawyer who later served in Congress for many years.

Today the Swedish Pioneer Centennial Association is celebrating the coming of the Swedes to the Midwest and the contributions of the Swedish people to the United States. This, then, is a fitting time to print again Mr. Chindblom's speech of March 9, 1898, on the life of John Ericsson and his service to his adopted country.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

The topography of history presents a rugged, mountainous country. Here and there a towering peak rises into the clouds, uplifted and supported by its stalwart base, but carrying with it, in its ascent, the adjoining plain. These mountain-peaks are the great men of the world. They embody the advancement of the race in every field of human endeavor. Says Cousin: "Humanity sums up entire nature and represents it, and great men, in their turn, sum up and represent humanity." Such a man was Ericsson. Time serves but to illumine the lustre of his name. In the Westminster Abbey of the world, where no royal decree, but the never-erring dictum of history assigns a place, John Ericsson lies in state, upon a bier of enduring fame. Other men have excelled in other fields. But the position that is held in generalship by Caesar or Napoleon, in statesmanship by Cromwell or Lincoln, in theology by Luther or Calvin, in philosophy by Plato or Kant, in art by Phidias or Raphael, in literature by Homer or Shakespeare, in natural science by Linnaeus or Darwin, the same exalted position is held in mechanical science and construction by our illustrious countryman, and there is none to dispute his claim. In the world to-day, there is but one man whose name will follow that of Ericsson through the ages, and he, too, is an American.

But Ericsson's name has another, yet greater significance to the American people. As an inventor he belongs to the world, as a patriot he belongs to us. In the wisdom of Providence, he was chosen to lift the powerful arm of genius and invention in defense of human liberty and constitutional government. Science and patriotism clasped in a fond embrace when Capt. Ericsson tendered the Monitor to President Lincoln, and this day, the ninth of March, marks the anniversary of the wonderful victory of that famous craft at Hampton Roads. Swedish-Americans! What more worthy cause could bring us together in annual fraternal meeting? What other theme could better inspire our hearts to patriotic impulses? What other name might seem more fit to conjure with, in the presence of appalling disaster, whatever the cause, to American seamen and to the American Navy than the name of him who saved that navy from destruction in the darkest hour of its glorious history?

Ericsson is a most interesting character to study even as a man. His personal traits distinguished him from other men. Independent from his earliest childhood, he at seventeen years of age abandoned a career of great promise in engineering to enter the Swedish Army; then after six years, during which his passion for mechanical science again became irresistible, he se-

cured a leave of absence and with a thousand Swedish crowns, loaned him by a friend, departed for England. After thirteen years there, disgusted by the reluctance of the English people in recognizing his work, he started for the United States, in 1839, to seek his fortune anew, locating in New York City, where he remained until his death nine years ago. Ericsson's independence of thought and action was so marked as to lay him open to the charge of pride and egotism. In his work he accepted the theories or conclusions of no one else.

The great secret of his success may perhaps be attributed to the characteristic which he himself recognized in another, of whom he said: "The form of the forehead indicates that the man will see things as they are and not as they ought to be." While this circumstance no doubt contributed to Ericsson's marvelous success, it kept him in continuous warfare with so-called established mechanical principles. He was a pioneer in his appointed field and had the usual prejudices and opposition to combat. Naturally of strong will and indomitable energy, he brooked no opposition, but, when convinced of error, he readily admitted his mistake.

Ericsson was wedded to his work. A romantic experience in his youth in which an ardent infatuation was thwarted by the opposition of the parents of his love, doubtless closed his heart against further attachments. While in England he entered into a conventional marriage but his wife refused to stay in America, and Ericsson supported her abroad until her death. He prided himself in working 17 or 18 hours per day, 365 days in each year. He was the most methodical and punctual of men. Himself a

builder of machines, he treated and used his body as if it were a machine, but his master-mind obeyed no laws but those dictated by his own reason. His intimate friends were few, but to those who gained his confidence he was ever loyal and true. His moral life was pure and his many private and public benefactions attest to his generosity. Though he took little part in politics, it is needless to say that his sympathies were first with the Whigs and then with the Republican party. To him life was but an opportunity for work and usefulness. Nor does he seem to have looked forward to any season of conscious rest even after the expiration of his earthly career. He died in the harness, his wonderful vitality and ambition sustaining him to the very end.

Ericsson's genius was typical of the age. This is an era of material progress, of mechanical invention and construction. We have harnessed the forces of nature and supplanted the muscle of man with the machine. In this immense field of development there is scarcely a department to which Ericsson did not render valuable service. His patented ideas numbered over 500. When nine years of age, he amused himself by making a saw-mill, a pumping engine, and a set of drawing instruments, "all out of his own head."

While in the Swedish Army he invented a flame-engine of much ingenuity. In England he took out thirty patents of considerable value. While there, he built the first steam fire-engine and a locomotive, the Novelty, which in speed outclassed Stephenson's Rocket. A caloric engine followed which became the sensation of London.

The next great invention was the

screw-propeller, which, however, was received with suspicion by leading men of the English navy and did not receive proper recognition, until Ericsson had launched the U. S. war-ship *Princeton* in American waters in 1844. This event marks the beginning of Ericsson's greatness. From this time he devoted himself for over forty years principally to the building of war vessels. Thrice did he compel the nations of the world to reconstruct their navies in order to keep apace with his marvelous achievements. In each instance he launched an engine of destruction, more formidable than the preceding. The first was the screw-propeller, the *Princeton*; the second was the turreted iron-clad, the *Monitor*; the third was the torpedo-boat, the *Destroyer*.

One of Ericsson's most ingenious conceptions was the hot-air ship, the *Ericsson*. Though the engineer did much for the use of steam, he had a pet idea of supplanting steam with hot air as a motive power. The last years of his life were devoted to the construction of a solar engine or sun motor, which utilized the heat of the sun for the production of force. Ericsson's prophetic eye saw the disappearance of steam and believed it could be superseded by dry heat. His scientific methods led him rather to this conclusion than to the use of electricity. The latter is a force of nature more the object of discovery than invention, furnishing rather a field for experiment than for demonstration. To a friend Ericsson wrote: "Allow me to remind you that I am an engineer and designer rather than an inventor." On his drawing table alone, without the use of immense laboratories or other facilities for

experimenting, Ericsson drew his plans and seldom superintended or inspected the work in the shop, because he knew his plans would prove correct.

In solar physics Ericsson was a pioneer. As his life drew to a close he seemed inspired by a desire to join the heavens and the earth, to make the sun itself a willing servant of man, to utilize for the comfort and happiness of humanity the vast energy that is poured upon us in light rays every second, day and night. His endeavors were successful, his sun motor accomplished its purpose, but the practical benefits must needs be reserved for a future generation, not so abundantly supplied with fuel as our own. When Ericsson's solar engine will supply the power for Edison's dynamo, the genius of man will have achieved its final triumph in arresting for its use the most subtle forces of nature.

Ericsson's patriotism was that of actions, rather than of words. Although he was, as his biographer says, "A Swede of Swedes," he early became an American citizen and designed his greatest inventions to serve the welfare of his country, the *Princeton* and *Monitor* were built by special order of the government and the *Destroyer* was offered to it repeatedly. In proposing to build the *Monitor*, Ericsson wrote President Lincoln, after stating that he sought no private advantage or emolument of any kind: "Attachment to the Union alone impels me to offer my services at this fearful crisis—my life if need be—in the great cause which Providence has called you to defend." Ericsson's services to the Union cause were not confined to the building of the first *Monitor*.

Within one week after the encounter in Hampton Roads he received and accepted a proposition to build six gun-boats on the plan of the Monitor, and two months later he received orders to build two other similar vessels of a larger class, to cost \$1,150,000 each. These iron-clads were the main strength of our navy during the war and did much to hold the blockade of the rebel ports intact. During the same time Ericsson furnished plans for four other Monitor vessels that were built by other contractors. When his business associates remonstrated that he should not encourage competitors, he replied that he felt it his duty to assist the government in every way possible to meet the emergency of war. When the Assistant Secretary of the Navy inquired whether he could furnish drawings for vessels to be built by other contractors, he answered: "Advertise as soon as you deem proper for more vessels and count on my assistance, pay or no pay."

At a time when most men took every advantage of the Federal government, the rugged honesty and integrity of Captain Ericsson, as it appears from all his relations with the various departments, stands out in bold relief. His claims were always just and reasonable and subsequent events bore out every contention that he made. Ericsson's only profit from the Monitor was what he received as one of the contractors for building the vessel. He was therefore able to say in a newspaper letter: "I have not received any remuneration from the nation for the Monitor, nor did I patent the invention, as I intended it as a contribution to the glorious cause of the Union."

To his death Ericsson was intensely interested in the fortifications and naval defenses of the United States, and he had a complete plan for the protection of the Atlantic seaboard, respecting which he was in almost constant consultation and correspondence with the officers at Washington. Only one other subject interested him similarly: the defense of his native country, Sweden. Not only did he draw plans and specifications for the Swedish navy, but he outlined a whole system of coast defense for the Northern Kingdom and expended time and money in this work without remuneration. His great concern was to protect Sweden against an attack he was sure [would] come sooner or later from Russia. . . . What wonder, then, that Sweden proudly received his ashes when our nation did the engineer and the land of his birth the signal honor of carrying his body in state across the sea in the noble warship Baltimore.

Many and great were Ericsson's services to his country and to humanity. But to the end of time his name will be associated especially with the one event which has given him a place in the temple of fame, not alone a genius, nor even as a patriot, but as an angel of justice, as an avenger of slavery and as a defender of the most sacred right of every human being, whatever his creed, sex or color: personal liberty.

Free institutions could not live long, however protected, while the cancer of slavery gnawed upon the vitals of the body politic. The success of the Rebellion meant the perpetuation of slavery. The conflict at Hampton Roads was the most important naval engagement in the

war. It was a critical moment. The ironclad rebel monster, which had already sunk two of our largest ships and fired several others, threatened to raise the Atlantic blockade and force its way to the national capitol. Such a catastrophe, it is now positively known, would have been followed by the recognition of the Confederacy on the part of England and France. And when the Merrimac retreated to Norfolk, disabled, disheartened, and defeated, a shout of triumph

arose from every loyal American heart, and from the breast of every friend of freedom. On this achievement let Ericsson's fame repose. And may his countrymen, may the American people never tire in listening to the story and honoring memory of one of the great of earth, who owes his position to none but himself, whether as a man, a genius, or a patriot—Sweden's gift to the great republic, *Captain John Ericsson*.

GENERAL GRANT VISITS SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

In September, 1879, former President Grant returned to the United States after twenty-six months' absence abroad. During his wanderings around the world, the opponents of President Hayes were nurturing a "Grant-for-President-in-1880" boom. Grant himself was hesitant about declaring his candidacy, but, despite his assertions to friends, there was no doubt that he wanted another term in the White House. After a tour of many of the leading cities of this country where large demonstrations were held, Grant returned to Galena and began to take a real interest in the campaign.

In the letter printed below, which is in the files of the Illinois State Historical Library, Grant welcomed the opportunity to visit Springfield in the pre-convention, election year of 1880. Announcement of his coming was followed by preparations for a gala occasion

in the capital city. On Tuesday, May 4, a delegation went from Springfield to Lincoln to meet Grant's train. That afternoon, at about 5:15 P.M., the General arrived in Springfield and was greeted with a twenty-one gun salute.

Wednesday, May 5, however, was the big day. The *Illinois State Journal* honored the distinguished visitor with his picture and a biographical sketch. In the afternoon a parade formed at the Executive Mansion and marched to the State House where a public reception was held. That evening, Judge Stephen T. Logan entertained Grant and his party at dinner. The General was escorted to the Executive Mansion for a reception that lasted until midnight. Even the weather cooperated to help make the celebration a success. The *Illinois State Journal* for May 6, has this to say:

The day was a beautiful one, the weather being all that could have

been desired, except that it was rather warm. The city was in holiday attire, and the day was generally observed as a sort of holiday, there being a general suspension of business, especially during the exercises in the afternoon.

But Grant did not get the Republican nomination in 1880. After a bitter struggle between his forces and Blaine's in the convention, the prize went to a dark horse on the thirty-sixth ballot—James A. Garfield of Ohio.

Grant's letter accepting the invitation to visit Springfield in 1880 follows:

GALENA, ILL.
Apl. 21st. 1880

*Hon. S. T. Logan, Govr Cullom, &
others;*

GENTLEMEN:

Your letter of the 17th of this month conveying a kind invitation to me to visit the Capital of the State, the city from which I started nineteen years ago as Colonel of the 21st Reg. Ill. Vols.—now veter-

ans,—was duly presented to me by the Governor of the State. I take pleasure in accepting your invitation but cannot just now fix the exact date when I can be there. It will however probably be early in next month. As soon as I can determine exactly the date I will inform some one of the signers of the invitation of it.

I appreciate this invitation more coming as it does from the citizens of the Capital of the State "without distinction of party," and recognizing too the propriety of re-visiting the home of the Martyr to whom the Nation owes so much—and to whom I was personally so much indebted for constant support, through all detraction, though an entire stranger to him except officially.

Later I came to know President Lincoln intimately, and my appreciation of his great ability,—noble & generous nature, and forgiving disposition increased with acquaintance.

With great respect
Your obt. svt.
U. S. GRANT



"POOR LITTLE DUG"

Dere was a little man and his name was Stevie Dug,
To de White House he longed for to go;
But he hadn't any votes thro' de whole of de Souf,
In de place where votes ought to grow.

Chorus

So it aint no use for to blow—
Dat little game of brag won't go;
He can't get de vote, 'case de tail ob his coat
Is hung just a little too low.

*The Wide-Awake Vocalist; or, Rail-Splitters
Song Book. Words and Music for the Republican
Campaign of 1860 (New York, 1860. p. 60)*

THE ILLINOIS SCRAPBOOK

WHEN ILLINOIS WAS GOOD FOR MEN AND DOGS BUT TOUGH FOR WOMEN AND OXEN

LOOKING-GLASS PRAIRIE, JUNE 9, 1846.

Dear Sister,—Here I am, just got home from school; all at once a notion takes me that I want to write to you, and I'm doing it. I'm sitting in our parlor, or at least, what we call our parlor, because the cooking-stove is not in it, and because Emeline has laid her pretty rag mat before the hearth, and because the sofa is in here. There! you didn't think we'd get a sofa out here, did you? Well, to be sure, it isn't exactly like your sofa, because it isn't stuffed, nor covered, nor has it any back, only the side of the house; nor any legs, only red ones, made of brick; dear me! I'm afraid you'll "find out," after all,—but it certainly did come all the way from St. Louis, in the wagon with the other furniture. We keep our "cheers" in the kitchen, and we find that Becky Wallis's definition of them *i. e.*, "to sit on," don't tell the whole story now.

But don't you want to hear how we like it, out here, in this great country? Oh, happy as clams! and we haven't been homesick, either, only once in a while, when it seemed so queer getting "naturalized," that we couldn't help "keepin' up a terrible thinkin'." By the way, we were all sick last week,—no, not all; Emeline and the baby were not. George and Sarah and I all had the doctor at once. I was taken first, and had the most violent attack, and got well soonest. Our complaint was remittent fever, which is only another name for chills and fever, I suspect. I felt ashamed to get "the chills" so soon after coming here, and I believe the doctor was kind enough to call it something else. I did have one regular "chill," though; the blood settled under my nails, and though I didn't shake, I shivered "like I had the agey." That's our Western phraseology. Blue pills and quinine I thought would be the death of me; but I believe they cured me after all. I had to leave school for a week, but yesterday I commenced again.

My school! Oh, the times I do have there with the young Suckers! I have to walk rather more than a mile to it, and it is in just the most literal specimen of a log-cabin that you can form any idea of. 'Tis built of unhewn logs, laid "criss-cross," as we used to say down in the lane;

the chinks filled up with mud, except those which are not filled up "at all, at all," and the chimney is stuck on behind the house. The floor lies as easy as it can, on the ground, and the benches are, some of them (will you believe it?), very much like our sofa. They never had a school in this district before, and my "ideas" are beginning to "shoot" very naturally, most of them. I asked one new scholar yesterday how old she was. "Don't know," she said, "never was inside of a schoolhouse before." Another big girl got hold of my rubbers the other day, "Ouch," said she, "be them Ingin robbers? I never seen any 'fore." Some of them are bright enough to make up for all this, and on the whole I enjoy being "school-ma'am" very much. I have not seen a snake since I came here, and if I didn't have to pass through such a sprinkling of cattle on my way to school, I shouldn't have a morsel of trouble. Everybody turns his "cattle-brutes" out on the open prairie to feed, and they will get right into my path, and such a mooing and bellowing as they make! George has three big cows and two little ones, and two calves, and a horse, and ten hens, and a big pig and a little one: only the big pig has dug a subterranean passage, and "runned away." And I don't milk the cows, and I won't learn to, if I can help it, because they will be so impolite as to turn round and stare me in the face always when I go near them.

Talk to me about getting married and settling down here in the West! I don't do that thing till I'm a greater goose than I am now, for love nor money. It is a common saying here, that "this is a fine country for men and dogs, but women and oxen have to take it." The secret of it is that farmers' wives have to do all their work in one room, without any help, and almost nothing to work with. If ever I had the mind to take the vestal vow, it has been since I "emigrated." You'll see me coming back one of these years, a "right smart" old maid, my fat sides and cheeks shaking with "the agey," to the tune of "Oh, take your time, Miss Lucy!"

I've a good mind to give you a picture, for the sun is setting, and it makes me feel "sort o' romantic." Well, in the first place, make a great wide daub of green, away off as far as the sunset; streak it a little deeper, half-way there, for the wheat fields. A little to the right make a smooth, bluish green hill, as even as a potato hill,—that's the Blue Mound. A little one side, make a hundred little red, black, and white specks on the grass,—them's the "cattle-brutes." Right against the sun, you may make a little bit of a house, with one side of the roof hanging over like an umbrella,—that's Mr. Merritt's. And here, right before you, make a little white-washed log-cabin, with a Virginia fence all round it ever so far, and a bank on one side sloping down to a little brook, where honey-locust

trees a-plenty grow. Make it green in a great circle all round, just as if you were out at sea, where it's all blue; then put on a great round blue sky for a cover, throw in a very few clouds, and have a "picter," or part of one, of our prairie. . . . All send love. Your everlasting sister,

LUCY.

DANIEL DULANY ADDISON, *Lucy Larcom, Life, Letters, and Diary* (Boston, 1894), 32-36.

A STAGECOACH TRIP ACROSS ILLINOIS

Words cannot do justice to the beauty of the prairie we entered upon on crossing the Wabash into the State of Illinois: it was a sort of ocean of land, a few trees only being visible in some points of the horizon, as palms are seen in the distance on the desert plains of Egypt. We had now a fine smooth road over an uniform level, were moving through an interesting Indian country on a bright sunny day, and were in high spirits. On crossing the Embarras, a stream which intersects the prairie and flows into the Wabash, I saw a superb bed of bituminous coal in the bank, on a horizontal level, the extreme depth of which was not visible. The whole of the oolitic series of beds being wanting in the United States, the coal-fields of this country are generally found on the surface, a circumstance which will give the greatest facility for mining when coal comes into general use, which it must do when firewood becomes scarce and dear. In many places the coal will only require the simple operation of quarrying, as now practised in the anthracite beds of the Alleghany [*sic*] Mountains, which have been upheaved under circumstances almost justifying the opinion, that the coals in the western country, those in the mountains, and those on the Atlantic, were contemporaneous in their origin, and were at one time united in one field.

It is amusing to observe how the American settlers are doing their very best to corrupt all the French names of places: amongst the rest, they have poetically converted the Embarras into the Ambrosia. It was the custom of the French Canadians to abbreviate all their names. If they were going to the Arkansan Mountains, they would say they were going "Aux Arcs;" and thus these highlands have got the modern name of "Ozarks" from American travellers. "Aux Kaskaskias" the Canadians abbreviated into "Aux Kau;" and in passing through Illinois now you hear of the *Okau* River—a name, indeed, which has got into the maps. The whole country from Vincennes to the Mississippi is a dead flat, resembling some of the moors and wolds of England, occasionally interrupted with belts of trees, and swamps with swamp timber growing in

them. These belts of trees at particular distances seem to subdivide the general prairie; and you hear of the Six-mile Prairie, the Twelve-mile Prairie, and one near a small settlement called Carlisle is called the Twenty-mile Prairie. In other parts of the country you see no termination to the prairie on the horizon. Frequently the grouse (*Tetrao cupido*) start up almost under your feet, fine strong birds, but too heavy to fly far: of these a good sportsman could kill more than he could carry in a couple of hours. Deer also frequent these plains. I saw none myself; but a passenger on the top of the stage-coach saw several whilst I was looking at some land-shells.

After going over 140 miles of this kind of country we suddenly came to the edge of this prairie land, which was a sort of continuous bluff containing flat horizontal seams of coal, and descended from it to a lower level of rich black alluvial soil. We saw at once that we were now upon the ancient bottom of the Mississippi River, and that we were approaching the great stream which drains the immense district of upper country. Across this ancient bottom* of that once mighty stream we had now only six miles to travel before we should reach the present channel of the Mississippi, and pushing on after a tedious swampy drive at length got a glimpse of the river, which is here not quite a mile wide, and soon after reached the steam-boat ferry. Although the weather had been sultry all day, with scarce a breath of air stirring, we found a breeze approaching to a gale on the Mississippi, and in crossing found the water rather rough. Opposite to us was the city of St. Louis, with its churches and their steeples, the broad quays coming down to the water at a great inclination, the massive warehouses in front of them, and a prodigious number of steamers alongside the quay. Rejoicing that we had got to the extreme terminus of stage-coaching in safety, we now crossed this noble river, exceedingly gratified with the magnificent sight before us; indeed, the spectacle wanted but little aid from the imagination to make it one of the most pleasing we had ever met with.

G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, *Excursion through the Slave States* (London, 1844), I: 250-53.

KASKASKIA IN 1819

Monday, Nov. 15.—Remained in this inconsiderable village this day. Much disappointed in the appearance of the long-talked-of Kaskaskia. It is situated on the Okaw or Kaskaskia river, three miles from

* The country people call this alluvial strip on the east side of the river the *American bottom* from its having been, before the annexation of Louisiana, the limit of the United States. [This footnote is in the 1844 ed.]

the Mississippi. It never can be a place of much business. The land office is kept at this place. There are some neat buildings, but they are generally old, ugly and inconvenient. Their streets are irregular and of bad widths. The inhabitants are all generals, colonels, majors, land speculators or adventurers, with now and then a robber and a cutthroat. I have to keep my long knife sharp and my eyes open. Went to church at night. A fellow tried to pick my pocket. Had my hand upon my long knife.

Tuesday, Nov. 16.—Dr. Hill having business at the lead mine, I consented to wait until his return. Wanting amusement, I engaged in hunting. Among other game I wounded a parrot, an uncommonly handsome bird, with rich plumage. It appeared to possess all the sagacity of the tame parrot. When it was first wounded it made every effort to defend itself, but after remaining a captive for a short time it appeared pleased with every kind attention, as do the domesticated parrots of the West Indies. In hunting, passed over a field that contains 5,000 acres of land, principally under cultivation. This field is part of the American bottom and is the common property of all the French of Kaskaskia. This land produces from sixty to 120 bushels of corn to the acre. More fertile land I never beheld. The inhabitants are subject to intermittent fevers. At this time there are thousands of acres of this excellent land for sale at from \$4 to \$8 an acre, and a good proportion woodland. Dr. Hill not having returned on the 17th, I took a ride, the day being pleasant in consequence of a refreshing shower. Visited the governor's house, a miserable-looking old building, such as is found in the suburbs of towns. Crossed the great Okaw or Kaskaskia river. The water not knee-deep and about 100 yards wide. Visited the lieutenant-governor's house, which is situated across this stream, opposite and in sight of Kaskaskia. This is the best-looking house in the place. It is painted white, but stands alone, without garden, yard or ornament of any kind. A worm fence is run around the house to keep the pigs out of the first story. Col. Menard, the lieutenant-governor, is a coarse-looking Frenchman, with all the habits, manners and dress of the common . . . of Philadelphia. Visited the Indian king of the Kaskia Indians and his people, who reside about three miles from the village. This nation is now reduced to about thirty in number. Many years ago all the different tribes of Indians combined, fell upon the Kaskians when they were unprepared for battle, and cut to pieces all their warriors, except about fifteen, and most of their women and children. The king of this little nation is a fine, majestic-looking man, six feet high. He spoke French. Was polite and more gentlemanly in his deportment than some of those great men of the place. He was very much indisposed. I had the honor of prescribing for him. The names, manners and customs

of these people are such as are common among Indians, with this exception, that they are rather more comfortable as to living, etc. I was very much struck with the appearance of one of the young men. He is tall, straight, elegant and unassuming in his manners, has fine, regular features, and possesses as mild and intelligent a countenance as is to be found in more civilized life. His eyes are dark, expressive and beaming with goodness, instead of ferocity.

Thursday, Nov. 18.—Dr. Hill not having returned, time passed heavily on. Hunted occasionally and visited the king again. I found his state of health much improved. He was very polite. Conversed sensibly and invited me to hunt with him. I took the rounds amongst his people. Found them generally in bark huts, sitting flat on the floor, making moccasins, etc. As none but the chief could speak English, I was deprived of the pleasure of conversation. In one of these bark huts without a door (and placed at a considerable distance from the other lodges) sat a female who was recently confined. This female had retired to this cold and open hut during her indisposition. She was alone from choice, and held down her head at my approach and showed signs of disapprobation. How commendable the modesty, even in a savage! She was placed in the middle of the floor near a handful of coals, seated on a buffalo robe and thinly dressed. The day was cold and she was without any appearance of what we call comfort. A small mug of herb tea was her drink, and there was no food to be seen. This female had twin children, which is a remarkable occurrence amongst savages. These little strangers were bandaged tight from head to foot and lashed upon a board with one end sharpened for the convenience of the mother. Whenever she grows weary one end of the board is stuck into the ground and the children often are left for a considerable time. The appearance is singular, and would astonish those that had never seen the Indians' manner of treating their children. Indian children are white when born, their eyes very black. Their hair long, straight and black. Their features full and well-shaped with large, Roman noses. They look healthy and appear to live on one-half the nourishment which would be necessary for other children. During this visit I had an opportunity of seeing the king's daughter. She has adopted the civil dress and is polite and affable for a savage. She speaks but little English but speaks French fluently. Her father and self profess the Roman Catholic religion. This Indian is more comely than the rest of the females, but I have never been able to trace any lines of beauty about those children of the forest. This Indian king owns 2,000 acres of the American bottom. Part he rents out to advantage, and part he cultivates. He lives well and might live elegantly. I omitted to mention that Kaskaskia is the seat of

government, which gave me an opportunity of seeing all the heads of departments, governor lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, sheriffs, magistrates, etc. They are well suited to a new country and an infant state. . . .

Monday, Nov. 22, 1819.—This day breakfasted with Mr. R. Morrison and dined with Mr. W. Morrison. These gentlemen are wealthy and live in very comfortable style. Mrs. R. Morrison is one of the most intelligent women that I have conversed with, and possesses a lady's privilege, while Mrs. W. Morrison might rank, in point of beauty with some of the belles of Philadelphia. Dr. Hill having accomplished his business, we set out from Kaskia at 2 o'clock, after bidding a friendly farewell to many new friends made in this place. I must confess I found a few possessing so much more merit than I anticipated that I parted with them reluctantly. Traveled twelve miles, and arrived at Mme. LeCount's. We supped with a tableful of French. Not one of them could speak English. Pumpkins, spoiled venison and rancid, oily butter for supper, added to the odor of a few 'coons and opossums that were ripening in the sun, induced us to cut our comfort short. During the night I was taken ill with rheumatism. Bled myself largely. Set out at 6 o'clock in the morning rather better, though dull. Passed some small lakes full of ducks and geese. Saw seven deer, some wild turkeys and other game. Retraced our former steps. Passed Cahokia, a small and unimproving village, and arrived at the town of Illinois¹ at 7 o'clock p. m.

Wednesday, Nov. 24.—Crossed over to St. Louis to inquire for old friends or acquaintances from Philadelphia. Even an enemy would have been taken by the hand, but to my disappointment there was no arrival. Recrossed the Mississippi, and set out for Edwardsville. Passed some large lakes. Large and extremely fertile prairies, neat dwellings and good farms, well cultivated. Arrived at Edwardsville, a distance of twenty-two miles, at 7 o'clock. Edwardsville is a small but flourishing little village. Goods three prices. Labor high. Lands rich and the place thriving for an inland town.

RICHARD LEE MASON, *Narrative of Richard Lee Mason in the Pioneer West, 1819* (New York [1915]) 56-63.

LO, THE POOR POTAWATOMI

The features of the Pottawattomies are generally broad and coarse: their heads large, and their limbs fuller than the Osages. Among their warriors you rarely see one with the head shaved, retaining nothing but

¹ Illinoistown, now East St. Louis.

the scalp-lock. On the contrary, they wear it bushy and long, frequently plaited into long tails, sometimes hanging back in the nape of the neck, and at others over the face in front. Their skulls [*sic*] are remarkably flat behind.

Of their dress, made up as it is of a thousand varieties of apparel, but little general idea can be given. There is nothing among them that can be called a national costume. That has apparently long been done away with, or at least so far cloaked under their European [*sic*] ornaments, blankets, and finery, as to be scarcely distinguishable. Each seemed to clothe him or herself as best suited their individual means or taste. Those who possessed the means, where [*sic*] generally attired in the most fantastic manner, and the most gaudy colours. A blanket and breech-cloth was possessed with a very few exceptions by the poorest among the males. Most added leggings, more or less ornamented, made of blue, scarlet, green, or brown broad-cloth; and surcoats of every colour, and every material; together with rich sashes, and gaudy shawl or handkerchief-turbans.

All these diverse articles of clothing, with the embroidered petticoats and shawls of the richer squaws and the complicated head-dress, were covered with innumerable trinkets of all descriptions, thin plates of silver, beads, mirrors, and embroidery. On their faces, the black and vermilion paint was disposed a thousand ways, more or less fanciful and horrible. Comparatively speaking, the women were seldom seen gaily drest, and dandyism seemed to be more particularly the prerogative of the males, many of whom spent hours at the morning toilet. I remember seeing one old fool, who, lacking other means of adornment and distinction, had chalked the whole of his face and bare limbs white.

All, with very few exceptions, seemed sunk into the lowest state of degradation, though some missionary efforts have been made among them also, by the American Societies. The Pottawattomic language is emphatic; but we had no means of becoming acquainted with its distinctive character, or learning to what class of Indian tongues it belonged.

CHARLES J. LATROBE, *The Rambler in North America*,
1832-1833 (New York, 1835), II: 153-54.

THE FIRST GOLDEN WEDDING IN CHICAGO*

A startling caption, but nevertheless a true one! Last evening was celebrated the first Golden Wedding which has ever glistened in Chicago.

* This scrapbook item was sent to us by Mr. Bertram Hochmark of Park Ridge, Illinois. Mrs. Hochmark is the great-great-granddaughter of the couple whose golden wedding was celebrated on February 13, 1862, in Chicago.

The bridegroom, a hale, hearty, sprightly, happy veteran of seventy-five; the bride, a good, comely, motherly woman of the glorious old-fashioned style, renewing her youth, like the eagle, at seventy-three. [*Note that these ages are not confirmed by the birth dates given below.*] Who the bride and bridegroom are, the following explains:

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Heartt.

At Home

Thursday Evening, Feb. 13th, at 8 o'clock.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

The wedding, in pursuance of the above invitation, was celebrated at the residence of D. B. Heartt, Esq., No. 122 Buffalo street. A large company selected from the old settlers was in attendance. Among them we noticed Mayor Rumsey, Wm. H. Brown, Esq., ex-Sheriff John Gray, ex-Mayor Charles M. Gray, Capt. Geo. M. Gray, Thos. Church, Esq., John L. Wilson, Esq., William Jones, Esq., who came here in 1832; M. D. Ogden, Esq., Geo. Rumsey, Esq., Jerome Beecher, Esq., S. B. Cobb, Esq., and others, accompanied by their ladies. Our space forbids us to detail at length the old times that were recalled; the old stories that were told; the old friends who have gone on before and were remembered; the old dances at Miller's *log tavern*; the old chats at John Beaubien's log house; the old disputes with the troublesome Indians in their log cabins; the capital supper that was spread upon the thrifty housewife's board; and the *gay old* mirth and jollity that prevailed until a late hour. We leave these to the imaginations of our readers, and present a few data of the hero and heroine of the Golden Wedding.

Mr. Heartt was born at West Troy, N. Y., September 29th, 1787; Mrs. Heartt *nee* Jane Callender, was born at Sheffield, Mass., Nov. 15th, 1788. They were married at Poultney, Vt., on the 6th of February, 1812, (the golden wedding having been postponed a week,) and have resided in this city since 1836. Six children—all now living—have blessed their household. They are William, aged forty-nine; Robert, aged forty-five; Abraham, aged forty-three (and now Sergeant of gun No. 1, in Taylor's Battery, which gun he served with daring bravery in the Belmont fight;) Emma, whose age it would be impolite to mention; Chauncey, aged thirty-nine; and George, aged thirty-seven—making an average of forty-two years. Thirty-three grandchildren, twenty-three of whom cluster around their knees, make their old age beautiful with past memories and present joys. Surely it were hard to find a genealogical tree more majestic in its outspreadings, more thrifty in its growth and beautiful in its fruition.

The year in which this aged couple were married calls up recollections of Chicago as it then was. It was the year of The Massacre, when twenty-six men, ten women, and twelve children of tender years, fell victims to the tomahawks of the treacherous Indians. Then John Miller's log tavern at the forks of the river, the houses of John Kinzie and Dr. Wolcott, Fort Dearborn, the log cabins of three or four Indian traders, and the rude wigwams of roving Indians constituted Chicago. The old couple have lived to see a magical change; a great city holding the keys of the trade and commerce of the West; the dispenser of the rich products of the Mississippi Valley; well grounded in all the elements of success, and with a future as brilliant as the past has been wonderful. We trust that many years of happiness still await the old couple; that their faculties may long remain unimpaired, and that as their twilight fades into evening, and night darkens upon them, it shall be the close of a life as perfect and rounded as a star.

Chicago Tribune, February 14, 1862.



VICTIM OF THE VICKSBURG SIEGE

The scarcity of food in Vicksburg just before the city surrendered to General Grant on July 4, 1863, forced some drastic dietary changes—but it failed to dim at least one writer's sense of humor. The following account is from a "wall-paper edition" of *The Daily Citizen* dated July 2, 1863:

VICTIMIZED.—We learned of an instance wherein a "knight of the quill" and a disciple of the "black art" with malice in their hearts and vengeance in their eyes, ruthlessly put a period to the existence of a venerable feline, that has for time not within the recollection of

the "oldest inhabitant," faithfully discharged the duties to be expected of him, to the terror of sundry vermin in his neighborhood. Poor defunct Thomas was then prepared, not for the grave but the pot, and several friends invited to partake of a nice rabbit. As a matter of course no one would wound the feelings of another, especially in these times, by refusing a cordial invitation to dinner, and the guests assisted in consuming the poor animal with a relish that did honor to their epicurean tastes. The "sold" assure us that meat was delicious, and that pussey must look out for her safety.

BOOK REVIEWS

Ozark Folksongs. Collected and edited by Vance Randolph. (State Historical Society of Missouri: Columbia, Mo., 1948. Pp. 436. \$3.75.)

This second volume of *Ozark Folksongs*, a collection which will be complete in four volumes, includes some 200 ballads and songs with their variants. Diligently brought together over a period of years by Vance Randolph, they are arranged in various subject groups. One category includes songs about murderers and outlaws, the "bad man" theme which has always haunted folk singers. Another division comprises western songs and ballads. There are also sections given over to Civil War songs, to Negro and pseudo-Negro songs, and to temperance songs. While these categories are by no means exhaustive, the materials available to the compiler were so rich that a volume of over four hundred pages was necessary for their presentation.

Since folk songs are fundamentally the lyric expression of a people, their themes are seldom recondite and their diction is simple. Usually they reflect common emotions or tell the story of familiar figures. Popular ballads record celebrated events or use heroes and bad men as their protagonists. To Ozark folk singers the names of Cole Younger, Sam Bass, and the James brothers are well known, but this company of highwaymen is joined by William Brennan of County Cork, whose exploits the Illinois-born ballad singer Burl Ives has sung to large audiences. Six variant versions of the Frankie-and-Johnny story are printed, and the editor has supplied for this song a bibliographical and chronological introduction of a thousand words.

Among the western songs included here are many old favorites, "Oh Bury Me Not On the Lone Prairie," "Joe Bowers," "Sweet Betsy from Pike," and some of the more innocuous verses of "The Old Chisholm Trail" (on page 174 the song title is misspelled "Chrisholm"!). "The Bonnie Blue Flag" finds a place among the Civil War songs side-by-side with much more unfamiliar celebrations of events at Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Pea Ridge, Arkansas, where the most important battle to be fought in Ozark territory took place on March 7, 1862. The fifty-four Negro songs outnumber the items in any other group and include work songs,

spirituals, and minstrel ditties. As Mr. Randolph points out, Negroes are not numerous in the Ozark region so that these songs seem less indigenous than many of the others. But it is good to have variant texts of "Shortenin' Bread," "Old Zip Coon," and "One More River." The temperance songs, largely because of their excessive didacticism, are the least interesting and the least effective items in the collection. The last song included is the egregious "Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine."

In such a compilation one should not expect striking originality or artistry. Novelties in folk song are either quickly moribund or become standard repertory items and hence widely known. But to those who have not had the good fortune of listening to Mr. Randolph's soloists, many of these Ozark songs will prove new and attractive. The editor has frequently provided the music as well as the words, and he has carefully indicated the informant who furnished him with each song as well as the printed sources wherever such sources exist. Mr. Randolph has done for the Ozark region, a region as rich in folklore as any other part of the country, what other investigators have done for the Blue Ridge, the Cumberland, the Michigan pineries, the Indiana backwoods. Folk song enthusiasts will be grateful to him.

University of Illinois.

JOHN T. FLANAGAN.

The Lee Papers: A Saga of Midwestern Journalism. By Colleagues and Associates. With an Introduction and a Preliminary Statement by Laura Anna Lee. (Star-Courier Press: Kewanee, Ill., 1947. Pp. xii, 419. \$7.50.)

This is the handsomely-printed and richly-illustrated story of a group of ten Middle-Western newspapers, one of which is the *Kewanee Star-Courier* whose able press is credited with publication. The other papers concerned are the *Ottumwa Courier*, the *Davenport Democrat*, *Muscatine Journal*, *Davenport Times*, and *Mason City Globe-Gazette* in Iowa, *La Crosse Tribune* and *Wisconsin State Journal* (Madison) in Wisconsin, the *Hannibal Courier-Post* in Missouri, and the *Lincoln Star* in Nebraska. Together they form the Lee Syndicate.

But as a "syndicate" the Lee papers are a law unto themselves. The introduction affords the information that there is no corporate existence, no syndicate bank account. While Samuel Philip Adler, now seventy-five years old, is the over-all president, each of the ten papers has a variety of stockholders. No editor takes orders "from someone higher up." One is Republican, another Democratic. One is progressive, another conservative. News treatment and evaluation depend on the ideas of the individual editors.

The twenty-page section on the *Kewanee Star-Courier* tells much of the history of that thriving "boiler city" in northern Illinois. Both text and pictures present the \$2,500,000 business district fire of 1942 whose scars have now been eliminated by rebuilding. One of the interesting facts told concerns the impress which Lincoln made on Kewanee and Henry County in his 1858 campaign against Douglas for the senatorship. The county, so this book avers, has never gone Democratic in a presidential election, and Kewanee itself gave Franklin D. Roosevelt a majority of just one vote in 1932! Kewanee, incidentally, is the Winnebago word for "prairie chicken."

Miss Laura Anna Lee, who writes the preliminary statement, is a daughter of the founder, the late Alfred Wilson Lee, who made his mark as publisher of the *Ottumwa Courier*, first of the papers. Illinois names which figure in the saga include such journalists as Harry Hansen and Robert Lee of the *Chicago Tribune*. A chapter with particularly wide appeal is that on the *Hannibal Courier-Post*, the paper to which Mark Twain, in 1853, contributed "To Miss Katie in H—l," a bit of verse which much embarrassed the real Miss Katie.

Collinsville.

IRVING DILLIARD.

The American Past: A History of the United States from Concord to Hiroshima, 1775-1945. By Roger Butterfield. (Simon & Schuster: New York, 1947. Pp. xii, 476. \$10.)

Look at America: The Midwest. By the Editors of Look. (Houghton Mifflin Company: Boston, 1947. Pp. 392. \$5.00.)

While both these books have received widespread notice, it is in order to record in this *Journal* that each has references to Illinois. Roger Butterfield's picture book of American history has photographs and cartoons of Lincoln and Civil War figures, including a picture of Grant without a beard. Lovejoy, Altgeld, Bryan, George M. Pullman, Uncle Joe Cannon; and other Prairie State personages come into its pages. Stephen A. Douglas is described as "a fountain of tobacco juice and spread eagle oratory."

The second book, also primarily a collection of pictures, covers the eight states of Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio, in *Look* magazine's series of regional picture guides. It contains a three-page textual account of Chicago followed by fifteen pages of Chicago pictures, and a page of text on New Salem with five views of the village of Lincoln's youth.

Since there are no other pictures of Illinois, the field for a real picture book of this state is still wide open. Imagine a picture book of the heart

of America without a view of Lorado Taft's great figure of Black Hawk, the Emancipator's home in Springfield, or the 150-year-old church of the early French settlers at Cahokia!

Collinsville.

IRVING DILLIARD.

Colonel Dick Thompson: The Persistent Whig. By Charles Roll. (Indiana Historical Bureau: Indianapolis, 1948. Pp. xvi, 315. \$2.50.)

This is a very prosaic account of the life of Richard Wigginton Thompson, the nineteenth-century Hoosier lawyer and politician. He was born in historic Culpeper County, Virginia, in 1809 and moved to Indiana in 1831. He lived for a time in Bedford, but finally he settled permanently in Terre Haute where he died in 1900.

Thompson was an interesting personality, a charming "good neighbor," a silver-tongued orator of the old school, an honest politician, an inefficient businessman, and a fairly successful lawyer. He was not a great statesman, although as Secretary of the Navy under President Hayes he exhibited executive ability that he had previously failed to display. He enjoyed the dust, the sweat, and the oratory of the political campaign but he showed little eagerness for public office and consequently he was at his best when promoting a friend, rather than himself, for a political post. His experiences in Congress in the 1840's convinced him that real happiness was to be found in the quiet life of Terre Haute and not in the turbulent arena of national politics.

Thompson is interesting to the historian primarily because of his associations with the major political leaders of the nineteenth century. He knew Lincoln well and during the days of the Civil War he was a frequent visitor at the White House. On these informal occasions the President and Thompson talked far into the night, usually with Thompson lying on a sofa while Lincoln sat near by with his feet propped up on a chair or lounge. He came in contact with Webster, Toombs, Rhett, Tyler, Harrison, Taylor, Polk, Johnson, Grant, and other prominent men of the times. His idol, of course, was Henry Clay, the patron saint of the Whig Party, and in 1842 Thompson was one of many enthusiastic Whig leaders who took the stump for "our Harry of the West."

While Thompson was a "persistent Whig" he was rather inconsistent in other respects. He approved the Lincoln plan of reconstruction but after the President's assassination he gave his approval to congressional reconstruction. This was in opposition to his pro-Southern bias of long standing. As a member of the Hayes cabinet he made another about face and backed the President's program to pacify the South. This

tendency to bend with the breeze apparently made little impression on Mr. Roll since he has recorded these vacillations with little, if any, comment. As a matter of fact, Mr. Roll, himself, is guilty of several inconsistencies. A typical example is the statement (p. 236) that Thompson's acts as Secretary of the Navy "met with instant approval throughout the country" which is contradicted (p. 242) by the assertion that his work "thus far described . . . was not such as to attract widespread attention."

The book is well documented and gives evidence of considerable research. However, it would seem that the varied and frequently rich materials could have been put together with a little more artistry. The earlier chapters in particular lack continuity.

Monmouth College.

F. GARVIN DAVENPORT.

Michigan, From Primitive Wilderness to Industrial Commonwealth. By M. M. Quaife and Sidney Glazer. (Prentice-Hall, Inc.: New York, 1948. Pp. viii, 374. \$5.35.)

This book is one of the Prentice-Hall state history series. The content is fairly evenly divided between the history of Michigan prior to admission to the Union, written by Dr. Quaife, and the subsequent history of the state through World War II, written by Professor Glazer. This division and the dual authorship leave the impression on the reader that he has read two separate works. The first half of this compact history is written without undue compression, while the more recent period—involving a more complex society, a multitude of events crying to be recorded, trends to be noted, and personalities pleading for portrayal by the historian—is pared down to a skeletal residue.

The central location of Michigan in the empire of the French has impelled—and with a happy result, it should be added—the author of the first section to allot nearly three-fifths of his portion to a recapitulation of French exploration, settlement, and Indian relations. The canvas is so large, the characters so few, the actions of such herioc proportions, that, even in the limited space, the author has been able to preserve perspective and characterization in a fast-moving narrative. The English and territorial periods are developed in a similar style.

"The Developing Commonwealth," the portion dealing with the one hundred and twelve years of statehood, presents the author with a different and more difficult problem. The infinite variety found within a modern society compels the writer to focus the attention of his reader upon separate facets of the Michigan story in fine chapters on lumbering, the railroads, and the automobile, to name a few, and to concentrate the political narrative into eight brief chapters. All in all, the important

elements necessary to an understanding of Michigan history have survived the rigorous selection. One can only regret that limitations of space permit such redoubtable characters as Zachariah Chandler, James Couzens, and Henry Ford to make their entrances and their exits as little more than names, and exclude Father Coughlin and Benjamin Purnell altogether.

Each chapter has a convenient summary of bibliographical notes. Six maps grace the text, and a list of the governors of Michigan is appended.

Illinois College.

JOHN S. WRIGHT.

Time in the Timber. By C. M. Oehler. (Minnesota Historical Society, 1948. Pp. 56. \$1.00.)

The deep forests of our Northwest have for a hundred years been the scene of the greatest logging operations in history. Armies of loggers have moved through these forests. Their hard and lonely life is realistically and interestingly described by Mr. Oehler. Needing money for college tuition, he spent the summer of 1928 as a clerk in several Minnesota logging camps, and now tells the story of his experiences.

Most of the loggers were immigrants—Finns, Czechs, Swedes—whose language and customs were not yet Americanized. Many were drifters who went from camp to camp, from job to job, from state to state, from town to woods and back again, as the spirit moved them.

Camp life was dull. Many of the men worked all day in virtual solitude. Conversation at mealtime was taboo. Evenings were spent in sitting around, doing nothing. There was no gambling, as the men were not paid until they quit. There was little conversation, there was no reading matter. On Sunday, the washhouse was the center of activity, as the men washed themselves and their clothes, and "boiled up" the blankets to discourage the perennial bedbugs.

The only break in the monotony of life came with a trip to town. The logger would quit, draw his accumulated pay, and head for town and the nearest "blind pig." Liquor and women made short work of the pay envelope. Then he would go back to the old camp, or a new one, boast of having spent two hundred dollars in two days, and the dreary cycle would begin again.

Though his descriptions of the big woods emphasize their fascination, Mr. Oehler strips much of the Paul Bunyan glamour from the logger. His pamphlet is publication No. 2 of the *Forest Products History Foundation Series*.

Northwestern University.

HELEN ELIZABETH KOLB.

Mr. Lincoln's Whiskers: A Play in One Act. By Adrian Scott. (Greenberg: New York, 1948. Pp. 62. \$1.00.)

The Pueblo Indians teach their children to name their dolls for the gods. In fact, the dolls—kachinas they are called—are little replicas of the gods themselves. The Indians maintain that this custom makes the children familiar with the gods from earliest childhood. Medicine men say that youngsters never outgrow this affection. Instead, the pull of early memories becomes constantly stronger with age.

If the Indians are right, then there is some excuse for historical fiction like *Mr. Lincoln's Whiskers*. Children find out that their parents have deceived them about Santa Claus and hold no grudge, so it is safe to say that children who see this play will grow up and be equally charitable. Perhaps, as with the kachinas, childhood intimacy with Lincoln may stimulate a search for truth in later years.

The story of Lincoln and Grace Bedell is short and simple. The little girl wrote to Lincoln from Westfield, New York, and suggested that he raise a beard. Lincoln made a classic reply—and let his beard grow. On the way to Washington he is reported to have kissed the little girl when her parents held her up in the crowd at Westfield.

In the play by Adrian Scott, the story becomes more complex. Gracie's father is a would-be politician seeking an appointment. He goes down to meet the train, leaving his daughter at home alone. While he is gone, Lincoln himself comes to the house and visits Gracie. Down at the station her father fails to find the President-elect and fears that he has lost his job. But Lincoln, after his pleasant visit with the little girl, tells the county chairman to make her father postmaster. Of course the playwright does not call the little girl Gracie Bedell, but her identity is obvious. The drama in the skit is good, the dialogue sharp and witty. People who don't mind telling their children about Santa Claus will like the book.

J. M.

Subject Bibliography of Wisconsin History. Compiled by Leroy Schlinkert. (State Historical Society of Wisconsin: Madison, 1947. Pp. xx, 213.)

This work is designed as a guide to Wisconsin history and it is presented as a publication for Wisconsin's centennial year. The compiler does not number the various publications on his list but there must be about 3,500 of them. The titles are grouped under topics such as geography, climate, wild life, Indians, exploration and settlement, immigration, government, the Civil War, education, religion, cultural activities,

social and economic problems, business, industry and agriculture. The reader who wants material on any of these subjects will find it arranged alphabetically for him.

The compiler, Leroy Schlinkert, was formerly employed by the Wisconsin Historical Society but is now on the staff of the Library of Congress. A tremendous amount of work goes into a compilation of this kind and no two people would make the same selections. The student using this bibliography for the first time may miss an evaluation of the material cited and the number of pages to be expected in the books listed. He may wish for more than the title and its facts of publication, but with careful reading it is surprising how much the stark quotations in this bibliography impart. The lack of an index is a more serious fault. Under the present arrangement it becomes very tedious for a student to find the work of any author. A half-remembered article cannot be located without surmising the topic under which it may be listed and hunting there for it. This fault will reduce the general usefulness of the work, but the impressive list of titles remains as a basic source which every Wisconsin historian will want to study before commencing his research.

J. M.

Idols of Egypt. Edited by Will Griffith. (Egypt Book House: Carbondale Ill., 1947. Pp. 201. \$3.00.)

Here in one book the reader may find biographical sketches of twelve Illinois Egyptians who helped make the United States great. The authors know their subjects and, themselves, are also people who have helped to make Egypt great.

Four of the stories are by Will Griffith. The book opens with his account of William Jennings Bryan. The second biography deals with William E. Borah, Lion of Idaho, who was born in Wayne County, Illinois. The third man on Will Griffith's list is William McAndrew. Born, reared, and buried in Egypt, McAndrew reached the honored position of President of Southern Illinois University. The general editor's fourth biographee is Joseph R. Harker, English miner who became president of Illinois Female Academy—MacMurray College.

Barbara Burr Hubbs has contributed three biographies to the volume. She begins with Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous agnostic. Although not born in Illinois the great Bob lived in Egypt for several years before moving to Peoria. Mrs. Hubbs's second article describes Senator Elias Kent Kane, who came to Kaskaskia in the territorial days. A member of the constitutional convention, Kane was Illinois' first Secretary of State, and

also first U. S. Senator. The third subject in Mrs. Hubbs's list is Daniel Pope Cook, first Attorney General and "idol of Egypt when Egypt was Illinois." The state's most populous county today bears his name.

The life stories of other Egyptian idols are told by Virginia Caldwell McAndrew, Richard Beyer, and Josephine Crist Thompson. The first of these three biographers describes Mrs. John A. Logan, wife of the famous general and Illinois statesman. Dick Beyer writes about Morris Birkbeck, founder of the English settlement that had so much influence on Illinois' early history. Josephine Thompson gives proper, although belated, recognition to the pioneer team, James and Sarah Lusk, early ferry operators who helped pioneers enter Illinois from Kentucky. Their famous ferry has been owned by members of the family for 150 years.

Three other writers have contributed biographies to this interesting volume. Katharine Quick Griffith tells about the ornithologist from Southern Illinois, Robert Ridgway, who, as a member of the Smithsonian staff, wrote extensively about birds and was consulted concerning wing structures when the first airplanes were designed a half century ago.

Josephine and Scerial Thompson conclude the collection with the story of Green Berry Raum, Civil War general and post-war politico. A loyal Union man, Raum fathered the Republican Party in the days when southern Illinois was considered part of the Solid South, and authored several books in Illinois history at the same time. These biographical sketches, twelve in all, fill two hundred pages with unusually interesting state history.

Well written and authentic, this book should be read by all Illinoisans.

J. M.

By These Things Have I Lived. By Dorothy Lamon Teillard. (Lincoln Memorial University Press: Harrogate, Tenn., 1948. Pp. 176. \$3.50.)

A book today by someone who remembered riding in a carriage with Lincoln would of itself be a rarity. Any book by the daughter of Ward Hill Lamon would be something to look into. People of eighty-nine do not often write books. Certainly they rarely turn out such charming little volumes as this. But then the author is a most unusual woman.

Robert L. Kincaid, whose friendship with Madame Teillard began in February, 1945, has written the foreword. Inspired by her reminiscences, Mr. Kincaid persuaded her to publish this little book, which he suggested should be in the nature of a "spiritual autobiography." This

comprises a little more than one-third of the volume. It is principally impressionistic and deals with her travels and life abroad.

More than seventy-six years ago, Dorothy Lamon began to keep scrapbooks and notebooks in which she copied the inspired words from the books and articles she read. These "jottings," as she calls them, comprise nearly two-thirds of the book. Under the heading "Inspirational Gleanings," she has classified such subjects as: religion, music, humor, happiness, old age, to mention just a few.

These selections reveal as much of the character of Dorothy Lamon Teillard—her tastes, her beliefs, her hopes—as she tells in the brief story of her life. The reading of good books has influenced her deeply. Words of wit and wisdom have been lamps along her pathway. By these things she has lived, and as a person thinketh in his heart, so is he.

S. A. W.

Early Chicago as Seen by a Cartoonist. Cartoonist Ralph E. Wilder. By Charles S. Winslow. (Published by the Author: Chicago, 1947. Pp. 276. \$2.00.)

In September, 1903, Chicago celebrated the centenary of the founding of Fort Dearborn, and the city devoted a week to memories of earlier days. "Prior to this," says Charles S. Winslow, "Ralph E. Wilder, a commercial artist, had drawn a series of cartoons for Swift and Company to portray in a humorous way some of the events of the preceding century." These cartoons were first used in connection with advertisements for a brand of soap. They met with such popularity that the company issued them in a small booklet for the Fort Dearborn centennial in 1903.

These humorous drawings, thirty-three in number, form the basis for chapters on Chicago's history from 1673 to 1871. The occasions about which the pictures were made give the author a chance to write entertaining sketches about a wide variety of topics related to Chicago. There is a short chapter on the first drawbridge; an article on the appellation "the Garden City"; one on the first permanent public schoolhouse, "Miltimore's Folly"; and chapters on the River and Harbor Convention, the first run of the "Pioneer" on the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, the first gas lights in the city, and the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860, to name only a few. Although its external appearance is rather textbookish, the little volume is well printed on good paper. This is a different approach to history and an entertaining assortment of Chicagoana.

S. A. W.

Chicago Stage: Its Records and Achievements. Volume One. By Robert L. Sherman. (Published by the Author: Chicago, 1947. -Pp. 792. \$7.50.)

This is the first volume of a set of three which the author intends to issue on the history of the Chicago stage. Volume one covers the period from 1834 to 1871. It represents a long labor of love and research in the libraries of Chicago. Much of the material has been obtained from newspaper files.

At times the author gets a bit discursive—he has been in the theatrical business for fifty years, and many facts bring up a reminiscence or comment of his own or a story he has heard. The book is also a bit bulky, though not unhandy, due to the fact that it has been printed by a process of reproducing typewritten manuscript. One wishes, too, that the index were more complete, particularly for names of actors. But the book does tell of the early theaters in Chicago, the plays presented in them and the casts. Nowhere else can be found, in definitive form, so much on the Chicago stage from 1834 to 1871. Anyone who wishes to obtain a copy should write to Robert L. Sherman, 2730 Windsor Avenue, Chicago 25, Illinois.

S. A. W.

The History of Randolph County, Illinois, Including Old Kaskaskia Island. By E. J. Montague. (Copied by Elizabeth Pinkerton Leighty, Sparta, Ill., 1948. Mimeographed. Pp. 158.)

It is especially gratifying to have a new copy of this old and rare county history, for, in its mimeographed form, there is an index. Randolph County, and particularly Kaskaskia, may be said to be the cradle of Illinois history. Montague's *Directory, Business Mirror, and Historical Sketches of Randolph County*, published in 1859, is a scarce item, indeed.

The task of copying in its entirety has been done by Mrs. Elizabeth Pinkerton Leighty. Her purpose was twofold: to promote the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution in preserving old historic records, and to place copies of this scarce old book throughout the country so that the information it contains will be available to the greatest number of people. Mrs. Finley C. Pinkerton of Sparta, Illinois, and historian of the Fort Chartres Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution prepared the index.

In addition to the material in Montague's volume, there is a sketch of "Zebediah Barker, III, Revolutionary Soldier," by Mrs. Charles Gordon, and a list of "Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Randolph County, Illinois," taken from Harriet J. Walker's *Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Illinois* (Los Angeles, 1917), pages 121-30.

S. A. W.



NEWS AND COMMENT

This new heading for News and Comment appeared first in *Punch's Almanack* for 1865. We plan using the September, December, and March headings in this almanac for the corresponding months in which our *Journal* appears. The September-October heading for our next issue is unusually amusing. The artist, John Tenniel, became famous with his illustrations in the most popular edition of *Alice in Wonderland*.

Our front cover illustration for this issue is a cartoon by Peter Newell and the people he caricatures in it were prominent citizens of Jacksonville in the 1880's. For the names of these men and the story of this drawing see the article, "Peter S. Newell, Cartoonist" by Mabel Hall Goltra, on page 140 of this issue.



Historic Cairo and scenic Egypt drew some seventy members of the Illinois State Historical Society and their guests to the Society's Annual Spring Tour on May 14 and 15. Headquarters were at the Hotel Cairo where the group registered Friday afternoon, May 14.

The formal program opened with a dinner meeting at 6:30 P.M., in the Cairo Masonic Temple. An excellent meal was prepared by ladies of the Order of the Eastern Star. The invocation was given by the Rev. M. L. Sullins, minister of the Methodist Church at Cuba, Illinois. At the speakers' table where Irving Dilliard, president of the Illinois State Historical Society, presided were: Mayor Egbert A. Smith, of Cairo; Mr. and Mrs. Will Griffith, of the Greater Egypt Association and editors of the *Egyptian Key*; Mrs. Evelyn Snyder, librarian of the Cairo Public Library; and Mrs. J. P. Schuh, a civic leader, and for many years a member of the Cairo Public Library Board.

Mayor Smith made the address of welcome and told of the work to be done on the levees and of the proposed reconstruction of Camp De-

fiance. Will Griffith spoke briefly of the route to be taken on the tour and of the significance of the places to be visited. Mrs. Snyder described the Cairo Public Library's collection, which is particularly rich in the early history of our state and the Civil War period. The Cairo Barber Shop Quartet entertained during the evening with several well-rendered selections in characteristic close harmony.

Saturday, May 15, dawned dark and dreary, but shortly after 8:30 A.M. two chartered busses and a number of private cars, preceded by a state police escort, started on a tour of historic and scenic Egypt. The first stop was at Mound City where boats of the western fleet of the Union Army in the Civil War were repaired.

Shortly after the visitors left this historic town, the rain descended and continued almost without interruption until the caravan returned to Cairo in the late afternoon. Along state route 37, the tour continued to Marion, thence past Crab Orchard Lake, to Giant City State Park. Here, in the beautiful lodge, luncheon awaited the travelers. Because of the weather the trip through the park could not be made.

The return trip included Carbondale, seat of Southern Illinois University. Then the busses proceeded to Alto Pass. Clouds, rain, and thunder could not conceal the beauty of this spot. Next a stop was made at picturesque Jonesboro. Here, a granite marker, almost covered with vines, shows where Lincoln and Douglas had their third historic debate.

Two miles south of Jonesboro, in a peaceful valley, stands an old wooden church. Now abandoned and in danger of destruction unless the state or some history-loving individual is able to purchase and maintain it, this beautiful and well-preserved building was for many years the spiritual home of the sturdy German settlers in the area. It was dedicated long ago as St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church.

At 4:30 P.M., shortly after the busses returned to Cairo, the sun came out. A rainbow appeared beyond the muddy junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi. The members of the Society were driven across the Father of Waters and back. Then they were taken on a tour of Cairo. Mr. David V. Lansden, who practices law in the same office used by three generations of his family, accompanied the party and explained the points of interest along the levee and in the magnolia-shaded streets of old Cairo. This was, indeed, one of the high lights of the tour.

Special thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Will Griffith for their careful attention to the many details of the program and to the Greater Egypt Association through whose courtesy the bus trip was provided free to members of the Society.

At a meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society the Directors

passed a resolution recommending that all steps be taken to preserve the old bank building on Ohio Street in Cairo which was used as headquarters by General Grant during the Civil War.



Following are the resolutions in part, proposed by the committee consisting of Herbert S. Schell, chairman, Carl C. Rister, and Culver H. Smith and adopted by the Mississippi Valley Historical Association at its recent meeting:

The members of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association wish to express their appreciation and gratitude to the following sponsoring organizations for the excellent hospitality and consideration shown the membership during the session of the Forty-first Annual Meeting held April 22-24, 1948, at Rock Island, Illinois: Augustana College, Rock Island Chamber of Commerce, Augustana Book Concern, Illinois State Historical Society, The State Historical Society of Iowa, Rock Island County Historical Society, Augustana Historical Society, Quad-City Association for Social Studies.

The Association, further, offers its thanks to the Committee on Local Arrangements for the extraordinary success of the convention. In this connection the membership feels that special credit is due to the Chairman, Professor O. F. Ander, for his untiring efforts, unfailling courtesies, sense of good humor, and unusual attention to details, all of which have served to make this an unusually enjoyable and profitable meeting.

Finally, the Association expresses its appreciation to Professor John D. Barnhart, Chairman, and all other members of the Program Committee, as well as other members of the Association outside the committee who have contributed, for a program of variety and great interest.



Old Illinois Houses, by John Drury, is scheduled for fall publication by the Illinois State Historical Society as *Occasional Publication* No. 51 for distribution to all members. The Society is particularly fortunate in securing this book for its members since it is the third volume by Mr. Drury on his favorite subject. His *Old Chicago Houses* was published in 1941 by the University of Chicago Press and his *Historic Midwest Houses* (University of Minnesota Press) was on many recent best-seller lists. *Old Illinois Houses* will contain illustrated chapters on approximately 100

houses. Although these articles appeared several years ago as a weekly series in the *Chicago Daily News* they have been thoroughly revised and brought up to date for publication in book form.



The Chicago and North Western Railway is celebrating its centennial this year. On May 1, the "centennial train" started a tour of fifty communities. This exhibit features the original locomotive, the "Pioneer," which pulled the first train out of Chicago on October 25, 1848. Following its tour of the North Western system the train will be one of the attractions at the "Chicago Railroad Fair" which is to open on Chicago's lake front about the middle of July.

This "Railroad Fair" will be a colorful national exposition showing the growth of the nation and the railway industry. Major Lenox R. Lohr, who was general manager of the Century of Progress Exposition, is director of the fair.



The centenary of the settlement of the Middle West by Swedish immigrants is being celebrated throughout the area with a great variety of commemorative programs. Many events are under the direction of the Swedish Pioneer Centennial Association. The first program in the Chicago area was the concert of the Svithiod Singing Club at Orchestra Hall on April 16. Art exhibits, displays of historical items, choral presentations, banquets, and a great open-air festival in Chicago are planned.



Still another centennial for 1948 commemorates the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. Celebrations began on April 23, the one-hundredth anniversary of the first boat trip on the canal, and continued through May and June. Representative J. Ward Smith, of Ottawa, is chairman of the Illinois and Michigan Canal Commission, created by the last General Assembly. One of the duties of this commission is to "arrange, organize and participate in activities commemorating the 100th anniversary of the opening of the canal."



Mrs. Eugenia Jones Hunt, widow of George Hunt, Illinois Attorney General from 1885 to 1893, died last November at the home of her daughter.

ter, Mrs. Cuthbert C. Adams, in Winnetka, at the age of 101. Mrs. Hunt lived in Springfield as a girl and recalled seeing Lincoln many times. The Illinois State Historical Library has a manuscript copy of "My Personal Recollections of Abraham and Mary Todd Lincoln," by Mrs. Hunt. This was written while the author was in her ninety-seventh year and was donated to the Library on February 1, 1945. It was published in part in the *Abraham Lincoln Quarterly* of March, 1945.



The board of the Aurora Historical Society had an opportunity in March to see "Memories of Yesterday," a series of pictures—nearly 100 kodachrome slides—which were taken by Vernon Derry of the Society's museum exhibits. This program takes the museum to persons who do not or can not come to it. It is available to all interested groups.



At the March meeting in Belvidere of the Boone County Historical Society arrangements were made to provide transportation to meetings for members desiring it. A membership drive is also planned.



Many interesting exhibits have been featured at the Chicago Historical Society in recent months. Photographic enlargements of some of the letters from the Lincoln papers in the Library of Congress were shown in February and March. An exhibit of valentines of a century ago was also shown in February, and in March a display of sheet music recalled songs of the sea exploits of the last century. Beginning on May 2, the Society had a special centennial exhibit of material concerning the Swedish pioneers in the Middle West which included the paintings of Olaf Krans.



The West Side Historical Society (Chicago) featured the history of West Division High School at its March meeting. Robert Jamieson gave a historical sketch of the school—the first public high school on the West Side. Bernard Baer is president of the group.



The annual meeting of the Historical Society of Woodlawn (Chicago) was held on February 13. Officers for the coming year are: George

J. Fleming, president; Mrs. Netta B. Goss, vice-president; Mrs. J. Max Harris, recording secretary; Miss Mildred Waters, corresponding secretary; Frank Phillis, treasurer. New directors are: Mrs. E. J. Chladek, E. A. Clecton, and Miss Margaret Huleatte. The program, under the direction of Mr. Fleming, was devoted principally to a discussion of hour historical societies in the area. Mr. George Abel spoke on the South Shore Historical Society, Mrs. Roger Neeson on the Englewood Historical Association, John C. Penn on the Calumet Pioneers Society, and Mrs. Chladek on the Historical Society of Woodlawn.



Mrs. Virginia Skinner read a paper on the old French towns of Bourbonnais and St. Anne, near Kankakee, at the April meeting of the Edwards County Historical Society. In May, Mrs. Walter Tribe spoke on conveyances of bygone days.



Dr. Winston H. Tucker, Evanston commissioner of health, spoke at the March meeting of the Evanston Historical Society. His topic was "Public Health Aspects of Cancer Control."

The Society is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this year. In observance of this, a membership campaign opened in March to get 1,000 new members. As a special golden anniversary inducement, the Society is offering a year's membership in both the local and the Illinois State Historical societies at an attractive combination rate. The annual meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society will be held in Evanston in October.



At the February meeting of the Glencoe Historical Society, a program on "Early Landmarks of Northern Illinois" was presented. The pictures which were shown were on slides prepared by the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois. The meeting, a potluck supper affair, was held at the Glencoe Union Church.



"A Projected Greene County Historical Society" was the subject of an address by C. C. Burford in Carrollton on March 29. He spoke before a group of Greene County women's clubs.

Dr. Andy Hall spoke before the Jefferson County Historical Society on March 16. His topic was "Pioneer Medicine in Jefferson County."



Clive J. Taylor is the new president of the Kenilworth Historical Society.



Mrs. Henry C. Warner of Dixon, president of the Lee County Historical Society, is also state historian of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and a charter member of the Dixon branch of the American Association of University Women.



Sound motion pictures of "The Bombing of Pearl Harbor" and "The Louisiana Purchase" were presented by the Venard Organization of Bloomington at the February meeting of the McLean County Historical Society. Seventy persons went on the Society's bus trip to Vincennes and New Harmony, Indiana, on April 11.



Guy Parke was the speaker at the March meeting of the Macon County Historical Society held at the Decatur Public Library. From personal recollection he told what residences and business buildings occupied the sites along Main Street in Decatur sixty and seventy years ago.



Mrs. M. C. Talbot, Mattoon artist, has been voted an honorary life membership in the Mattoon Historical Society. In announcing the award, the Society's board of directors commended the artist for the mural depicting early local history on display in the lobby of the National Bank of Mattoon. Mrs. Talbot plans to portray early historical events of Mattoon in oil paintings. The Society has been engaged in research on the founding of the city. Facts about pioneer Ebenezer Noyes were furnished by two of his granddaughters, Mrs. C. W. Hughes of Mattoon and Miss Annie Irwin of Danville. Miss Sallie Turney of Mattoon gave information about another influential pioneer, Benjamin Turney.



At the April dinner meeting of the Morgan County Historical Society, Dr. Alfred J. Henderson spoke on "A Morgan County Volunteer

in the Mexican War." Dr. Henderson's paper told the story of John B. Duncan, a resident of Franklin who had law offices in Jacksonville.



The Peoria Historical Society, at its February meeting, saw Harry L. Spooner's pictures of covered bridges in Illinois and of an early French trading post which is still standing. Virginius H. Chase presented a sketch of the life of Matthew Morrison Sloan, early Peoria druggist.

The Society, in compliance with a request of the Illinois State Historical Society, appointed a committee, consisting of Ernest E. East, chairman, George E. Johnson, and Harry L. Spooner, which has suggested twenty-six sites in Peoria County for historical markers.



The Riverside Historical Society seeks any material of historical interest to the community—letters, photographs, pamphlets, etc. Anyone having items of historical interest is invited to leave them at the Riverside Public Library or to call Miss Josephine Sherman, president of the Society, or Mrs. E. H. Bangs, its secretary.



Officers of the St. Charles Historical Society are: Mrs. Arthur Burr, president; Mrs. Rex Wells, vice-president; Mrs. Frank Mitchell, secretary; Mrs. Harlo Dunn, librarian; and Mrs. Hugo Schneck, treasurer. Plans have been made for a formal opening of the Society's museum on July 5. Dr. I. G. Langum has been custodian of the museum's historical exhibits. Additional articles of historical interest are welcome either as temporary loans or for permanent exhibit. The Society held its first open meeting on April 6. Although organized in 1941, meetings had to be discontinued during the war years.



The final report of the treasurer of the Saline County Centennial was made public in February. The cash balance is to be converted into government bonds and delivered to the Saline County Historical Society to be held until sufficient other funds can be added to erect a suitable Saline County museum.

On March 4, Vachel Davis, artist of Eldorado, spoke to the Society on the interesting places he had seen and the people he had met in his

work. Davis got his start by painting mine safety posters and is now known as the "coal mine artist." In April, Gill Montgomery of Eldorado spoke on the "Fundamentals of Geology and the Geological Features of Southern Illinois."



The spring meeting of the Southern Illinois Historical Society was held at Marion on April 30. On this occasion, Sercial Thompson was elected president and Dr. Norman Caldwell vice-president. New directors are: J. Ward Barnes, Judge T. J. Layman, and Fred Shappard. Mr. Thompson spoke on "The Relationship of the Early Settlers in Egypt to Congress before Illinois Became a State." Mrs. Alice Harris Wheeler spoke on "Old Sulphur Springs and Vicinity," and Will Griffith told the group of the recommendations of the Greater Egypt Association to the Illinois Development Council for the improvement of certain historic spots in Egypt.



Jay Monaghan was the speaker at the annual meeting of the Stephenson County Historical Society on April 24. He spoke on "The Opening of the Lincoln Papers"—the impounded Robert Todd Lincoln collection which was made public last summer at the Library of Congress.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Redmer were recently appointed caretakers of the Society's museum. Walter L. Krell, former caretaker, died in February.



Again we are printing names of new members. In the last issue of this *Journal*, a list of people who joined the Society in October, November, and December, 1947, was printed. The following includes new members enrolled during January, February, and March of this year.

Alexander, Frances M.....	Normal, Ill.	Childs, Robert Chase.....	Macomb, Ill.
Aull, Mrs. Ira.....	Carrollton, Ill.	Clark, Mrs. Raymond.....	Belleleville, Ill.
Ayers, Lottie V.....	Bloomington, Ill.	Cochran, W. R.....	Carmi, Ill.
Baldwin, Leslie W.....	Lena, Ill.	Coggins, Mrs. D. S.....	Hopedale, Ill.
Barron, H. M.....	Lewistown, Ill.	Cole, Mrs. Julia G.....	Springfield, Ill.
Baumert, Michael.....	Nauvoo, Ill.	Compton, Dr. Charles W....	Springfield, Ill.
Berg, Albert C., Jr.....	Chicago, Ill.	Cook, Lottie B.....	Decatur, Ill.
Bigger, John.....	Biggsville, Ill.	Crusoe, William J.....	Chicago, Ill.
Bro, Mr. & Mrs. Albin C....	Mt. Carroll, Ill.	Davenport, George O.....	Harrisburg, Ill.
Brundage, Mary Hilliard...	Springfield, Ill.	Delahunt, Robert.....	Avon, Ill.
Candy, Charles M.....	Chicago, Ill.	Dertinger, George.....	DeKalb, Ill.
Cassida, Ethel.....	Shelbyville, Ill.	Desloge, Joseph.....	Florissant, Mo.
		Dickson, Don F.....	Lewistown, Ill.

- Dodd, T. Leo Eldorado, Ill.
Doolen, Paul Decatur, Ill.
Drake, Mrs. R. Taylor Moline, Ill.
Dunlap, Lloyd A. Springfield, Ill.
- Eikenberry, Alice M. Normal, Ill.
Epling, Mrs. B. D. Petersburg, Ill.
- Farrison, W. Edward Durham, N. C.
Fisher, Mrs. John C. Cairo, Ill.
Frey, Catherine E. Polo, Ill.
- Gallagher, J. P. Mendota, Ill.
Gates, B. D. Harrisburg, Ill.
Gates, Ernest V. Harrisburg, Ill.
Geldhof, Abe E. Chicago, Ill.
Gellerman, John W.
. Lincoln's New Salem, Ill.
Gieser, George B. O'Fallon, Ill.
Goddard, Mabel Freeport, Ill.
Gracbel, Rev. Richard P. Springfield, Ill.
Gunn, Chester E. Chicago Heights, Ill.
- Hackman, Orin Danville, Ill.
Hanna, John P. Geneseo, Ill.
Harley, R. Bruce Macomb, Ill.
Henning, Ruth Chicago, Ill.
Hentz, C. M. Wood River, Ill.
Herzog, Col. William Chicago, Ill.
Hoffman, Richard E. Macomb, Ill.
Holderman, S. J. Morris, Ill.
Holley, Jack E., Jr. Washington, D. C.
Hoskins, Arthur C. St. Louis, Mo.
Hughes, R. R. Chicago, Ill.
Hunt, George W. Eureka, Ill.
- Jacobs, Cora Sterling, Ill.
Janes, R. O. Springfield, Ill.
Johnson, Dr. G. R. Harrisburg, Ill.
Johnston, Angus James, II. Evanston, Ill.
Jones, Stanley L. Wheaton, Ill.
Jordan, P. S. Eureka, Calif.
- Keagy, Martin Evanston, Ill.
Keister, Philip L. Freeport, Ill.
Kinison, J. P. Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Kirk, Martin J. Chicago, Ill.
Kirk, Walter F. Chicago, Ill.
Knowles, V. I. Elkville, Ill.
Krabol, Hjordis R. River Forest, Ill.
Krohn, Ernst C. St. Louis, Mo.
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Journal
of the
ILLINOIS STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY



FIRST FAMILIES OF EARLY ILLINOIS

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

SEPTEMBER 1948

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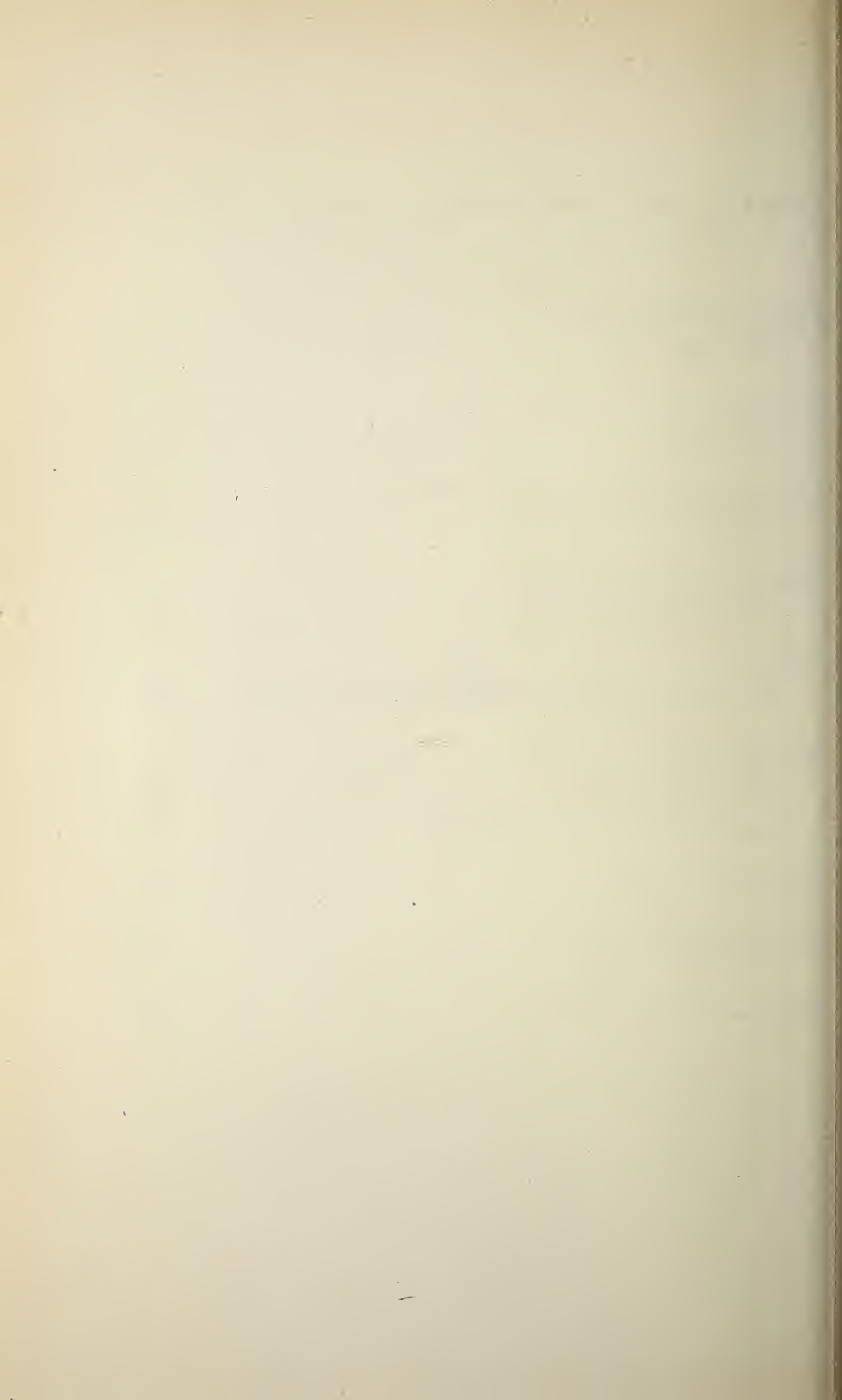
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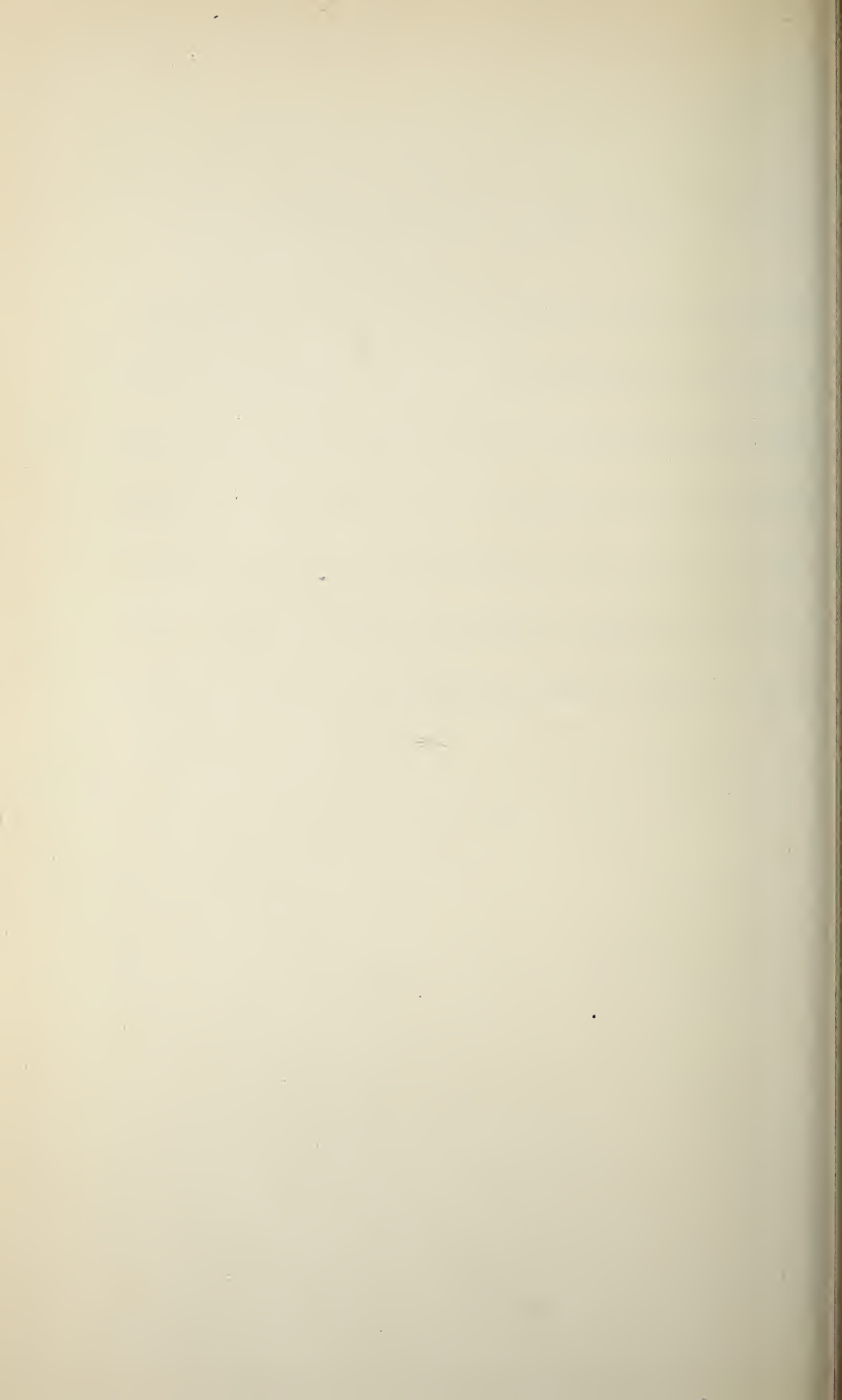
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ILLINOIS RECORDS OF 1000 A.D.

BY THORNE DEUEL

IT IS OBVIOUS that the word "records" in the title of this paper does not refer to fragments of literary texts written in 1000 A. D., for the Indians of Illinois were a non-literate people at the time of the Spanish discovery.¹ Nor is evidence available that any earlier inhabitants of the state, or, indeed, of the continent north of Mexico, had either an alphabetic or rebus type of writing to record their exploits or ideas. It is probable that they used drawings as a sort of mnemonic or arbitrary picture record of events, intelligible only to a limited number of people over a very brief period, but these efforts to portray the history of definite happenings belong to the field of art as much as to letters.

The records indicated by this title are rather those objects fashioned from relatively imperishable materials remaining either after a people has so changed its culture or manner of

¹ The date, 1000 A.D., should not be read too exactly. The period of the existence of the Hopewellian culture has been variously estimated from 600 to 1300 A.D. The former seems too early; the latter is probably too late. I have taken a "middle-of-the-road" position. With the development of tree-ring-calendar research now being carried on by the Illinois State Museum and the University of Chicago jointly, we can confidently expect the determination of accurate dating for sites and a rather definite time range for the culture of this remarkable people.

Thorne Deuel is Director of the Illinois State Museum. In World War II he served as lieutenant colonel in China and India. He is co-author (with Fay-Cooper Cole) of Rediscovering Illinois (1937) and a contributor to anthropological and archaeological publications. This article is the written version of his address at the October, 1946, meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society.

living that it is no longer readily identified with its earlier phase, or when the people has disappeared through death or by absorption into another group with a different way of living. The physical part of the record includes those tools, utensils, implements, ornaments, and art objects, commonly called artifacts, and the human skeletons that escape decay or destruction over considerable periods of time. Perhaps some one will say that this is archaeology, not history. Of this I shall have more to say later.

These artifacts must not be confused with the actual traits of a living culture. They are rather the fossils of culture and are no more "cultural traits" than a fossil spider is a member of the animal kingdom, or the reflection of a man in a mirror is a living person. The artifact and the fossil are, respectively, evidences or records of a living culture and of a living organism, nothing more, and as such they present only a fraction of what their living counterparts were.

For example, lumps of limonite alternating with perforated cut shell disks found near a "bundle" of human bones in a mound near Havana, Illinois, constitute a record that iron was worked by this Hopewellian group on the Illinois River, and that shell and metallic beads were strung and probably used as necklaces. Further study of the structure of the iron shows definitely that it was not smelted from ores, but that meteoric iron was beaten into globular shape with the aid of heat. Thus we have evidence of the former existence of two traits, the wearing of bead necklaces and the working of meteoric iron.²

It must not be thought that the artifacts themselves constitute the sole record available in the field of archaeology. A very essential source of information may come from the situation of a tool or ornament when recovered—its association with other cultural objects and with buried human remains.

² "Beads of Meteoric Iron from an Indian Mound near Havana, Illinois," by Robert M. Grogan in *American Antiquity*, Vol. XIII, no. 4, pt. I (April, 1948), 302-5.

For example, the discovery of a large copper artifact, shaped like a huge collar button, near the ear region of a skull is *prima-facie* evidence that the object is an ear ornament. Again, baskets and cloth that have completely rotted away sometimes leave impressions that disclose not only the weave but also the color and actual design of the original textile. Similar evidence is occasionally left in the form of a mold in the earth showing the outline of a tool that has long since decayed and its original substance dissolved.

To return to this matter of archaeology and history: Both archaeology and history, in the broadest sense, attempt to discover and to reconstruct the *manner of living* of peoples of the past. History, generally, deals with written records, while archaeology deals with the less perishable remains usually buried in the earth by man or covered by the agencies of nature. We usually consider that there is one technique or series of techniques for handling archaeological materials and a different set for interpreting those of history. On closer examination, does this distinction hold?

Archaeologists uncover clay tablets at Alishar (in Anatolia, Asiatic Turkey), for instance, and there must be deciphered. After this the tablets must be re-examined by the same rules for accuracy and reliability to which any other written source must be subjected. Moreover, to understand the history and manner of living of the Romans, and to fill out the gaps in their extant historical records, recourse is made to the spade of the archaeologist to recover architectural details, artistic works, methods of economic production, recreational pursuits, religious rites—in a word, otherwise unknown items of the Roman way of life.³ Between the period of no written contemporary records and the subsequent period of voluminous

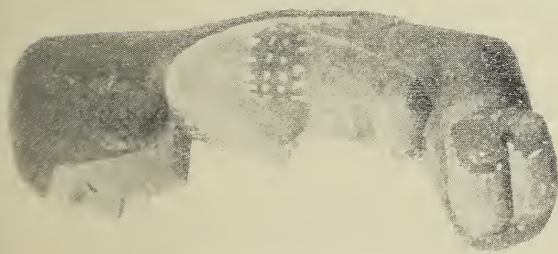
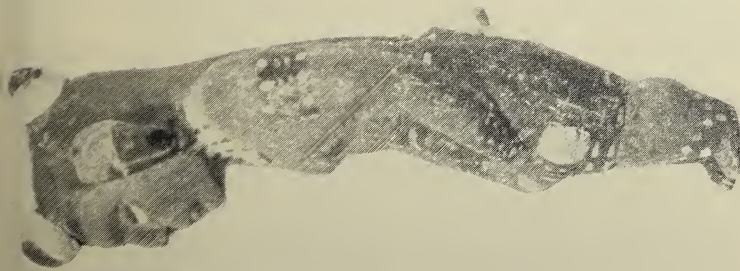
³ Edith Hamilton, *The Roman Way* (New York, 1932). An abridgement of this fascinating story of the reconstruction of Roman life by the same author under the same title with illustrations appears in the *National Geographic Magazine* for Nov., 1946, pp. 545-66. The succeeding article in the same issue by Rhys Carpenter, "Ancient Rome Brought to Life" is illustrated with color reproductions of paintings by H. M. Herget.

ones lies a borderland where the scanty word of competent scribes must be filled in by spade and research if this interval is to be understood. Such a period in Illinois history extends from the time of Marquette's discovery in 1673 to the abandonment of Lincoln's New Salem in 1839. Actually then, the methods of archaeology are used in the field of history, and historical techniques are employed in archaeological research. Both techniques have the same goal—the fields overlap, and there is no distinct line where archaeology ends and history begins.

The people whose records are discussed in this paper belong to that group whose *manner of living* is known to archaeologists as Hopewellian—so-called for Captain M. C. Hopewell, owner of the land in Ohio where mounds of this culture were discovered and explored. Hopewellian influence extended from western New York to Wyoming, from the Canadian border to Tennessee. These Indians bartered to the Gulf for sea shells (ornaments and ladles), to the Carolinas for sheet mica, to Louisiana for pottery and possibly wives, and to the Rockies for obsidian.

In addition to an extended trade, the Hopewellian arts of stone carving, engraving on bone, and modeling in clay were highly developed. These early Americans were also skillful metal workers and they practiced a complex cult connected with the burial of the dead. A listing of all the evidence known about their manner of living would take more space than we have available. Consequently, a consideration of their "records" shall be limited, for the most part, to those found in Illinois, and further, to those that give us clues to their stature, bodily and facial appearance, the arrangement of their hair, face and body painting, their jewelry and clothing.

Incidentally, there are some indications of changes in fashions in Hopewellian dress similar, in a way, to changes in fashions today. Studies now in progress seem to indicate that styles in Hopewellian pottery in Illinois changed also from



EARLY ILLINOIS FASHIONS (PLATE I)

Left—Woman in gala or ceremonial dress, possibly a dancer, with foot-like objects in hands and a bustle at the back.
Center—Woman seated in characteristic position with usual type of hair arrangement, moccasins, and beltless skirt.
Right—Standing woman carrying child. Her hair is arranged in a coil or braid looped at the back of the head.



THREE PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES FROM LOG TOMB, DICKISON MOUND 478 (PLATE II)

Left—A woman wearing at the throat a grizzly bear tooth set with pearls and a multiple-strand necklace from which are suspended the cut halves of a wolf jaw.

Center—A man wearing a collar and bracelet of pearl and shell beads with the cut halves of a wolf jaw at the waist.

time to time and that a sequence may be established somewhat like a calendar, though without definite dates. However, we cannot, at present, correlate dress fashions with styles in pottery, nor arrange the former into a time series.

In Illinois, the sites once occupied by the Hopewellians are found chiefly along the Mississippi, the Illinois, and their tributaries. Probably the best known remains are the dome-shaped mounds or monuments of earth that in some instances in this state attain a diameter of two hundred and fifty feet and an altitude of twenty feet. The majority of them, however, seldom measure more than one hundred feet across and five feet in height.

Within these mounds, in impressive burial chambers, walled up and roofed over with logs, lie, usually, two to six skeletons extended at full length, often accompanied by rich offerings and, in addition, by a number of "bundled" skeletal remains. The mound, built at the conclusion of the funeral rites, stands as a monument to the dead within.

Since the dead, or at least the more important of them, were laid away in all their finery or in their robes of office, there is no better place to begin gathering evidence on their appearance, dress, and personal adornment than in these graves.

The evidence found in graves can be separated into several categories. In the first place, a human being's stature may be rather accurately established from his bones. Age, sex, and, in some cases, the disease which caused death may also be determined. The relationship of ornaments to a skeleton generally shows how they were worn by the living, and a statuette occasionally confirms the evidence. In graves, too, scraps of cord and textiles, including feather cloth, are sometimes preserved from decay by the metallic salts produced from the corrosion of near-by copper and silver trinkets. The design and even the color of cloth is occasionally transferred to the clay soil in which it is buried.

A detailed description of some of the records found in the Hopewellian burial mounds of Illinois follows:

1. THE SKELETAL RECORD

The skull, with the bones of the face, indicates head shape and facial features, but here we have to rely on observations and measurements of living Indians, otherwise the reconstructions are likely to resemble our own physical types more than we are warranted in assuming.⁴

The long bones, especially the femur, tibia, humerus, and radius, serve as fair measures or indices to the former height of the living. Several formulae for the determination of stature were developed by the late Karl Pearson. One equation is employed when only one of the above bones is found in measurable condition. A more complex formula is used for greater accuracy if several are available.⁵

The determination of sex and age from skeletons in general presents no great difficulty to trained physical anthropologists. Marks of disease are much harder to interpret. Injuries due to blows, healed breaks, trephining, dental abscesses, caries, and pyorrhea are easily discovered and identified.

2. JEWELRY FROM TOMBS

A male skeleton uncovered in a log tomb of Dickison Mound 478 near Rome, Illinois, appears on Plate II (skeleton at right). Across the upper chest near the clavicles are four grizzly bear canines, two of which have holes bored through the roots and two have grooves around them. These are plainly the remains of a necklace. They were inlaid with pearls⁶

⁴ Reconstructions of Hopewellian heads were made at the Illinois State Museum by Mr. B. M. Frost under the personal supervision of Professors W. M. Krogman, University of Pennsylvania, and Georg K. Neumann, Indiana University.

⁵ Earnest A. Hooton, *Up From the Ape* (New York, 1946), 721-23, 728-29.

⁶ W. M. Walker, "Field Notes, 1940" (Notes on file in the Illinois State Museum, Springfield). Under a magnifying glass (10X) the perforated and grooved teeth may be easily seen in the original photograph in the actual positions in which they were found. For other instances of bear-tooth necklaces, see James B. Griffin, *Additional Hopewell Material from Illinois* (Indiana Historical Society, Prehistory Research Series, Vol. II, no. 3, Indianapolis, 1941), 179; Cyrus Thomas, "Report on the Mound Explorations," *Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology* (Washington, 1887), 35; and Warren K. Moorehead, *The Cabokia Mounds* (University of Illinois Bulletin, Vol. XXVI, no. 4, Urbana, 1929), 161.

and, when found, the two perforated teeth lay at the ends of the "string."

In the same tomb, two of seven skeletons "wore" a pair of cut halves of wolf's (or dog's) mandibles that had been shaped and bored to string with beads. These strands can be seen in Plate II, at the waist of the male skeleton in the center. They are quite similar to the pendants on the female skeleton at the left but in the latter case the mandibles seem to have hung from a necklace.

The male skeleton in the center of the same picture wears also a bib-like ornament or breastplate with collar of pearls and cut shell beads graduated in size and probably attached to a cloth, or skin neckpiece or garment. The mandible halves may have been suspended from the breastplate or from the breechcloth. There have been many reported instances of human mandibles prepared in the same manner, as well as of human maxillaries ground to shape and perforated for stringing and found in exactly similar positions—a characteristic of Hopewellian mounds in Illinois and other states.⁷

In addition to the necklace and pendants mentioned, a grizzly bear's tooth bored for stringing and set on one face with two pearl beads rests on the woman's sternum (Plate II, skeleton at left). On the reverse face are two pairs of intersecting, oblique borings by which the tooth was probably sewed or tied to a neckpiece or other garment (Plate IV, fig. C). Bears' teeth often exhibit pairs of oblique intersecting holes, on one face only, by which they were doubtless secured to garments as ornaments or to serve as toggles.⁸

The finding of several hundred pearl beads distributed over the chest of a skeleton buried with many "grave offerings"

⁷ Instances of the wearing of human and animal jaws are numerous. For additional instances, see Fay-Cooper Cole and Thorne Deuel, *Rediscovering Illinois* (Chicago, 1937), 134, 135, 144, 154, 156; and Moorehead, *The Cahokia Mounds*, 160, 161.

⁸ Frank C. Baker and others, "Contributions to the Archaeology of the Illinois River Valley," *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, new ser., Vol. XXXII, pt. I (Philadelphia, 1941), 11, col. 2; and John C. McGregor, "The Havana Site," 1947 (MSS in the Illinois State Museum, Springfield).

in Mound 77 at Liverpool in Fulton County, Illinois, caused archaeologists digging there to feel that the pearls had been attached to a garment.⁹ Dr. Warren K. Moorehead reported a parallel case from Ohio, to be described below.

When pearls or other beads are found around a skeleton's neck and all the beads lie in the ground in a graduated series with the smallest at the ends and the largest in the middle, it seems conclusive they were once strung as a necklace. In the case of some copper beads, "the cord that suspended them, a two-strand, twisted twine, apparently of hemp, was still in place, but crumbled at the touch."¹⁰

3. POTTERY STATUETTES

Although many excellent observations and interpretations concerning dress worn by Hopewellians in Illinois have been made from time to time, the data have never been organized and brought together. The discovery of six pottery statuettes by W. L. Wadlow and P. F. Titterington in the Knight Mound in Calhoun County is the most important find in recent years, telling more than any other single discovery what the well-dressed Hopewellian wore.¹¹ These statuettes confirm earlier opinions about certain customary garments but they also portray others not previously imagined. Photographs of restored casts of the statuettes made by Bartlett Frost, dioramist at the Illinois State Museum, repainted in colors as near as possible to the way they must have appeared originally, are reproduced on the front cover and in Plate I.

The value of these statuettes as historical records is obvious. Titterington found beads around the "arms" of Hopewellian skeletons in the Knight Mound. The statuettes indicate that these were arm bands.¹² Another artistic clay figure

⁹ Cole and Deuel, *Rediscovering Illinois*, 135.

¹⁰ Griffin, *Additional Hopewell Material from Illinois*, 201.

¹¹ The original figurines were generously loaned by the owner, Dr. P. F. Titterington, to the writer for study. A complete description of them appears in "Painted Pottery Figurines from Illinois," by W. C. McKern, P. F. Titterington, and J. B. Griffin in *American Antiquity*, Vol. X, no. 3 (Jan., 1945), 295-302.

¹² Personal communication to the writer.



HOPEWELLIAN HEADDRESS (PLATE III)

Antler headdress of hickory limbs encased in sheet copper as found in a Hopewell mound in Ohio. Courtesy of the Chicago Natural History Museum.



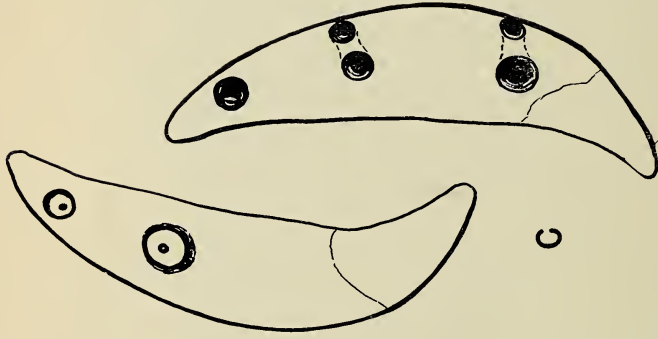
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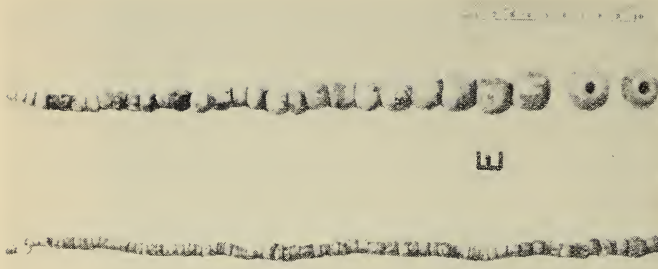


C



D

E



JEWELRY OF ILLINOIS HOPEWELLIANS (PLATE IV)

- A—Copper ear spool, stud type, found in Snyder Mound, Calhoun County, Illinois. Courtesy of Dr. P. F. Titterton.
- B—Two copper ear spools from the Gibson Mound, Calhoun County. The upper one has cord wrapped around the connecting rivet. Courtesy of Dr. Titterton.
- C—Front and back views of grizzly bear tooth set with pearls and worn by a woman (Plate II, skeleton at left). Holes on the back of tooth are connected in pairs and may have been used for stringing on necklace or for attaching to garment.

from southern Illinois, found by Willie Smith of Murphysboro, exhibits certain features of hair arrangement and the wearing of ear spools also shown on the Titterington statuettes (Plate V, fig. B).

4. PRESERVED TEXTILES

Judge John G. Henderson, in writing of a find in Mound 2 near Naples, Illinois, says, "On one side [of an ax] the salts of the copper have preserved the cloth that lay against it. The warp and woof are distinctly marked. On the other side of the ax are preserved, in the same manner, feathers over the whole surface."¹³ This he believes to be from a feather cloth like that worn by the Indians in Virginia and reported by the early colonists. Several other similar archaeological finds make it highly probable that important Hopewellians wore feather-cloth robes. The types of weaving that have been recorded for Illinois Hopewellians are not great in number.¹⁴

5. COLORED DESIGNS ON TEXTILES

In the Ogden Mound 174 in Fulton County, an impression of a fabric or, possibly, matting was found near a burial. Still visible several days after uncovering, this impression showed a design in color consisting of concentric circular areas of red or orange and black which had been transferred from the original textile to the clay.¹⁵ Unfortunately these colored designs could not be successfully photographed. In Ohio similar designs have been preserved on copper.¹⁶

Practically every type of discovery noted in the five categories above has been recorded in Illinois, not once but several

¹³ J. G. Henderson, "Aboriginal Remains Near Naples, Illinois," *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1882* (Washington, 1884), 691.

¹⁴ For general articles on Amerindian textiles with references to Hopewellian fabrics, see W. H. Holmes's articles on the subject in the 3rd and 13th *Annual Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, and Horace Miner's "Prehistoric Textiles as Cultural Determinants in the Mississippi Drainage," a manuscript deposited in the Department of Anthropology, University of Chicago.

¹⁵ Personal observation of the writer.

¹⁶ Henry C. Shetrone, *The Mound Builders* (New York, 1931), 107, fig. 53.

times, and also in Ohio, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kentucky. Often early reports are sadly lacking in detail, but every now and again, the evidence is unmistakable.

6. COMPARISON OF RECORDS FROM OTHER ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES AND FROM MODERN TRIBES

Naturally, when one kind of record corroborates another, or when similar evidence is discovered in Hopewellian sites in other states, archaeologists may assume that certain fashions of dress were characteristic. In some cases these comparisons enable the archaeologist to solve baffling problems. Thus, the foot-like objects tipped with protuberances or toes in the hands of the tallest of the Knight figurines on the cover of this *Journal* are perplexing. A clue to their identity may be found in a picture of a Chippewa Indian drawn by George Catlin.¹⁷ In his picture an Indian holds a somewhat similar object which is obviously a fan made from a turkey or eagle wing. Close examination of the figure at the left on Plate I (a profile of the center figure on the cover) discloses that the protuberances that appeared to be like toes on whatever is in the Indian's hands may be the tips of feathers. The "bustle" worn by this same statuette (Plate I, left) shows a close resemblance to wearing apparel on the effigy pipe from the Adena Mound in Ohio.¹⁸ (Plate V, fig. D). Certain Plains Indians wore bustle-like appendages of feathers or fur of which these cited may be the prototypes.¹⁹ Another example may be seen on Plate V, fig. A—a pair of deer antlers found near the head of a skeleton in the tomb of the Liverpool group, on the Illinois River in Fulton County. A nonprofessional investigator recorded this discovery and the associations are

¹⁷ George Catlin, *North American Indians; Being Letters and Notes on their Manners, Customs and Conditions . . . of Indians in North America, 1832-1839* (Edinburgh, 1926), II: 184, and illus. no. 268.

¹⁸ William C. Mills and Henry C. Shetrone, *Certain Mound and Village Sites in Ohio* (Columbus, 1907), Vol. I, pt. 1, pp. 30-31, and figs. 29-30.

¹⁹ Catlin, *North American Indians*, Vol. I, plates 75 (opp. p. 214), 103 (opp. p. 276); Vol. II, plates 223, 224 (opp. p. 142), 235, 236 (opp. p. 152), and 289 (after p. 240).

not clear. The whole burial was notable for the richness of the funeral offerings, the corpse's dress and jewelry. Two copper axes and the typical human jaw ornament lay near by. Around his neck was a necklace of silver beads. Several hundred pearls were reported spread over the skeleton body "as if attached to a garment." The Indian had evidently been an important personage for he had been laid out with great care and covered with matting over which were scattered numerous flakes of sheet copper. From this rich association it may be presumed that the antlers were part of his headdress,²⁰ and a comparison of records discovered in other sites seems to confirm the supposition. Dr. Warren K. Moorehead reports the following similar instance in a Hopewellian mound in Ohio:

Associated with it [the skelton] were some very remarkable objects. At the right shoulder lay a large platform pipe and a beautiful agate spear-head. A copper plate lay on the breast, and another on the abdomen, while a third lay under the hips. These plates, when lifted, were found to have preserved not only the cloth and sinews but portions of the muscles of the individual. Cut, sawed, and split bears' teeth covered the chest and abdomen, and several spool-shaped ornaments and buttons were found among the ribs. The body had apparently been dressed in a cloth garment, extending from the neck to the knees, upon which had been sewn several thousand beads, some of pearl and some of shell. Upon the skirt of the garment had been sewn some of the largest and most beautiful pearls found in any of the mounds, together with bears' teeth, etc. The head was decorated with a remarkable headdress of wood and copper. (See Plate III.)²¹

This headdress consisted of a copper head plate to which were attached two antler-shaped objects made from hickory limbs cased in sheet copper, each having three prongs or "points." Although the Ohio personage had much richer trappings than his Illinois counterpart, the similarities in the two instances are striking.

Thus, in case after case, customs like the wearing of feather garments among the Virginia Indians of John Smith's

²⁰ Cole and Deuel, *Rediscovering Illinois*, 135 and plate XXXI B.

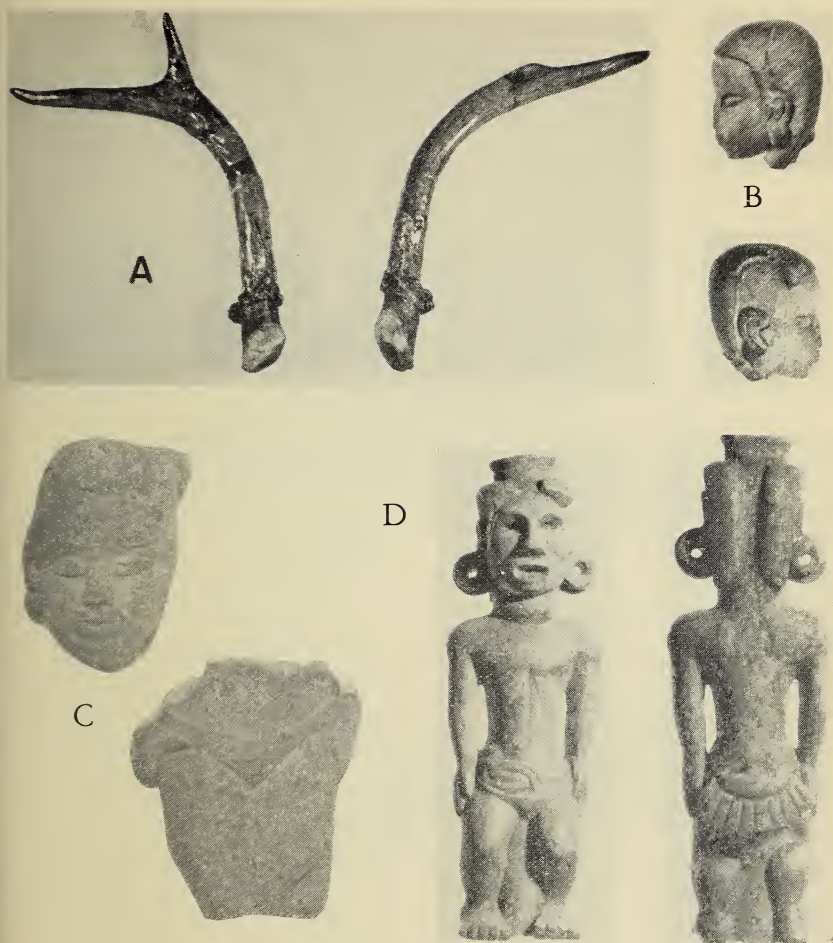
²¹ Warren K. Moorehead, *The Hopewell Mound Group of Ohio* (*Field Museum of Natural History. Publication 211. Anthropological series*, Vol. VI, no. 5, Chicago, 1922), 107.

time, the manner of wearing bears' teeth by historic Plains tribes, and the mode of wearing breastplates, gorgets, feather robes, and horn headdresses of Ohio Hopewellians and other groups, all furnish examples that aid in interpreting archaeological data on dress and personal adornment of Hopewellians in Illinois.

It is evident from the foregoing examples that much more can be gleaned from archaeological field work than has been done in the past to determine the personal appearance of the aboriginal peoples of Illinois in their customary dress and in their special habiliments for important political, social, and religious occasions.

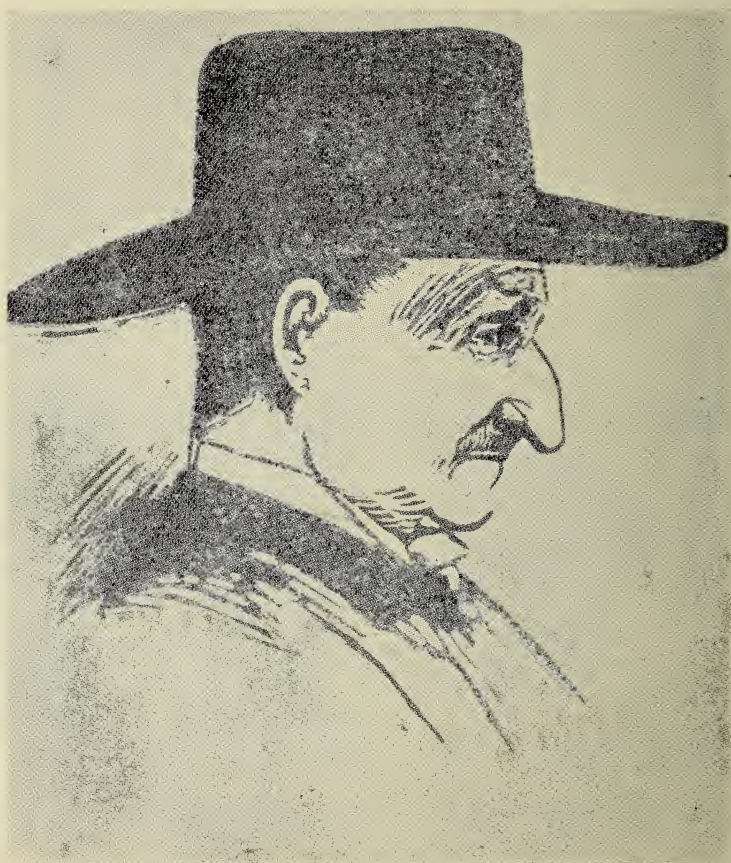
Our present records contain varying degrees of detail, from the mere enumeration of the objects found, without reference to their associations, to technical reports embodying the full and careful results of modern archaeology. If in the future the observations, photographs, drawings, and field notes of both amateurs and professionals include complete and accurate details, then the growing mass of information about Illinois' vanished inhabitants may in time be synthesized into authentic and engaging pictures of the early residents of our state and of their different modes of life.





FROM HOPEWELLIAN SITES IN THREE STATES (PLATE V)

- A—Antlers found near skull (probably part of a headdress) in Liverpool mound in Fulton County, Illinois.
- B—Two views of the pottery head found on a Hopewellian site in Jackson County, Illinois. Height of head is about one and one-eighth inches. Owned by Mr. Willie Smith of Murphysboro who kindly loaned it for study.
- C—Head, apparently of a woman, and another fragment of pottery from statuettes found in a Hopewellian site on Honey Creek, Delaware County, Oklahoma. Height of head is one and a half inches. Courtesy of Mr. Frank Phillips and Mr. Pat Patterson of Bartlesville, Oklahoma.
- D—Photograph of effigy pipe from the Adena Mound, Ohio, showing ear spools, ornamented breech cloth, and the bustle-like appendage at the rear. Height seven and seven-eighths inches. Courtesy of the Ohio State Museum.



BENJAMIN PETERS HUTCHINSON—OLD HUTCH

OLD HUTCH—THE WHEAT KING

BY WILLIAM FERRIS

HOSTS hover above the frantically yelling men in the grain pits of Chicago this year. They are the ghosts of men who, during the one hundred years the Chicago Board of Trade has operated, worked and fought there, waging titanic struggles to control the world's grains. P. D. Armour is there, remembering the year he broke through the ice of Lake Michigan to deliver wheat to his elevators; and Joseph Leiter, the young man who lost ten millions of his father's money; Jim Keene, the Wall Streeter who was crushed by wheat; "Crazy" Harper, who ended in the Ohio Penitentiary; Jim Patten; John Cudahy; Arthur Cutten; and dozens more. But of all the ghosts there is one—cold and glum as the man in life—which dominates the others. Old Hutch is king. In the century the Board has existed, only one man—Old Hutch—has singlehandedly cornered the wheat market. No one will ever do it again.

Benjamin Peters Hutchinson was a member of a famous New England family. He came out West "broke" and he died "broke." In between, he made himself a millionaire, built the first packing plant at the Union Stock Yards, and founded

William Ferris, a graduate of the University of Michigan, is market editor of the Chicago Bureau of the Associated Press. He is writing a history of the Chicago Board of Trade and used material from his book for this article. The sources, he states, were primarily newspapers of the period, and all direct quotations appeared in the contemporary press.

predecessors to what are now the two largest banks in Chicago. In an era when giants battled unrestrained by public censure, Hutchinson characterized all men who moved in the hectic market places of a hectic age. He lived on numbers, breathing fractions.

Hutchinson was born in 1829, at Middleton, Massachusetts. When he was twenty, he traveled to Lynn, Massachusetts, where he learned leather cutting. It was an era of small business and before long the lad had set himself up as an entrepreneur. He prospered. Then came failure. The next step was a familiar one—he went West.

His first stop was Milwaukee, where he worked in the packinghouse of John Plankinton, a training school for men who were to build Chicago. John Cudahy and P. D. Armour got their education with Plankinton, and at the same time that Old Hutch did. When Hutchinson arrived in Chicago, in 1858, he was nearly thirty, well beyond the age at which mothers prayed if their sons announced that they were heading for the city of Chicago. Soon after his arrival, Hutchinson purchased a seat on the Chicago Board of Trade for \$5.00, largely because it was the thing for any hopeful young businessman to do. But he did not start to speculate until a boom developed in whiskey warehouse receipts during the Civil War.

Hutchinson began his Chicago career by packing meats at Bridgeport. His plant—Burt, Hutchinson, and Snow—was the first packing company to move to the now famous Union Stock Yards. Contemporaries credited him with being the man who initiated the program of making use of waste materials in meat animal slaughtering, although just about everyone who ever worked in the yards has claimed credit for that development. He introduced new methods of cutting meats and built the first brick packing plant in Chicago. After the Civil War, Old Hutch's company became the Chicago Packing & Provisions Company. It was the leading packing plant in the city. For many years, even when Armour, Nelson Morris, and

Gustavus F. Swift were around, the Chicago Packing Company carried a broom over its entrance, emblematic of the fact that it had slaughtered the most animals in the preceding year.

During the Civil War—in 1863—Hutchinson was an organizer of the First National Bank of Chicago. He served as a member of its first board of directors. His subscription to the original capitalization totaled 175 shares, equalled only by that of the president, Edmund Aiken. Hutchinson was also organizer, first president, and director of the Corn Exchange National Bank in 1870. After the Great Fire in 1871, this bank opened for business in the basement of Hutchinson's home at 384 South Wabash Avenue, near Harrison Street. Through the inevitable route of mergers, the Corn Exchange is represented today by the Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company, largest bank in Chicago and the largest bank in the country between New York and Chicago. The bank stands on space formerly occupied by the Grand Pacific Hotel, a great haunt of Old Hutch in his later years. These are solid accomplishments. They prove the man was more than the flamboyant speculator which legend has made him.

It was his custom to arise at 5:00 A. M., even beating the early-rising Armour. Then, Old Hutch visited the newspaper offices and collected the morning papers as they rolled off the presses. He read them all, discussing world affairs with the press gangs. Knowledge of what is happening in the world is of prime importance to a successful speculator. When the Board opened, Hutchinson had that knowledge.

Hutchinson was called the "Prince of Scalpers"—which meant that he was satisfied with a "quick-turn" profit, usually no more than one-fourth of a cent a bushel. That kind of profit made dozens of times during the day can mount into big money. No one could equal Old Hutch at scalping. Then suddenly, without plan and without meaning to do it, Old Hutch produced a one-man wheat corner. It stands as the most spec-

tacular incident in the history of a market crowded with spectacle.

To corner a market, a man has to buy large quantities of grain for future delivery. Then he also has to obtain control of the actual grain in Chicago warehouses. When the time comes for the men who sold "short" on futures to deliver the grain, they find the man to whom they are to make delivery owns all the real grain in the warehouses. Thus these unlucky shorts can't buy real grain, except from the man to whom they must deliver it. They have to buy back the futures, and they have to pay whatever price the man who owns both the futures and the actual grain wants to set.

During the early part of 1888, Hutchinson played his usual role—buying one day, selling the next, scalping the market daily, moving from wheat to corn to oats, an in-and-out plunger making big money on small price changes. Underneath this normal and obvious practice, the old man—he was sixty—did something else. With his eye toward autumn, he bought September wheat.

Hutchinson started to talk bullish on wheat when it was about 85 cents a bushel. He thought it would go 10 cents higher and he said so. Traders smiled when he urged them to buy. Old Hutch hold wheat until it had gone up 10 cents? What a laugh!

Hutchinson set himself up on a chair in the exchange hall, dubbed "the throne" by traders. From this point he directed all his brokers to concentrate on September wheat. Old Hutch was quite a sight. Visitors flocked to the gallery to look at him—a Chicago attraction for the tourist trade. His coat was a faded black and the old man buttoned it at the top and let the ends flap loosely over his chair. He wore a high collar and a loose, disjointed neckerchief. His doeskin pants did not reach his ankle bones. Never varying this somber, ministerial costume, he leaned back in his chair against a pillar and watched wheat creep up, up, up.

And then Hutchinson got an ally. It was General Frost. Frost swept over the Red River Valley in the Northwest, ruining the spring wheat crop. Reports came down to the trade in Chicago in dribbles, but they were all emphatic in telling the same story—the wheat crop north of the Northern Pacific Railroad was disastrously damaged. At the same time, reports from Europe were pessimistic. There had been crop failures on the Continent and the wheat deficiency was estimated at 140,000,000 bushels. Europe needed wheat; the northwestern crop was ruined—and there was the old man, sitting on his long line of September wheat!

On September 22, wheat for September delivery reached \$1.00 for the first time in five years. Up, up, up went prices as the news from the Northwest came in. Two days later Duluth offered a 10-cent premium over the September future price for cash wheat in Chicago. That proved the crop failure. Duluth, which should have been receiving the northwest wheat, was forced to buy in Chicago to keep her mills running! No man could ask for a better ally than the one Old Hutch had.

But the bears—the men who had sold short to Hutchinson—growled in disbelief. Trapped, they fought back. Most of the little fellows had got out some time ago, but the big-time plungers still were short. They had fed Hutchinson a lot of wheat over the past few months. Now, on Wednesday, September 26, they raided the market, throwing millions of bushels into the pit and forcing September wheat down to \$1.011½. But before the final gong the price climbed back to \$1.04. This was the last, desperate sally of the bears.

However, this move angered Old Hutch. He fumed, "I'm not after the lame ducks. I hope every one of 'em will make money. The chaps I'm gunning for are those smart guys who have been trying to down me, and I'm going to get 'em. Lord, how I'll make 'em howl!"

And so he ran his corner and listened to the howling.

Wheat started at \$1.05 the next day. Hutchinson owned

all the cash wheat in Chicago, which wasn't much, and he wouldn't sell. Wheat was \$1.10. Shorts had contracted to deliver millions of bushels to him before the end of September. Wheat was \$1.15. One man sat on his throne and watched the squeeze with a sad, lean look. Wheat was \$1.20. The world's leading grain was completely cornered on the world's leading exchange. Wheat was \$1.25. Wheat hit \$1.28 and the shorts rushed out of the pit, surrounding Hutchinson and crying for mercy. Hutchinson turned to his broker, John Brine, "Let 'em have what they want at \$1.25," Old Hutch said. The shorts stood in line before Brine. He handed out 500,000 bushels at \$1.25.

Some bears didn't enjoy their bondage. They talked of hiring a special train to bring wheat from St. Louis. This sort of idle gossip annoyed Hutchinson, a sensitive fellow. Peeved, he upped the price to \$1.50 the next day. He said he would have made the price lower if the bears had not been so obstreperous. Meek and mild, that was the way Hutchinson wanted them when he skinned them!

There he sat on his chair and offered the world wheat at \$1.50—not a cent less. He reclined for hours and then he told Brine, "I'm getting tired of sitting here; let's take a stroll around the floor."

When he arose, trading stopped. All eyes focused on him. Shorts ran out of the pit and followed him around the floor, begging for wheat at less than \$1.50. Hutchinson ignored them. With a sense of the dramatic he discussed, in an audible voice, Tom Paine and liberty.

John Cudahy, Nat Jones, Charles Singer, and Norman Ream were the trapped bears and they were furious. Among other items, they threatened to withdraw their accounts at the Corn Exchange Bank. That would hurt Old Hutch's son, Charles, the bank's president, but the bears felt it was all in the family. It did not impress the old man. Only 240,000 bushels of outstanding contracts were settled at \$1.50.

Next day Hutchinson raised the price to \$2.00.

"Wheat's worth it," Old Hutch said, "I get up in the morning and read four or five newspapers before the rest of these men are out of bed, and I know what is going on."

The entire corner was simply a squeeze in September wheat at Chicago. Wheat at other markets did not reflect the price rise at Chicago. December wheat, while strong, was not skyrocketing 50 cents a day. Hutchinson said the price of wheat was \$2.00, and the last remaining bears, unable to obtain wheat anywhere else, had to pay him that price. As Hutchinson walked off the floor on that last day of September, completely victorious, the traders knew they had seen an exploit not likely to be repeated. They sang him a parody on a popular song of the era, "Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye":

*I see Old Hutch start for his club,
Good-by, my money, good-by,
He's given us a terrible rub,
Good-by, my money, good-by.*

Hutchinson explained, "I first got stirred up when wheat was at 91 $\frac{3}{8}$ cents. That was about ten days ago . . . Cudahy, Ream, Singer, and some others had run the market pretty much their own way for several years and I made up my mind it was time to show them they couldn't rule it to all eternity."

The press went wild over Hutchinson. His exploit was publicized from coast to coast. The newspapers recalled that he had got his nickname—Old Hutch—a long time ago, many years before he was really old, because it seemed to fit his sad, taciturn nature. He was a solemn character, not gregarious, and he liked to read. Shakespeare was his favorite, and Old Hutch delighted in knocking off quotations from the Bard, especially when asked embarrassing questions by reporters. He memorized Whittier's "Snowbound" completely and compelled his bookkeeper to do likewise. He walked in long, easy strides. His voice was deep and it carried well. As far as one

could judge externally, he rarely became excited. In a day when some form of beard or mustache was sported by nearly all businessmen, he was clean shaven. But the most arresting feature about him was his long, hooked nose. It spoiled whatever chance he may have had of being called handsome.

Newspapers displayed some sympathy for those who had been caught in the corner, but Old Hutch didn't. "I warned them," he said. "I told them to come in out of the wet a long time ago."

An astonishing outgrowth of Old Hutch's wheat corner was his conversion to religion. This manifestation did not last long, but made up in violence what it lacked in length. Perhaps the old man figured God had called in General Frost, and therefore deserved recompense. Hutchinson had not been identified with any church and had very seldom gone to one. His religious ideas were based on Tom Paine, a favorite author. All this now changed. He hopped from church to church, always sitting well up in front. He was tall enough not to be missed in any case, but his presence was emphasized by an enthusiastic participation in the service. "Hallelujah!" Old Hutch cried, and his voice boomed over the mumblings of the brethren. "Amen!" he roared, and the startled parishioners were jerked from their dreams.

Hutchinson's taste in preachers ran to fervor. He wanted hell and brimstone. So complete was his conversion that he even cut down, but did not completely eliminate, his drinking. It did not, however, retard his positive language. The good people were often shocked to hear Old Hutch, at the end of the service, turn to his neighbor and proclaim, "That was a God-damn' good sermon."

In the 1888 wheat corner, Hutchinson reached the apex of his career. From that point he declined rapidly, although the record includes several successful skirmishes with other traders. One was with Miss Fanny Blinn, a pretty and neatly dressed young woman of thirty-five. She had a "system." Al-

though born in the East, Miss Blinn had been reared in Rockford, Illinois. The townspeople spoke of her as "one of the most active and energetic young ladies that ever resided here." She was a competent woman who, in her own words, "loved figures." For twelve years she worked in the statistical department of the Rockford Fire Insurance Company, a job which nourished her love. But the grain pits fascinated her. She chucked her job, went to Chicago, and started operating in the offices of W. C. Albertson and Company, a commission firm.

She had an enthusiastic following of Rockford citizens, mostly women. They pooled their money with her and received a pro-rata share in the profits. "I don't court the business of the public," she said. "My operations are limited to placing my own and my friends' capital. I have never solicited a dollar for deposit."

"Miss Blinn limits her losses and bets her profits," Albertson explained. "I have placed many of her orders and have never known one of her deals to fail to pull out a dividend. I don't know the details of her system. She has made a nice fortune since she came to the Board." Miss Blinn's system never was revealed. Modern speculators will have to get along without it. However, her attitude toward the male traders became well known.

"My plan," she said, "is so simple. That others have not discovered it I can only account for by thinking that men speculators are really dull. Confidentially, the men I meet on the Board strike me as stupid. I should no more permit a friend of mine to take a dollar to one of them, if I could prevent it, than I would let him throw it on the fire. Why, everybody gets broke sooner or later that goes on the Board."

Gallantry was another virtue Hutchinson lacked. Possibly annoyed by this invasion of the brown-haired miss into the roost he admitted ruling, he met Miss Blinn in a series of market duels. Newspapers reported that he "put her to rout."

The reports might be taken with some skepticism. The newspapers idolized Old Hutch, while any woman entering the business world in those days automatically became the butt of mocking jeers and a condescending deprecation.

But the duel with Miss Blinn gave Old Hutch only minor satisfaction. He tried to bull wheat—the iconoclasts on the floor, noting him in his chair, called him “the sitting bull”—and took a complete licking. Even worse, he was caught short on corn by John Cudahy—that handsome Irishman from County Kilkenny to whom revenge came sweet. Corn sold at $32\frac{3}{8}$ cents on Wednesday, November 27, 1889. Thursday was Thanksgiving Day, but on Friday it boomed to 56 cents. On Saturday the price was forced to 60 cents before the close. In this corner Hutchinson was caught short and had to cover at almost double the real value. Then, the next year, a New York commission firm for which Hutchinson was broker failed. Old Hutch lost heavily as a result. In 1890 he poured his money into the wheat pit in an effort to stop a crash. But it was a depression year. The leading private bank in England (Baring Brothers) failed. Money became extremely “tight,” grain elevators printed “wheat scrip.” Hutchinson lost millions.

Old Hutch’s fortune was estimated at nearly \$10,000,000 at one time. By 1891 it was down to \$1,000,000. The old man became somewhat eccentric. Never a social lion, he now turned into a recluse. He broke off all his old associations and lived by himself in his office. Newspapers gossiped he would quit the market and that his family would appoint a conservator to prevent further dissipation of his wealth. Edwin Pardridge, the dry goods merchant, attempted to sympathize with the old man. It was an error. Hutchinson, nettled, fumed, “Many will need a receiver before I need a conservator.”

Old Hutch went after Pardridge. In Board of Trade lore, Pardridge was the Great Bear. His reputation as a man who wanted prices to decline was so universal that a distraught farmer once tried to assassinate him. Pardridge almost in-

variably took the bear side of the market and in January, 1891, that was where Hutchinson found him. Pardridge was short about 6,000,000 bushels of wheat. Hutchinson, sensing his opportunity, ran the market up and forced Pardridge to cover at a loss. For a time Pardridge had to ask his creditors to accept his notes until he could raise cash by selling real estate, of which he owned a great deal. Pardridge thought the whole thing was a shame, insisting that his sympathy had been offered Hutchinson "in a friendly way."

Two months later Old Hutch disappeared. Prices broke in panic until a commission house, Congdon and Company, announced it would assume all the old man's deals. Where was the great speculator? The Board filled with rumors, and newspapers made various wild guesses, chief of which was that he had gone to Florida. But an old friend, August Brentano, saw him wandering aimlessly down Fulton Street in Evansville, Indiana. Brentano called the police.

What happened thereafter was a mixture of low comedy and high tragedy. The Greeks would have loved this drama.

When the police caught up with Hutchinson, the old man told them, "This is the first time in my life I've ever been under arrest. I want to be taken to the station in a patrol wagon." So they hustled the old boy into the "paddy wagon" and hauled him to the "clink."

Hutchinson's conversation with the police was "erratic." They had no intention of arresting him, but they decided to watch him closely and to see that he got the right train to Chicago. They permitted him to make frequent excursions to near-by saloons to obtain what Old Hutch described as a "catarrh cure." Hutchinson tried to explain his market failures, but his efforts weren't very coherent.

"My luck changed two years ago," he said, "when the whole country was playing against me. But this I could have overcome easily enough had I not at an evil hour took two or three drinks too much and suffered the humiliation of being

thrown out of a hotel by a barkeeper. That episode has cost me at least \$2,500,000." Soured about Chicago, Old Hutch proclaimed, "The government should not allow more than 10,000 people to congregate in any one place."

The newspapers noted that "the speculator, while he made frequent visits to saloons, did not eat anything during the day." Finally the Evansville police put Old Hutch on a Chicago-bound train. That should have settled matters. But it didn't. He got to drinking beer on the train, and wound up in a quarrel with the porter over the price. When the train reached Terre Haute, Old Hutch got off and disappeared once again. However, he was back in Chicago two days later and the incident was over.

His generation had passed. He was old, tired, lonely. The city he helped build had grown beyond him. He no longer had an interest in banks or the packing industry; he was just a washed up speculator, a curio down on the Board. Memories of young, ambitious days haunted him while he sat in the Grand Pacific saloon and pestered the bartender with his wheezy philosophy.

He hated the city. It was like a son who mocked him. When he walked through its streets in his out-of-date clothes people stared and laughed. His bitterness escaped under eccentricity, and he became the town clown because he could not be the town monarch.

And then he left again. After a while he turned up in Boston, back in the Bay State of his birth. He was searching for his past. But there was nothing in Boston to cheer him, and once again he packed up and was off on his weary wanderings. Then one morning, long before the 7:00 A. M. opening hour, he appeared at the New York Produce Exchange. There he stood with his gripsack, his dusty clothes, his battered silk top hat. When the traders arrived they gathered 'round him. They smiled at him as an old hayseed out of the West. Half mockingly, they asked him what he thought of the market.

"I think wheat is a better buy than sale," was his reply.

He was back there the next day, fuming at the New York papers. He threatened to sue them for libel for calling him "Old Hutch." His "catarrh" was still bad and he found a place only a few steps from the exchange where he could "cure" it. He spent most of the day there. When strangers asked him, "How's Chicago?" he replied, "Chicago's like me—gone to seed."

Eventually, he rented a little office and spent all his time there, sleeping at night in a swivel chair. He seemed to personify an old Board saying—"the wheat pit is only twenty yards across, but it goes down to hell." For a time he traded in grains and stocks, operating on a small scale, from his office. Visitors seldom came to see him. He did not want them. He refused to see reporters. And then, one day, he disappeared again.

He was discovered, finally, running a secondhand clothing and notions store in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge. The store was crowded with junk, including books. He liked to read. He wanted to rest. The store was an ideal spot for him. He would take a glass of his "cure," lean back in his chair and recite Shakespeare to a tattered row of empty suits. The neighborhood customers who entered to haggle over nickels never suspected they were dealing with the shattered Wheat King, the man who had made and lost millions. He had lived through days of greatness and high glory, but the newly arrived immigrants saw him only as an old failure in the land of opportunity. Men had trembled at the mention of his name, but now he was just a butt for the gibes of street urchins. When the Fates came to Old Hutch, they poured the pathos on thick.

His family brought him back to Chicago, and he entered the Lakeside Sanitarium at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. There, in 1899, just as his century ended, he died. The end came suddenly. There was no time for any relative or friend to be with him.

ILLINOIS AGRICULTURE IN TRANSITION 1820-1870

BY RICHARD BARDOLPH

PART ONE

THE federal census for 1870 disclosed that Illinois, whose farm products five short decades earlier had scarcely sufficed to supply the needs of a frontier community numbering fifty-five thousand souls,¹ had become a food bin for the nation. In the intervening half century her population had risen to 2,539,891, placing her fourth among the thirty-one states in number of inhabitants. In total agricultural production, however, she had reached a level second only to that of heavily settled New York; and in the production of the nation's four major foodstuffs, wheat, corn, swine, and cattle, her record was even more astonishing, for in all but the latter she stood first, while in the case of beef cattle she was led only by Texas, and in the number of dairy cattle only New York and Pennsylvania exceeded Illinois.²

¹ "As yet there is not enough raised in this section of the country for the consumption of the people," wrote John B. Prentiss to the New York office of the American Home Missionary Society as late as October 1, 1835. See photostat in American Home Missionary Society Papers in the Illinois Historical Survey, Urbana. Prentiss was writing from Cook County. Older agricultural settlements in Illinois were, to be sure, raising surpluses for sale in the New Orleans, St. Louis, and other markets in modest quantities.

² U. S. Census Office, *Ninth Census, 1870: Compendium* (Washington, D. C., 1872), 694-95, 708.

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The transformation of farming in Illinois was, *mutatis mutandis*, the local manifestation of a roughly contemporaneous development in the nation at large. In Illinois, as elsewhere, the most striking aspect of the revolution was a shifting from self-sufficient to commercial farming—a gradual substitution of farming as a business for farming as a way of life. Few mutations in American economic history have been heavier with consequence. In addition to increasing enormously the productivity of the American farm, thus enabling the waning agricultural population to supply the food and raw materials for the waxing urban society, this change reduced rural America to a new dependence upon markets, subordinated agriculture to the industrial and commercial interests in the nation's economy, and deeply involved American husbandmen in a complex of subtle economic forces that few of them even dimly understood.

The factors contributing to the remarkable expansion of western agriculture comprise a familiar story. Increasing population in the nation as a whole, accompanied by a declining rural population,³ the industrialization of the East, and increasing specialization in the South, to say nothing of the exigencies of foreign trade, created a growing demand for the western farmer's products and a growing supply for his needs. The development of trade arteries by river, wagon road, canal, and rail linked producers and consumers of East and West and at the same time brought together the rising commercial centers in the western states and their own agricultural hinterlands. Nature supplied a relatively unoccupied empire of incredibly fertile public lands. Time, experiment, human inventiveness, and economics conquered the earlier reluctance to cultivate the prairies, while a brisk natural increase and the

³ The population of the United States had increased during the period, 1820-1870, from 9,633,822 to 38,588,371, and the proportion of persons engaged in agriculture had shrunk to 43 per cent. *Ninth Census, 1870: Compendium*, 8, 9, 594. In 1840, Illinois' population was 85 per cent rural and thirty years later only 51 per cent. *Sixth Census, 1840: Compendium*, 87; *Ninth Census, 1870: Compendium*, 8, 9, 594-95.

stream of immigrants from the older agricultural East and from Europe supplied the man power, and a succession of new machines and implements and a growing attention to improved methods effected startling economies in time, effort, and materials. In the Illinois of 1869-1870, these factors, taken together, helped to spell out for the census taker \$210,860,585 in farm products and improvements, including 1,715,586 cattle, 1,568,286 sheep, 2,703,343 swine, and an annual production of 30,128,405 bushels of wheat, 42,780,851 bushels of oats, 129,921,395 bushels of corn, 11,267,431 bushels of potatoes, \$47,003,655 in dairy products, and 5,739,249 pounds of wool, not to mention great quantities of barley, rye, hay, tobacco, orchard products, sorghum, and many other items.⁴

The beginnings were humble enough. In 1820, the state, with an area of 56,043 square miles and 55,211 inhabitants, was almost wholly untouched by settlement except in a V-shaped area in the south.⁵ All of the state's land lay originally in the federal government's public domain,⁶ but at the close of the sixties the General Land Office reported that "Illinois . . . has nearly ceased to contain public lands, the title to the domains having almost entirely passed from the Government to individuals, and now but a few scattered parcels remain undisposed of."⁷ From July, 1820, until the enactment of the Homestead Law in 1862, the minimum price (and for all practical purposes the going price) of the public lands stood at \$1.25 an acre, cash only. Much of the land passed to bona fide settlers at this figure, of course, but very often the more desirable lands had to be purchased by the pioneers from speculators, land companies, and, after 1852, from the Illinois Central Railroad, at prices considerably higher.

⁴ The figures are from the *Ninth Census, 1870: Agriculture*, 688-711.

⁵ See population map in Theodore C. Pease, *The Frontier State, 1818-1848* (*The Centennial History of Illinois*, II, Springfield, 1919), facing page 4.

⁶ All of it, that is, except a comparatively small area in "certain grants made by foreign sovereigns prior to 1873." Public Land Commission, *The Public Domain. Its History with Statistics* (*House Exec. Doc. no. 47, 46 Cong., 3 Sess.*, Washington, 1881), pt. 4, p. 425.

⁷ "Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office," in *Report of the Secretary of the Interior* (*House Exec. Doc. no. 1, 41 Cong., 3 Sess.*, Washington, 1871) pt. 4, p. 68-69.

In 1857, the *Genesee Farmer* reported that the amount of public land still left available to immigrants throughout the entire state of Illinois at government prices was extremely limited because "shoals of 'land sharks' . . . or speculators . . . absorb all the best claims as soon as the lands are offered for sale." But even so the settlers could still buy land at low cost.⁸ Speculators and land agencies advertised extensively both in America and abroad to attract immigrants, with the usual extravagant claims for their wares.⁹ Most zealous of all the advertisers was the Illinois Central Railroad whose 2,500,000-acre government grant (nearly four thousand square miles) made that corporation the greatest landed proprietor in Illinois. Recognizing that the railroad's prosperity was bound up with the fortunes of the state itself, the company devised a colonization policy based upon enlightened self-interest, and offered its lands on moderately easy terms for from \$5.00 to \$30.00 an acre, according to location and quality.¹⁰

Early settlement was limited almost wholly to the bottom lands of the Mississippi and its tributaries, despite periodic floodings and swamp-bred fevers; and, when that land was nearly all taken up, Illinois pioneers began moving into the timbered areas, located principally in the south, the northwest corner, and in fringes along the streams in the interior.¹¹ Avoid-

⁸ *Genesee Farmer*, new series, Vol. XVIII (April, 1857), 116.

⁹ *Genesee Farmer*, new series, Vol. VIII (April, 1847), 103; *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XVII (July 30, 1857), 247.

¹⁰ See Paul W. Gates, *The Illinois Central Railroad and Its Colonization Work* (Cambridge, 1934), *passim*; Arthur Charles Cole, *The Era of the Civil War (The Centennial History of Illinois, III, Springfield, 1919)*, 87-88; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (July 16, 1857), 41. See also *Illinois Central Rail-Road Company Offers for Sale over 2,400,000 Acres Selected Prairie, Farm and Wood Lands* (New York, 1855), and three other pamphlets in the same series, printed in 1856, 1857, and 1858, bearing slightly varying titles and advertising 2,000,000 (1856) and 1,500,000 acres (1857 and 1858). The grant, made by the Congress directly to the state and thence to the railroad, comprised a strip of alternate (i. e. all the even-numbered) sections, six miles wide, on each side of the roadbed. Where such sections had already been taken up, the state might go nine miles farther to secure indemnity lands. The strip extended from the southern tip of the state northward to Centralia, where it forked, the right-hand tine extending to Chicago and the left one to the Wisconsin border in the northwest corner of the state.

¹¹ It is well to remember that more than a third of Illinois was in woodland, and that once the obstacles, both real and imaginary, to prairie settlement were removed, farmers came to prefer the prairie land to the wooded sections. For a map showing the distribution of prairie and woodlands, see Harlan H. Barrows, *Geography of the Middle Illinois Valley* (Illinois Geological Survey, *Bulletin* no. 15, Urbana, 1910), 69.

ing the prairie, settlers followed timber, water supply, and proximity to transportation routes. The supposition that the vast plains which produced no trees were therefore incapable of producing field crops may be forgiven. Poor drainage in the nearer prairies quite naturally led the immigrant to suppose that the failing was a characteristic of all prairie land. The want of drinking water presented another obstacle, while the lack of timber raised the question as to where fuel, fencing, and building materials were to be sought. Moreover, the native grass and weeds that gave the endless prairie the appearance of a billowing green and yellow sea grew dense and tall, in some areas from three to four feet and in others to such a height "that an army of men on horseback might easily be concealed amongst them."¹² Besides, the heavily matted virgin sod was the despair of the plowman. It was widely believed among the settlers in the thirties that the prairies would never be settled "beyond one tier of farms around the groves" and that the rest would always remain open range for stock.¹³

Illinois farming in the southern Illinois river and timber lands was, in the twenties, almost as simple as the agriculture of Caesar's time. Primitive implements, hand-operated or ox-drawn, and thin and slovenly cultivation supplied the simple needs of the largely self-sufficient pioneer folk, and could even provide a surplus for shipment down the Mississippi in such amounts as to flood the New Orleans markets. This could depress prices so as to make the traffic almost profitless.¹⁴ Grains, particularly wheat and corn, were the chief crops, and a few rangy cattle and hogs were permitted to shift for themselves. The ancient bar-share (or "bull") and shovel plows¹⁵ with wooden moldboards were still in common use, and fre-

¹² William Oliver, *Eight Months in Illinois* (Chicago, 1924), 57. Oliver was an English traveler who visited Illinois in 1842. His book was first published in 1843.

¹³ Harry F. Pratt, ed., "John Dean Caton's Reminiscences of Chicago in 1833 and 1834," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XXVIII, no. 1, (April, 1935), 20.

¹⁴ Pease, *Frontier State*, 52.

¹⁵ For descriptions of the bull plow and the shovel plow, see Percy Wells Bidwell and John I. Falconer, *History of Agriculture in the Northern United States, 1620-1860* (Washington, 1925), 123.

quently no other soil-working implement was employed save here and there a poorly made harrow with wooden teeth. Barefoot boys and girls still did the work of the mechanical corn planters that were later to succeed them, and wheat drills were still unknown. The substitution of the grain cradle for the sickle had only recently marked a great advance, but grass was still cut with the scythe and raked with a hand rake. Wheat and other grains were still being threshed with the flail or tramped out by horses, but the fanning mill was making its appearance and commercial flour mills began to spring up.¹⁶

Gershom Flag, writing in 1819 from Edwardsville, at that time one of the state's most densely settled areas said:

The people of This Territory are from all parts of the United States & do the least work I believe of any people in the world. Their principal business is hunting deer, horses, hogs and Cattle and raising Corn. They have no pasture but turn every thing out to run at large and when they want to use a horse or oxen they will have to travel half a dozen miles to find them through grass and weeds higher than a man can reach when on horseback and the grass and vines are so rough that nothing but their Leather hunting shirts and trowsers will stand any Chance at all.

These kind of People as soon as the settlements become thick Clear out and go further into the new Country. The method of Raising Corn here is to plough the ground once then furrow it both ways and plant the Corn 4 feet each way and plough between it 3 or 4 times in the Summer but never hoe it at all. Wheat is generally sowed among the Corn and ploughed in sometime in August or first sept. There are no barns in this Country people stack all their Wheat and thresh it out with horses on the ground. We have not many good mills in this Country.¹⁷

The pioneer husbandry of 1819 was little changed in the twenties and thirties in much of the state—though a shift in emphasis from a backwoods hunting-farming economy to a permanent agricultural society was discernible—and even in

¹⁶ For more detailed descriptions of agriculture in Illinois' first decade of statehood, see Illinois State Agricultural Society, *Transactions*, Vol. I, 1853-54 (Springfield, 1855), 204; Vol. II, 1856-57 (Springfield, 1857), 47-63, 313-18, 346-71; Vol. VIII, 1869-70 (Springfield, 1871), 203-11; Illinois Department of Agriculture, *Transactions*, Vol. XIII, 1875 (Springfield, 1876), 286-346. See also American Home Missionary Society Papers, and Solon J. Buck, ed., "Pioneer Letters of Gershom Flag," *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1910* (Springfield, 1912), 139-83.

¹⁷ *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1910, p. 162.

the forties the simple, self-sufficient frontier farming persisted in considerable degree. As the bottom land and wooded areas became filled up and as market facilities increased, hardy souls began pushing out into the small prairies, but it was not until after 1850¹⁸ (the state's population doubled in the fifties, from 851,470 to 1,711,951) that the really significant movement into the prairies began. It was the expansion of *prairie* farming that signalized the real revolution in the state's agriculture.¹⁹

Particularly in the period before 1850, and to an important though decreasing degree thereafter, Illinois farm folk suffered from special hardships that plagued the stoutest pioneer spirit. Few complaints were more frequently expressed than those relating to the prevalence of fevers, agues, and malarial diseases. They tormented the earliest settlers in the bottom lands, then followed them into the timber lands, and pushed on with them into the prairie. Gershom Flagg complained in 1819 that "The principal objection I have to this Country is its unhealthiness the months of Aug. & Sept. are generally very Sickly."²⁰ In 1849, an Adams County farmer wrote of "bilious complaints, fevers, agues and chills, which every one is more or less subject to every season," and twenty years later the Illinois correspondent for an eastern agricultural journal wrote that Illinois was still shaking with the ague in a wet season when a few weeks of cool weather succeeded a period of excessive heat.²¹ All of southern Illinois

¹⁸ Compare the woodland-prairie map (p. 69) with the 1850 and 1860 population maps (pp. 73 and 75) in Barrows, *Geography of the Middle Illinois Valley*.

¹⁹ See Hubert Schmidt, "Farming in Illinois a Century Ago as Illustrated in Bond County," *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, Vol. XXXI, no. 2 (June, 1938), 138-59; Frederick Jackson Turner, *The United States, 1830-1850* (New York, 1935), 293-96.

²⁰ Buck presents evidence in the "Pioneer Letters of Gershom Flagg" to show that the "fever and ague," contrary to widely held opinion, were not peculiar to Illinois but common to newly settled country that was not well drained. A high incidence of malaria was common to successive American frontiers, and the disease had a way of retreating from an area as civilization advanced into it. *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1910, p. 163-64.

²¹ U. S. Patent Office, *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1848* (Washington, 1849), 543; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. XXXIV (Sept. 23, 1869), 234. See also contemporary statements in "Letters from Ogle and Carrol [*sic*] Counties, 1838-1857," in *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1907 (Springfield, 1908), 247-61, and Lydia Colby, ed., "A Pioneer in Lee County Illinois. The Autobiography of Charles Francis Ingals," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XXVI, no. 3 (Oct., 1933), 274.

had acquired the reputation of being unhealthful, and in the forties and fifties numerous immigrants began passing it by to go on to Wisconsin, Minnesota, or Iowa, to the annoyance of land boomers and the Illinois Central Railroad, who did what they could to refute the charge.²²

Travelers frequently noted the unendurable heat in southern Illinois. It was often accompanied by swarms of flies which so tormented horses and cattle that the poor beasts were flecked with blood from head to foot, and feeding or working in the heat of the day became quite impossible. The rigors of winter in open country brought real suffering, particularly when, as in the famous "Winter of the Deep Snow" (1830-1831), intense cold was accompanied by blizzards that made even a trip to the water pump a perilous venture. A Galena clergyman wrote the American Home Missionary Society in 1831 that several men in that vicinity had frozen to death in the course of the winter and that "it is at the peril of one's life to ride over these open prairies, without a tree or a house to break the force of the wind for many miles."²³ Early frosts were a constant worry and for a time the culture of wheat was all but abandoned in some parts of northern Illinois because of the frequency of winter-killing.²⁴

Wolves were a continual menace to farmers' livestock during the entire half century before 1870, and, indeed, far beyond, and an alarming prevalence of rattlesnakes as well as copperheads, moccasins, and bull snakes was sometimes re-

²² Gates, *Illinois Central Railroad*, 9.

²³ *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1907, p. 258; Eleanor Atkinson, "The Winter of the Deep Snow," *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1909 (Springfield, 1910), 47-62; *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1910, p. 158; Ferdinand Ernst, "Travels in Illinois in 1819," *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1903 (Springfield, 1904), 151; Aretas Kent, Galena, Ill., to Absalom Peters, Feb. 26, 1831 (MSS in the American Home Missionary Papers, Illinois Historical Survey, Urbana).

²⁴ *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Aug. 20, 1857), 129. In 1863, a Menard County farmer entered in his diary under date of August 30, the notation, "We had a killing frost this morning. It has done immense damage. The corn on low or moist land is ruined and vines, Tobacco and cotton is all killed. This is one of the greatest calamities that has befallen our state in a long while. . . ." "An Illinois Farmer During the Civil War. Extracts from the Journal of John Edward Young, 1859-1860," *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, Vol. XXVI, no. 1 (April, 1933), 107.

ported in the years before 1850.²⁵ Grass fires and prairie bandits were two more enemies of the early Illinois husbandmen, and hostile Indians were still, upon occasion, a source of anxiety. No catalogue of the special hardships of the early Illinois farm folk can be compiled without an allusion to the oppressive loneliness that brooded over the western countryside. It is small wonder that many of its frustrated victims turned for consolation to those two frontier intoxicants, hard liquor and the camp meeting.

The rapid development of transportation facilities in the state in the thirties and forties and beyond, and the correlative rise of commercial centers that opened up new markets for the farmer is an intricate and fascinating story in itself which there is no space here to record. The striking rise of Chicago as the commercial entrepôt for the prairie province illustrates the influence of the new forces at work, as river (supplemented by plank roads), the canal, and then railroad traffic converged upon it. In 1839 Chicago began exporting wheat. By 1841 more wheat came to Chicago than available Great Lakes and river vessels could export, and the *Chicago American*²⁶ boasted that the young city was already the market for "about one-half the State of Illinois, a large portion of Indiana, and a very considerable part of Wisconsin." In 1842, the city sent out 586,907 bushels of wheat, 2,920 barrels of flour, 16,209 barrels of beef and pork, and 1,500 pounds of wool. Five years later the quantity of wheat shipped was increased fourfold, flour more than twelvefold, beef and pork threefold, and the shipments of wool were multiplied three hundred times. When the day of the railroad dawned, the hustling young city was ready for its gigantic task.²⁷

²⁵ *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1910, p. 158; *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1903, p. 161; *Genesee Farmer*, Vol. II (June 23, 1832), 200; Writers Program: Illinois, *Pioneer Days in Illinois* (Chicago, 1940), 2; Writers Program: Illinois, *Illinois Historical Anecdotes* (Chicago, 1940), 50; *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. VII (Dec., 1847), 382.

²⁶ For Sept. 17, 1841.

²⁷ See Gates, *Illinois Central Railroad*, chap. I; Howard G. Bronson, "Early Illinois Railroads: The Place of the Illinois Central Railroad in Illinois History Prior to the Civil War,"

The growth of Chicago and the expansion of Illinois agriculture were interdependent, and both were indebted to the development of transportation facilities connecting them with eastern markets.

Not only did the elaboration of the state's transportation network provide ever wider outlets for the products of the field, it also benefited agriculture by transporting immigrants to the interior and carrying from the city to the countryside the necessities that a commercial farmer, specializing in cash crops, could no longer take the time and effort to produce. It transported to the rural communities the new agricultural implements that were speeding the process of commercialization, and, in making available fuel, fencing, and building materials at moderate rates, it removed some of the greatest obstacles to the settlement of prairie land.

It has been noted that the treeless character of prairie country discouraged settlement in all but the prairies hard by the timberlands, for without wood, houses could not be built or heated, nor could fences be erected. No adequate substitute for wood was found for farmhouses though sod houses were tried. In the nearer regions, logs were hauled by wagon from the timbered areas, but as settlement pushed farther into the prairie and as local lumber supplies diminished, the railroads brought the needed timber to the prairie at moderate cost.²⁸ When the brisk movement of population into the greater prairies began about 1850, frame houses were succeeding log cabins. In northern Illinois the latter were rare enough to attract attention, and even in the southern section, though log cabins were still common enough in that year, frame houses were rapidly supplanting them. As lumber (much of it shipped from Chicago) became available by rail, fairly comfortable

Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc., 1908 (Springfield, 1909), 171-83; C. A. Harper, "The Railroad and the Prairie," *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1923 (Springfield, 1923), 102-10; Cole, *Era of the Civil War*, chap. II; U. S. Patent Office, *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1847* (Washington, 1848), 591.

²⁸ *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Aug. 6, 1857), 89.

farm houses could be built on the prairie, far from forest land, for from \$200 to \$1,000.²⁹

The fuel problem was met in a number of ways. Firewood was sometimes hauled by wagon over considerable distances either from wooded areas or railway stations, the work being done during the winter months when, though he would perhaps be the first to deny it, the western farmer occasionally found time hanging heavily on his hands. Some farm homes relied wholly upon corncobs for fuel. One hundred acres of corn, it was said, would supply cobs enough for an average family's needs for a year. Still others burned a mixture of cobs and coal. Illinois' fabulous, though as yet largely unexploited coal fields began in the fifties, under the stimulus of the new railroads, to supply the fuel needs of the prairie farmer, and the *Country Gentlemen* was certain that coal would soon become the Illinois agriculturists' principal fuel. A Perry County farmer reported in 1855 that "*Coal here is rapidly taking the place of wood, as fuel. I buy coal at such a rate, that it is cheaper to burn it than to prepare wood for stoves and fireplaces. Coal is so abundant that all Southern Illinois will always be supplied at a low cost.*"³⁰ As far north as Kankakee, farmers were getting coal for \$3.00 to \$5.00 a ton and finding it cheaper than hauling wood.

The water problem was quickly eliminated as a barrier to settlement. Early settlers had clung close to the timber area partly because springs and water courses were plentiful there and it was believed that water was virtually unavailable on prairie terrain, a supposition that geological surveys by the state and national government later demonstrated to be posterously false. As a matter of fact water was ordinarily accessible to wells at depths of from twelve to fifty feet, and

²⁹ *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Nov., 1857) 252; *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, June, 1938, p. 150; Russell Anderson, "Agriculture in Illinois During the Civil War Period, 1850-1870" (Ph.D. thesis, University of Illinois, 1929), 26-27.

³⁰ See statement of B. G. Roots in *Illinois Central Rail-Road Company Offers For Sale Over 2,000,000 Acres* (1856), 25; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Aug. 6, 1857), 89; *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. VII (March 1, 1856), 70.

commonly at less than forty.³¹ Moreover, the provision of adequate water was still further facilitated by well-making equipment and windmills which the railroads were already beginning to carry to remote corners of the prairie province in the middle fifties.³²

The fence problem was not so readily solved. The earlier farm communities near the timberland had relied on wooden rails, and the difficulty of securing timber for this purpose proved a strong deterrent to prairie settlement. The entire period to 1870 was one of experimentation and only at the end of the era did the fence question begin to resolve itself.

Worm fences,³³ the chief reliance of the pioneer Illinois agriculturist in the twenties, were still the commonest fences on Illinois farms in 1870, despite the expense of rails.³⁴ The cost was modest enough for farmers in the timbered areas but many prairie farmers continued their use only because they were not convinced that a less costly substitute giving equal service could be found. The coming of the railroad had significantly reduced the cost of transporting pine fencing from Wisconsin and Michigan until the Civil War, but thereafter the rising prices of lumber intensified the search for cheaper substitutes. In Perry County, B. G. Roots had reported in 1855 that rails were available at two or three dollars a hundred, and that a forty-acre field could be fenced for from \$135 to \$200. Post-and-board fences were surprisingly frequent in the state after the railroad era opened, and in 1870 they accounted for nearly a third (32 per cent) of the state's fences. Worm fences made

³¹ Frank Leverett, *The Illinois Glacial Lobe* (U. S. Geological Survey Monograph, Vol. XXXVIII, Washington, 1899), and Illinois: Geological Survey, *Geological Survey of Illinois, IV* (Springfield, 1870). In some instances, the *Prairie Farmer* pointed out, however, "It is necessary to sink a well as many as a hundred, or one hundred and thirty feet." Vol. VII (March, 1847), 96.

³² *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. VII (March 1, 1856), 70; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Aug. 6, 1857), 89. The *Prairie Farmer* urged the use of windmills for raising water on the Illinois prairies as early as 1847. See Vol. VII (March, 1847), 96.

³³ The worm fence was, of course, the familiar, pioneer zig-zag fence constructed of split rails. A good example may be seen at the restoration of New Salem. The author saw such fences still doing good service in Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee in 1946.

³⁴ *Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the Year 1871* (Washington, 1872), 504 ff.

up 43 per cent of Illinois fences in that year, and the post-and-rail variety only 2 per cent. Nearly all of the remaining 23 per cent was made up of Osage orange and other hedges and a small number of wire fences. Ditch-and-embankment and, more frequently, sod fences had been tried in scattered instances with generally unsatisfactory results.³⁵

The *Prairie Farmer* began a half-hearted campaign to popularize wire fences as early as 1845, but four years later, confessed that "we have not regarded wire fence at all as any thing but an experiment as yet." By 1850 a wire fence could actually be constructed for less cost on the prairie than a rail fence, but farmers were slow to take them up, and it was not until the appearance of the first genuinely practical barbed wire fences in the early seventies that wire became an important fencing agent. The smooth wire fences were objected to on the ground that they were too costly, that they would not restrain heavy livestock nor turn smaller farm animals, that they would injure cattle and horses, and that they were unsightly because from a distance they gave the appearance of a project that had been abandoned after the posts had been set.³⁶ Still, the wire fence was winning a growing number of champions. In 1857, a Whiteside County observer declared that many miles of it were doing service there. In that year fifty tons of wire

³⁵ Illinois Department of Agriculture, *Transactions*, Vol. XIII, 1875 (Springfield, 1876) 330-31; *Illinois Central Rail-Road Company Offers For Sale Over 1,500,000 Acres* (1857), 22-23; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Aug. 6, 1857), 19; *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Nov., 1857) 277-78; Bidwell and Falconer, *History of Agriculture in the Northern United States*, 272. A Christian County farmer reported in 1857 that a considerable quantity of poplar lumber for Illinois fences was sawed in Indiana and shipped by rail to the prairies at a cost to the farmer of \$14 to \$25 per 1,000 feet, and green oak lumber was selling there for \$17 per 1,000 feet, including freight. Better oak could be had for \$18 to \$20, and posts were delivered at 8½ cents each freight included. *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Nov., 1857), 277.

³⁶ *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. V (Sept., Nov., 1845), 227, 259-60; Vol. VII (Feb., 1847), 67-68; Vol. VIII (Nov., 1848), 353; Vol. IX (Feb., May, July, Dec., 1849), 53, 62, 160, 211, 374. It is interesting to note that the amount of space in the *Prairie Farmer* that was devoted to the subject of fences was very great in the forties and fifties and dwindled to almost nothing in the sixties. During the decade, 1845-55, the shift from a preponderance of articles on hedge fences to a decided majority on wire fences is also noteworthy. The journal had become convinced of the practicability of the wire fence, but as the citations in the preceding notes indicate, the prairie farmer and the *Prairie Farmer* were not of one mind. For some of the surprising hostility to wire fencing, see *Michigan Farmer*, Vol. VII (Feb. 15, 1849), 57; *Northern Farmer*, Vol. I (March, 1852), 40.

had been sold for fencing in the town of Sterling, Illinois, and the figure would have been higher had more wire been procurable.³⁷

The most dramatic chapter in the search for a suitable prairie fence that would free the farmer from the rather costly dependence upon timber was the Osage orange speculation, beginning in the forties and by no means over in 1870. The Osage orange had been recommended as a hedge fence by the *New England Farmer* as early as 1836,³⁸ but the movement to make the plant the fence of the prairie was born of the efforts of the great prophet of agricultural education, Jonathan Baldwin Turner, of Jacksonville, Illinois. His experiments and personal campaigning were soon seconded by farm journals like *Prairie Farmer* and *Illinois Farmer*, agricultural leaders like John S. Wright and Dr. John A. Kennicott, the Illinois State Agricultural Society, and, for quite different reasons, by nurserymen and "tree peddlers" in search of quick profits.

Skeptics argued that the plant proved too expensive, that it was not "horse-high, bull-strong and pig-tight," that it sapped the soil and shaded too much ground, that the young plants were too easily killed by cold, and above all that it required too much care. Turner himself, however, clung to the belief that the Osage orange had been specially created as a hedge for the prairies and that it was "the greatest blessing ever introduced upon the farms of the West"; and, the editor of *Illinois Farmer* believed that "there is not a more unquestionable truth, than that an impassible hedge can be made of the Osage Orange."³⁹

³⁷ *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Aug. 6, 1857), 89; *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, Vol. XXXII (Jan., 1855), 62. There is further evidence that the Commissioner of Agriculture's Report for 1871, previously referred to, erred in understating the extent of wire fencing in Illinois. See the files of the *Prairie Farmer* for the fifties, and also *Western Rural*, Vol. VII (1869), *passim*. *Prairie Farmer* reported in 1848 that "this fence is becoming popular to an extent hardly expected so soon." Vol. VIII (Nov., 1848), 353.

³⁸ *New England Farmer*, Vol. XIV (April 20, 1836), 326; see also *Genesee Farmer*, Vol. VII (July 8, 1837), 216; *Farmer's Register*, Vol. V (June, 1837), 86-87; *Cultivator*, Vol. V (March, 1838), 16-17.

³⁹ *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. V (Dec., 1845), 284; Vol. VIII (Aug., Nov., 1848), 242-44, 350; *Illinois Farmer*, Vol. I (March, 1856), 60.

Dr. John A. Kennicott, one of the state's most distinguished agricultural improvers, asserted that there were hundreds of miles of Osage hedge in Illinois in 1852, and estimated that the number of plants would reach fifty million in that year. The fences were invariably unsatisfactory, he said, because they were permitted to grow too rapidly. If farmers would cut the hedges back repeatedly for two or three years and permit them to become very stout at the bottom, Kennicott insisted, they would make a perfect fence.⁴⁰

Illinois farmers took up hedge-fencing somewhat cautiously in the forties but in the fifties it assumed the proportions of a craze and the Osage orange was widely hailed as the ultimate prairie fence. As experience dimmed the earlier hopes, however, and as the development of railways cheapened the transportation of pine fencing the experiments in hedge-culture began to languish, only to be reinvigorated in the middle sixties under the influence of rising war-time prices of lumber and the increasing cost of rails.⁴¹ Although the 1871 *Report of the United States Commissioner of Agriculture* indicated that less than a fifth of the state's fences were then of the Osage orange variety, it should be remembered that the peak of the craze had been passed more than a decade earlier, and that this was the figure for the entire state, while the hedge was largely a prairie device. In the tier of counties north of the state's center, where the larger prairies were located, the proportion was much higher. In Marshall County, for example, it was estimated at 40 per cent, in Henderson and Stark counties at 50 per cent, and in Kankakee County at 75 per cent. Indeed, so rapid was its spread that the land office of the Illinois Central Railroad announced in 1858 that the Osage orange plant was "rapidly supplanting all other kinds of fencing."⁴²

⁴⁰ *Horticulturist*, Vol. VII (Aug., 1852), 374-75. See in addition Illinois State Agricultural Society, *Transactions*, Vol. VIII, 1869-1870 (Springfield, 1871), 257-58.

⁴¹ Illinois Department of Agriculture, *Transactions*, Vol. XIII, 1875 (Springfield, 1876), 330-31.

⁴² *Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the Year 1871* (Washington, 1872), 504; *Illinois Central Rail-Road Company Offers For Sale Over 1,500,000 Acres* (1858), 22-23.

Besides the Osage, a number of other "live fences" were tried with inconclusive results, including the cottonwood, pear leaf thorn, Virginia thorn, crab, plum, white willow, honey locust, buckthorn, yew, and English hawthorn. Though the fencing question was not completely laid to rest until after 1870, it had been amply demonstrated by the early fifties that the treelessness of the prairies need not be a bar to their settlement.

Spared the toil of clearing the land of trees, the prairie farmers who took up new lands faced the formidable, if less arduous, labor of breaking the sod. Until improved plows of steel became generally available and revolutionized the task about 1840,⁴³ the thought of prairie-breaking was sufficient in itself to deter stout pioneers from moving out to prairie land. Such farmers found themselves immersed in a sea of waving prairie grass. "The Roots of the grass are very tough," wrote Gershom Flagg in 1818, "it generally requires 3 yoke of Oxen or six horses to plough up the prairies & the plough must be kept at a keen edge by filing often."⁴⁴

The sod-breaking plow used in the twenties was a crude implement with a wooden moldboard, sometimes covered with strips of iron; and in the forties the prairie was being broken at the rate of one to two acres a day and a cost \$1.50 to \$2.00 per acre by an enormous plow with a wooden moldboard and an iron share. Solon Robinson described it thus in 1840:

Fancy, then, a plow share weighing 125 lbs., the beam fourteen feet long, attached to a pair of cart wheels, to the tongue of which are hitched from three to seven yoke of oxen, turning an unbroken sod, eighteen to twenty-six inches wide, and sometimes a mile in length.⁴⁵

By 1855 a number of farmers had learned that a small, light steel plow with a single team of horses could be used successfully, but in 1857 the editor of *Country Gentlemen* reported

⁴³ *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. IV (June, Oct., 1844), 146, 227.

⁴⁴ *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1910, p. 157.

⁴⁵ *Cultivator*, Vol. VII (Feb., 1840), 33. See also *Cultivator*, Vol. VII (May, 1840), 80; Bidwell and Falconer, *History of Agriculture in the Northern United States*, 282-85; *Southern Cultivator*, Vol. III (Oct., 1845), 153.

that he found the majority of them still using from four to six yoke of oxen and a ponderous plow, turning over a furrow two or three inches deep and twenty-four inches wide, at a cost of three dollars an acre.⁴⁶

Breaking was done from mid-April to mid-July. If the prairie was broken too early in the season the grass simply grew upward through the inverted sod, as if it had not been disturbed, and if plowed too deep, the grass and roots would not properly rot, and cultivation in the next season would be difficult.⁴⁷

As important as any other factor in the revolution in western agriculture was the process of mechanization, which, with gathering speed after 1840, drastically reduced the labor time required in the major operations of prairie farming and enormously increased the productive capacity of the individual farm. The prairies were peculiarly adapted to early mechanization; the emphasis on grain and livestock production, and the level and relatively large fields, free from stumps, stones, and other debris, fairly invited the machine.⁴⁸

In 1850 Illinois stood sixth among the states in the value of farm implements, with a total reported by the census of \$6,405,561; in 1860 she was fifth, with \$17,235,472, and in 1870, with \$34,576,587, she was surpassed only by rich, old, and populous New York and Pennsylvania. The average value of machinery per farm stood at \$84 in 1850, when the national average was \$105, but in 1870 it had risen to \$171, the average for the nation being \$126.⁴⁹

⁴⁶ *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (July 23, 1857), 57-58. See also *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. VI (Nov. 10, 1855), 358; Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, *Transactions*, I (1851), 243-46; Missouri State Board of Agriculture, *Report*, IV (1868), 39-44.

⁴⁷ *New England Farmer*, Vol. XVIII (Sept. 11, 1839), 84; *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. VII (March 1, 1856), 69-70; *Genesee Farmer*, new series, Vol. XVIII (March, 1857), 84; *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Nov., 1857), 252.

⁴⁸ Fred A. Shannon, *The Farmer's Last Frontier: Agriculture, 1860-1897 (The Economic History of the United States, V, New York, 1945)*, 125-27. See also *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Aug. 20, 1857), 129, and *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVII (Dec. 1858), 364. Professor Shannon lists as another spur to mechanization on the prairie the man power shortage in the Civil War period.

⁴⁹ Figures are from the *Seventh Census, 1850: Compendium*, 169; *Ninth Census, 1870: Compendium*, 690.

Despite the improvements that came with Thomas Jefferson's contribution in the standardization and design of the moldboard and Charles Newbold's patenting of a cast-iron plow, both late in the eighteenth century, the early Illinois plowing (and indeed in some places in the state as late as the fifties) was done with implements of wretched design with wooden moldboards. The cast-iron plow proved unsatisfactory on prairie soil because it did not scour well, and the old bar-share and shovel plows were not displaced until steel plows began appearing on the state's farms in the forties. The steel plows, whose shares were kept bright by use, rode smoothly through the sticky prairie soil. Credit for developing steel plows was claimed by several inventors, but it was John Deere who began supplying them in quantity at Grand Detour, Illinois, in the late forties and by 1857 was producing at Moline some 13,400 plows a year, including 800 large breakers, 1,300 small breakers, 9,000 stubble plows, 1,000 corn plows, 300 Michigan double plows, and 100 double- and single-shovel plows and cultivators.⁵⁰

In the forties horse-drawn cultivators, though not yet widely used, were becoming available as vastly superior substitutes for the hoe and the shovel plow, and by 1860 the straddle-row cultivator began to appear. Corn planters and seed drills were coming into fairly general use in the fifties. The former, operated by hand, and often constructed to plant two rows simultaneously, afforded a simple device for check-row planting.⁵¹ Greatly improved work was being done in the middle fifties by a drill drawn by two horses and manned by two hands, one to drive and one to work the levers by means of which corn was deposited in the ground. Such an implement could cover from fifteen to twenty acres a day. Drills for wheat and smaller grains were likewise effecting great economies in

⁵⁰ *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Aug. 20, 1857), 129.

⁵¹ For a picture of one of these hand-operated, check-row corn planters, see *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XV (Feb., 1855), 43. The implement sold for \$10. *Prairie Farmer* estimated that it reduced the expense of planting and subsequent cultivating by three-fourths.

seed utilization and providing protection against frost which had so frequently killed hand-sown winter wheat that its culture in some sections in northern Illinois was being gradually abandoned in the early fifties. Yet, in central Illinois in 1857, more grain was still being sown broadcast than by drill.⁵²

The most significant contribution to the mechanization of western farming in the period was the reaper. The sickle had been supplanted by the cradle for the harvesting of wheat and other small grains in the twenties and, though the cradle lingered on some Illinois farms for several more decades, the mechanical reaper began taking its place in the state in the middle forties. Obed Hussey of Cincinnati patented his reaper in 1833 and Cyrus McCormick of Rockbridge County, Virginia, another in 1834. McCormick continued to experiment with his machine and did not go into the market until after 1840, and then, with shrewd foresight, he established himself in Chicago in 1847. Within a few years Hussey and McCormick were compelled to share the field with a veritable host of competitors.⁵³

Prairie Farmer declared that in 1840 the cradle was still universally used, but a few years later farmers were buying reapers as rapidly as they could be obtained. In 1846, the same journal was overwhelmed with inquiries from readers seeking advice before selecting a reaper for purchase. It urged Illinois farmers to proceed with caution lest they repeat the follies of earlier agricultural crazes and pointed out that at current prices and wages a farmer with less than fifty acres of grain to harvest would lose money by investing in a reaper. But the tide swept relentlessly on, and in the sixties the state's grain was com-

⁵² *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVII (April, 1858), 102.

⁵³ Some of the common implements in Illinois in the late fifties were the McCormick, the Manny, the Esterly, the Seymour and Morgan, Johnston's, Rugg's Illinois Harvester, the Haynes' Header, and the Atkins Automaton. Some of the harvesters, like the Seymour and Morgan, the Atkins machine, and the Johnston, had a self-raking feature. *Illinois Farmer*, Vol. I (Jan., 1856), advertising section following p. 24; *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVII (Dec., 1858), 364; *Western Rural*, Vol. VII (May 20, 1869), 157. See also Herbert A. Kellar, "The Reaper as a Factor in the Development of the Agriculture of Illinois, 1834-1865," *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1927 (Danville, 1927), 105-14.

monly being harvested either by machines of the agriculturist's own purchase or by hired implements.

The cradle had harvested three acres of grain in a day; the reaper by the fifties was doing fifteen acres a day with ease and even twenty-two when harvest gangs exerted themselves. By sharply reducing the number of days spent in harvesting a given quantity of grain, much of the danger of crop loss arising out of unfavorable harvest-time weather conditions was eliminated, and labor costs—the headache of the prairie farmer—were often greatly reduced. Two horses and two men did the work of five good cradlers, at the same time keeping six binders, one gatherer, and one shocker constantly busy. Moreover, greater yields of straw and grain resulted because the reaper cut more cleanly and shelled less grain than did the cradler. Improvements in the plow and in planting equipment had increased the amount of land a farmer could put under cultivation, but without the reaper the harvesting bottleneck would have compelled farmers to let increased grain productions rot in the field.⁵⁴

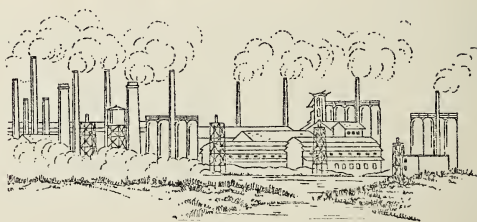
Two important confederates of the reaper in revolutionizing western farming were the mower and thresher. The scythe and the hayfork for the harvesting of grass, and the flail and threshing floor for threshing grain had, before 1870, largely given place to hand- and horse-powered threshers and machines for cutting, raking, loading, and pitching hay. Indeed, by 1860 mowing machines that could, if necessary, be handled by old men, women, and boys, were saving four-fifths of the labor and two-thirds of the cost of hand-mowing, and two-horse-powered threshers capable of threshing 300 bushels of wheat a day were available in the fifties.⁵⁵ Such threshing could be contracted for in the middle fifties at from four to five cents

⁵⁴ *Trans. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, 1927, 105-14, *passim*; *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. VI (March, April, Aug., Sept., Dec., 1846), 103, 131, 264, 284-85, 372.

⁵⁵ Fred A. Shannon, *America's Economic Growth* (New York, 1940), 253; Shannon, *Farmer's Last Frontier*, 133-37; Illinois Department of Agriculture, *Transactions*, Vol. XIII, 1875 (Springfield, 1876), 327-28; *Illinois Central Rail-Road Company Offers For Sale Over 1,500,000 Acres* (1858), 23.

a bushel, the contractor furnishing four horses and three "hands," and the farmer supplying four more horses and five more hands.

These and an astonishing number of lesser contrivances contributed in no small measure to the developments cited in the opening paragraphs of this paper; and the process of mechanization, together with the opening up of the unoccupied lands to the broadening stream of immigration, the proliferation of routes of trade, the rise of market centers, and the subduing of the unfamiliar prairie were some of the principal elements out of which Illinois' agricultural revolution was compounded.⁵⁶



⁵⁶ A consideration of additional aspects of the unfolding of the revolution in Illinois agriculture is reserved for a succeeding paper.

PORTRAIT OF MY GRANDMOTHER, MRS. LINCOLN'S KINSWOMAN

BY ELIZABETH RAYMOND WOODWARD

IN THE DAYS before photography became a commonplace, most of the men on my mother's side of the family had their portraits painted, some of them more than once. The women were evidently not considered important enough for this doubtful honor, but, judging by the portraits of these male progenitors, I feel posterity has not missed much of artistic value. And I am quite sure that no portraitist of her day could ever have caught and preserved the personal charm that was my grandmother's. As far back as I can remember, even when I was very small indeed, she was my best-beloved, most understanding friend. During all the years that followed, I spent as much time as school and a busy later life permitted listening to her tales of herself and her mother, and her daughter who was my mother, until there grew a mental picture gallery of portraits more lifelike and compelling than any painted canvas.

Her own, of course, illuminated by her presence, was the most vivid. But that of her mother, Jane Dey Varick, who, tradition has it, drank tea with Lafayette, and her father, Henry Dodge, a graduate of Columbia, were intensified and authenti-

Elizabeth Raymond Woodward is the granddaughter of Mrs. Benjamin S. (Helen Kissam Dodge) Edwards. As a girl, Mrs. Woodward frequently visited her grandmother in the spacious Edwards mansion in Springfield—now the home of the Springfield Art Association. Mrs. Woodward lives in Chicago.

cated by a lot of letters she gave me written by Henry in 1812 after he became engaged to Jane and began practicing law in the New York office of her uncle, Richard Varick. Many of them were written from Sackett's Harbor, New York, where he was stationed during the War of 1812. Over a hundred and thirty-five years ago! Yet the characters of those two young lovers emerge from these old-fashioned letters with unmistakable clarity.

Some of them, in the manner of that time, are written in the third person: "I know that my adored Jane will welcome even these few lines from her Henry." Even through the stilted diction, his tenderness for his adored Jane and his hopes for their future together are manifest. He wrote biting comments on the Congress of that day, on the men who played politics when their country was fighting for its very existence, and felt deep sympathy for the men under him who were deserting by the score because the country they were fighting for neither fed nor clothed them decently nor supplied them with guns and ammunition. All these show the gentle, thoughtful idealism that was Henry's essential quality. Unfortunately, none of Jane's letters were preserved, but these of Henry's, in spite of his idealism and adoration, show her up in not too flattering a light—he was often so obviously worried about her. She was what used to be called a "flirt," belonging to a family always referred to as "the mad Varicks"; and Henry was serious minded. He was, nevertheless, like every young man in love, an optimist, and was always tactfully sure that with advancing years and the duties and responsibilities of marriage Jane would put off her wild ways and become a helpmeet of whom he could justly be proud.

When he left the army, Henry went back to the practice of law in New York and married Jane. Perhaps, as so often happens, the war had made him restless, given him a wandering foot, for the next year he and Jane and their first-born son, John, started the long trek out to Kaskaskia in Illinois. They

went by way of Cincinnati where they stopped for a two weeks' visit with Henry's friend, Nicholas Longworth¹—sufficient time for an "ark" to be constructed to carry their household goods down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi to their new home.

Kaskaskia was one of the earliest white settlements in the Mississippi Valley and, by 1817 when the Dodges arrived there, had grown to be one of the most important towns in the West. In 1809 President Madison appointed Ninian Edwards, then prominent in Kentucky politics, governor of the Territory of Illinois, with Kaskaskia as its capital. The Dodges and the Edwardses soon became good friends. Illinois was taken into the Union as a full-fledged state in 1818, and in 1826 Mr. Edwards again became its governor, this time by election.

Grandmother was born November 14, 1819,² and was still too young at the time her family left Kaskaskia to remember much about her birthplace. In 1825, the Dodge family returned to New York, with three sons now, besides young Helen. Back East Henry caught up again the threads of his law practice—but two years later he died. Poor Henry! Life with Jane couldn't have been altogether an easy thing. When did marriage ever reform such a girl—self-willed, impatient of restraint, excitement-loving? Admiration was as necessary to her as daily bread, and she must have hated the life out West. Jane was never reticent about her feelings.

There is a legend in the family about the night that Henry died. It was a hot, still night in July and all the windows were open for any errant little breeze that might find its way inside—and suddenly soft music, like some celestial string quartette, was heard. It seemed to come from the river, yet later inquiries proved that no boat was out that night anywhere near their home. But the sound went on softly, sometimes so faint that

¹ Great-grandfather of Nicholas Longworth, noted Speaker of the House.

² The year 1819 is the date given by Mrs. Edwards in the booklet, *Some Incidents in the Life of Mrs. Benj. S. Edwards* (1909), page 8. In *Historic Sketches of the Edwards and Todd Families and Their Descendants, 1523-1895*, by Georgie Hortense Edwards (Springfield, Ill., 1894), the date is given as Nov. 14, 1819.

Jane wasn't sure it hadn't faded away altogether. For over an hour she heard it, and as the last clear notes died away she saw that Henry, too, had gone.

Acquaintance with death changed Jane as little as marriage had done. She had always been a restless creature and the interrelationship of her family with most of the other New York Dutch families gave her a ready-made excuse for much of the lengthy visiting that was then an accepted form of hospitality. But in 1834 she settled down more or less in New Haven, Connecticut, where two of her sons were in Yale College. Benjamin S. Edwards, son of the Dodges' friend, Governor Ninian Edwards, was also in school at the time. This was the first time Grandmother remembered meeting him, though it would be strange if she had not played with him in Kaskaskia as a very small child. Helen is supposed to have been born in his father's home which attests to the degree of intimacy that existed between the two families. Nevertheless, she did not feel such ancient history sufficient reason for marrying young Benjamin. Her mother thought otherwise, however—and Helen married Benjamin!

Jane was altogether a "man's woman," and I imagine she found a grown daughter rather a nuisance, even when relegated to the schoolroom and ignored there. She was devoted to her sons and liked men of all ages and types, so that the atmosphere of a college town suited her admirably. She wasn't beautiful, but she must have had any amount of charm and, though she lived in lodgings, she evidently had the art of making any place an attractive background for her social gifts. The students all adored her and visiting celebrities were brought to meet her as a matter of course.

But she could be completely ruthless to anyone who didn't happen to please her. One of these unfortunates was too obtuse to accept his dismissal one day when he had hired a trap and a spirited horse to take her driving. He had been certain she would like a drive, and when she refused he insisted beyond

what her impatient temper could endure. So she marched him straight to the schoolroom where Helen was struggling with a French lesson, saying, "You may take my daughter, since you are so determined on a companion for your drive!" and marched out again with a slam of the door!

Helen was aghast. It was unheard-of then for a young girl to go driving with a man, and for her mother to suggest such a thing, even in a temper! But as obedience had been drilled into her, forcibly at times, she went. She never forgot the drive that followed. Every moment of it she thought would be her last on earth. The insulted man's rage against such treatment communicated itself to the horse, which promptly bolted. Helen did not know which terrified her more, the sweating horse or the swearing man, both maddened and fighting for mastery. The man won finally, but not before both were utterly exhausted and ready to turn back. Helen's feelings then boiled over in outraged dignity. "It wasn't *my* fault that she made me go, and the horse ran away and—and you had no *right* to swear at me so!" ("I'd never heard a man swear before," she said in telling me the story.)

He looked around at her as if he had only then become conscious of her presence. Whether he was touched by her obvious innocence or was merely giving rein to a perverse humor, her older self could never determine. He started to speak, perhaps to apologize, but after a sputtered word or two, he was silent again. They went back to the house, then he followed her into the schoolroom. Still silent, he sat down at her desk, picked up a penknife lying there and made a short, deep cut in his forearm. Then, catching up the quill she had sharpened just before her mother's entrance, he hastily wrote in his own blood: "I promise H.K.D. never again to swear before a lady." Gravely he handed the paper to her, bowed low and went out of her life forever.

"Of course it was all very silly," said Grandmother. "No young man nowadays would dream of doing anything so melo-

dramatic. You are all too afraid of showing *any* emotion. I sometimes wonder if you don't miss some rather pleasant thrills, with your matter-of-fact friendships and casual courtships."

Helen never told Jane of the scene in the schoolroom, but the story of the runaway drive was public property, material for a hundred gossiping inventions. Helen heard none of the garbled tales, but of course Jane did. Jane, however, had a drastic way of dealing with unpleasantness, and anyone who dared refer to the episode was never again seen in her drawing room.

But her attention had been turned to her neglected young daughter, and she suddenly recognized with dismay that the child was of marriageable age. Action never waited on contemplation with Jane, and it was only a matter of weeks before a marriage was arranged between Helen Kissam Dodge and Benjamin Stevenson Edwards. Jane arranged it and she didn't even have the excuse of believing in the French way of managing these affairs. She herself had married for love, and to the end she had adored Henry with all the passion of her turbulent nature. She had never even considered marrying again. She must have excitement and masculine admiration, but it must be within the bounds dictated by her continued loyalty to him. One must give her credit for that and for her devotion to her three sons, but for her only daughter she had no consideration whatever.

The wedding was to be merely the reading of the ritual of the Dutch Reformed church with only the members of the family and household present. There were none of the trimmings of gaiety that every girl looks forward to, no parties for the bride, no young friends to share the excitement and wish her joy on her adventure. And the affair was planned for 6:00 A. M. because the boat they were to take to New York left so early in the morning.

Helen knew the futility of opposition, but she did make

one protest. The night before the festive occasion, a toothache that she had stoically been trying to ignore for several days suddenly became violent. She walked the floor for an hour. Desperate, finally, she screwed up her courage (it took quite a good deal, she said), and went to her mother's room. Can't you see the child in her high-necked, long-sleeved muslin nightgown and the old shawl she had dragged around her shoulders, shivering with pain and the chill of a slight fever, hesitating to wake her mother—knowing, really, the hopelessness of appealing to that unsympathetic director of her destiny? But she tried. "Mother," she said. "Look at my face—it's all swollen up from my tooth. Do I *have* to be married today?"

"Imagine," she said to me, "starting off, with one cheek twice its size and eyes all blurred and red from crying, on a honeymoon with a strange man, when one of the few things I knew about him was that he was more fastidious than any woman I have ever met!"

He was, in fact, an almost complete stranger to her. He had stood out from the crowd of her mother's young admirers only by reason of his unusual seriousness. I have a portrait of him painted when he was only twenty—a really beautiful young man, but there is about his face a suggestion of stern Puritanism. He might have been a descendant of the New England Jonathan rather than of Jonathan's very distant cousin who was one of the early settlers of Virginia. It was significant of Helen's feeling for him, as well as a sign of the times, that she never called him anything but "Mr. Edwards." She could respect him, and did; love him she could not.

I wonder if anyone ever did? I have only two memory-pictures of him, though I must have seen him often. In one of them he is kneeling in front of his chair at family prayers, talking very firmly to God. The other occasion was on a morning in early summer when the train that brought us to Springfield had arrived soon after six o'clock. We four children, delighted to be out of the stuffy sleeper and at the beginning

of the long vacation at Grandmother's home on North Fifth Street³—we never thought of the place as his—were racing madly through the garden. Grandfather, rigidly erect, with his square-cut beard making him look even more Jehovah-like, was taking his regular before-breakfast walk. He met us—and rebuked us for running through a newly-planted flower bed. That was his only greeting.

Kaskaskia, where Helen was born, was gradually encroached on by the Mississippi, and the site of the first capital of Illinois is now only part of that ever-changing river bed. Vandalia, capital for a brief span of twenty years, was followed by Springfield in 1839. Grandmother had always held an affection for her birthplace. At the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago she registered in the Illinois Building as from Kaskaskia! So she was more than willing when her young husband suggested their going back to Illinois to make their home in Springfield in 1839.

The journey was a long and fatiguing one at that time, even with the best and most forehanded of arrangements for coaches and horses and relay stations. It took them sixteen days and Grandmother said that every one was filled with dread of the unknown world before her as a married woman, and of the new people she would have to meet. But when they finally arrived at the home⁴ of her husband's brother, Ninian Wirt Edwards, in Springfield the cordiality of the greeting given her by him and his wife, Elizabeth, soon dispelled her fears.

Helen's brother-in-law had married Elizabeth Todd whose sister, Mary, was to become the much discussed wife of Abraham Lincoln. Mary Todd had visited Springfield two years earlier and had become acquainted with its people. In 1839 she returned for a more prolonged stay and to play an impor-

³ The original house was built in 1833, but several additions were made from time to time. After Grandmother's death, my mother and her sister, Mrs. Condell, gave the place to the city of Springfield for an art museum. The Edwards Place, as it is now called, is the home of the Springfield Art Association.

⁴ The Ninian Edwards house stood where the Centennial Building is now.

ant part in the town's social life. Helen met Mary very soon after her arrival and became devoted to her. She found her intelligent, charming, and witty, even if her wit was often of the barbed variety. Mary Todd was always the center of an interested and admiring group in any company in which she appeared.

Helen and Benjamin stayed at his brother's home for two weeks and then they moved into a small house at Adams and Fourth streets. However, he had a strong feeling for the land and a few years later he bought a large house and fourteen acres of land in the middle of a walnut grove, at that time north of the town's limits.

Most of her life Helen had lived in "lodgings," near the source of supplies on the Atlantic seaboard, where every luxury of that day was obtainable and adequate service taken for granted. Here, in the comparatively new community of Springfield, everything was either entirely lacking or rawly new. Though the majority of the settlers of Illinois were people of education and high standards of living, they had, by way of equipment for that living, only what they were able to bring with them from the East or up from the South. Many of the Southerners had brought their slaves as a matter of course. For the others, such a thing as a trained servant was not to be had for love or money, and only rarely could a farmer's wife or daughter be persuaded to help out for a day or two.

The education of girls wasn't thought of much importance then, and Helen's had been a hit-or-miss affair—several terms in as many different boarding schools and half a dozen governesses of not too great attainments. She could sing charmingly, play the piano fairly well, speak and read French better than most. But absolutely nothing in her curriculum had been relevant to home or farm management, cooking, or the care of children. Three daughters, and one son who lived a very brief time, were born in the first seven years of her marriage.

A farmer and his wife, who lived in a shack on the place did most of the outdoor work of the farm, with the occasional help of a hired man, but Helen was expected to prepare bacon, hams, sausage, lard, candles, and soap for the long winters as well as to carry on all the daily work of the household. These things had to be done well because her husband would never tolerate, either in himself or in her, any lowering of his high standards. She was a slender woman barely over five feet tall, not too strong, and utterly untrained. She was really ill for months before my mother was born, and she told me how she stood in agony over the churn and the butter that apparently never *would* come, the tears streaming down her face and into the cream—crying the more because she was sure her husband would notice the extra salty flavor and make stern comment on it!

Not once, however, did she ever indulge in self-pity and, with all this hard physical labor, she somehow found time for reading and for making the most exquisite of baby clothes. I still have one of the little linen shirts she made for my mother, and its tiny, hand-run stitches are almost invisibly fine. Her husband's shirts were made with the same beautiful precision. It is a wonder that her eyes lasted as long as they did. She was nearly eighty when she decided to have someone read the daily papers to her rather than forego the fun of keeping up with all the exciting things that were happening in the world. But to the very end of her life her eyes kept their clear, flower-like blue.

Compared with what many women of the earlier pioneer days endured, her difficulties seem trivial and her way of living sheer luxury. But luxury and high standards make their own demands, exact their own penalties. Half a dozen rooms to be kept clean and warm with open fires or airtight stoves, for instance, require more time and energy than a one-room shack with a dirt floor. How many of us, I wonder, who take modern plumbing for granted, would have the courage to

continue the habit of the daily bath if every drop of water had first to be pumped, then heated on a slow wood-burning range and carried upstairs to be poured into a basin and used with homemade soap? Comparing hers with modern domestic economy, it seems incredible that she should have accomplished so much and still have kept her grace and charm, her sense of humor, her joy in living, her interest in people and politics and world affairs.

It wasn't long, of course, before conditions began to improve. The flood of immigrants pouring into the country solved the servant problem after a fashion, and with the coming of the railroad, the village of Springfield grew into a bustling town.

Grandmother told me an amusing story about the day the first locomotive chugged down the tracks. She was driving along Fifth Street to do her regular marketing when suddenly she heard a tremendous roaring behind her. Grandmother had always been a good Presbyterian but on this occasion she remembered the old Millerite predictions about the end of the world and how all the faithful, clothed in white, had waited on the roof-tops for their translation. "Well," she thought, "the Millerites are right after all. But anyway I've got on my best black silk stockings, and perhaps Saint Peter will like that just as well as a shapeless white robe!" She had completely forgotten the advent of the train till she turned around and saw the monster a block away.

Her husband's law practice grew rapidly, and before long he began to ride the circuit. This brought to young Helen periods of being alone which alternated with periods when her house overflowed with guests. She had to return the hospitality offered the "Judge" on his trips about the state, and there was an almost constant stream of visitors. There was, too, at that time, a gay young set in Springfield, and the Edwards place became a favorite rendezvous for them. This was at the time when all the girls were teasing Mary Todd about

her two particular suitors, Douglas and Lincoln—but Mary wasn't giving anything away!

Entertainment in those days was on a lavish scale. And it was not easy with no telephone and no little shop around the corner to send in emergency-demanded extras. Hostesses had to depend on their own foresight and ingenuity and well-stocked storerooms. I think it must have been about this time that Helen began to develop a conscious pride in her efficiency as mistress of her husband's household. She continued to the age of eighty to make her own jams and jellies, pickles, mince-meats, and brandies.

On her face was a lovely expression of inner content, the look that comes from the satisfaction of worthwhile work well done. She would have been the last person to think of it in this way for she was not given to introspection. Perhaps the nearest she ever came to it was one day when I commented on the fact that she had a workbasket and a Bible in nearly every room in the house. "It's surprising how many odd five minutes there are in a day," she said. Neither did she talk about her religion, yet she was deeply religious. Half a dozen times a day she would use one of those odd five minutes for reading a beloved chapter in her favorite book. Once, when I knew she was gravely troubled about a family affair that was going badly, I found her reading. She looked up with eyes shining behind a mist of unshed tears and said, "The Bible is marvelous! No matter what's bothering you, you can always find exactly the right words of comfort in it somewhere."

I remember coming in one day when I was about fifteen to tell her that I had just heard that washing one's hair in champagne would make it red. That was the ambition of my life at the moment. Knowing it, the dear old lady got up with as much enthusiasm, apparently, as I felt, saying, "I've got a bottle right here in my upstairs storeroom—let's try it!" And she seemed as disappointed as I when we found that the brand we used created nothing but a sticky mess. Years before, dur-

ing the Civil War, she had proved her capability, as well as her sympathetic quality, when several successive companies of Union soldiers were encamped in the walnut grove in front of her house. Many of them were poor boys from that section of lower Illinois called Egypt. She fed them and cared for their simple wants in a way that seemed to them nothing short of angelic. They never forgot her.

Even before that, in 1842, when she was still very young, she had won a reputation for being useful in an emergency. A rather important event occurred one day in early November of that year when Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married at the home of Ninian W. Edwards. It was hastily arranged. There was not time to send to St. Louis, a hundred miles away, for the caterer who usually supplied the meringues and sillabub, the mountains of spun sugar and elaborately architectural bride's cake considered necessary on such occasions. Elizabeth Edwards had a reputation as a hostess to maintain, so, in the friendly manner of those days, Helen and the neighbors were called in and the day was saved. Grandmother was justly annoyed whenever she heard it referred to as "the gingerbread wedding"—her storeroom even then was never without its imperial cake and a huge fruit cake soaking up old port and sherry.

She was annoyed, too, though I am afraid history doesn't back her up in this, whenever she heard a cheap or vulgar story attributed to Lincoln. "Neither his humor nor his language derived from the barroom," she would say. "I don't care what his background was, Mr. Lincoln had always the dignity and integrity of a gentleman." (Those obsolescent words "lady" and "gentleman" had meaning then.) She not only admired "Mr. Lincoln"—she never spoke of him in any other way—she had a very real affection for him. It was an embarrassment and a grief to her that her husband's politics put him in the opposite camp; and feeling at that time ran so high that they were forced to change their membership to the other Presby-

terian church to avoid "unpleasantness in the House of God."

Grandmother differed from most historians, too, in her opinion of Mary Todd, whom she had loved almost from their first meeting. "She did have a violent temper," Grandmother said, "and she had always been a good deal 'spoiled.' But I am very sure she chose Mr. Lincoln for love of him. She *was* ambitious, she made no secret of it, and she must have believed in his future when all the rest of us were doubtful of his chances against Mr. Douglas. It wasn't easy to choose between them when Mr. Douglas was so attractive and stood for everything else she cared for: family and wealth and gracious manners and all that they implied."

When Ida Tarbell was gathering material for her life of Lincoln (I'm sure she wouldn't have minded my telling this story), she went to call on Grandmother, who was at first reluctant to see her. "I don't like to be 'interviewed' about my friends," she said. But Miss Tarbell's simple directness and, even more, her intelligent enthusiasm for her subject, won out, and soon the two women were talking and laughing like old friends. When the book was published, however, and Grandmother read her presentation copy, she was indignant at some of the anecdotes included. "I only told her that—and that—in confidence, just to illustrate the quality of the man. I never dreamed she'd *print* such a thing!" With raised eyebrows: "Miss Tarbell may be a very good journalist, but she certainly is no lady!"

That was typical of the attitude of her generation toward publicity. She read every word of general interest in the daily paper, but she skipped the society columns, sure that her friends' names would never appear there and uninterested in the others. Yet she entertained more than anyone else in Springfield, if one excepts the governor's official functions. When her daughters grew up, the house was often filled to overflowing—and she liked nothing better than to help a dozen young girls dress for a ball. In later years when my

sister and I were there, she always sat up in bed reading till we came in, no matter what the hour. She was genuinely eager to hear all about it—what *she* wore and what *he* said, and how *so-and-so's* affair was coming on. She was the perfect listener. No one ever went to her for sympathy or understanding and came away empty-hearted.

At the time of my last visit with her, Grandmother was eighty-seven, almost wholly blind, and in a wheel chair with a broken hip. I was on my way to California from Germany, where I had been studying, and was staying with an aunt whose place adjoined hers. My aunt had arranged a musicale and I was to give the program along with a friend who sang. Of course Grandmother could not go to the party, but I knew how much she would enjoy the songs so we planned to go over about four o'clock to give her a sort of rehearsal. For various reasons, though, we arrived soon after three. When the singing was finished and Grandmother had expressed her appreciation, she pulled me down to kiss me good-by. "I loved it," she said, "but I think you're a pig just the same! I had a lovely new negligee I was going to put on in honor of your friend, and then you came too early—this is only my second-best one!" She looked up at me with the same old delighted smile—as if she could really see me.

I cannot hope that I have made you see her plainly. A physical description helps so little. I have said that she had blue eyes and was a small person. But the fact that the eyes were wide and deeply set, that she carried herself with such effortless erectness that she gave the impression of being much taller than she was, that her features were rather large, her mouth wide and humorous, but the bones so finely placed that she remained beautiful long after age had covered her skin with delicate wrinkles—none of these details makes a portrait.

I have been trying to think of a single word that would describe her quality, give the impression she made on every one who knew her. "Indomitable?" She had maintained her

own integrity, though for more than fifty years all the externals of her life were dictated by her mother and her husband. Yet there is in that word a slight suggestion of aggressive hardness that was utterly lacking in her gentle tolerance. "Gallant?" She never flaunted the flags of accomplishment. "Grande dame?" She was in the aristocratic tradition, but her eager responsiveness held no trace of arrogance. I think the only word that is quite right for her is that much abused one: "fine." She was fine in the same way that linen and real lace are fine—or that finest of all things, what she herself would have called a "gentlewoman."



LINCOLNIANA

To find an unpublished memoir of a man who actually saw Lincoln is something of an achievement in this day when every scrap of information about the Martyr President has been written and rewritten for almost three generations. The following account by Moses Goodwin Wadsworth has been sent to us by his daughter, Mrs. Thomas Richards Jones, of San Diego, California.

Moses Goodwin Wadsworth came to Illinois with his parents in 1840, when he was fourteen years old. His father became postmaster at Auburn and family tradition says that Lincoln stopped at the Wadsworth home on his way to Alton at the time of his ill-fated duel with James Shields.

Years later, after Moses Goodwin Wadsworth had grown up, he published the *Auburn Citizen* and became vice-president of the Sangamon County Old Settlers Association. At the time he wrote these reminiscences about Lincoln he was eighty-four or eighty-five years old, Mrs. Jones says, and he lived to be eighty-eight.

SOME MEMORIES OF LINCOLN

BY MOSES GOODWIN WADSWORTH

It was my fortune to pass the greater part of my life in Sangamon County, Illinois, which was the home of Mr. Lincoln from 1836 [1831] until his departure for Washington, in February, 1861, to be inaugurated as President. His was a familiar figure to me upon the streets of Springfield, from the time I was fourteen years of age, until he bade adieu to his fellow-citizens at the Great Western passenger depot in that city, never to return alive.

The first time I ever heard Mr. Lincoln speak (if my memory is not at fault) was in the Illinois gubernatorial campaign of 1842, he ad-

vocating the election of the Whig candidate. At that day, there were, outside of the cities, no auditoriums, no halls, and even no schoolhouses, sufficiently capacious for political gatherings. If the weather was warm and pleasant such meetings would be held in some locality in the woods; if stormy or otherwise inclement, some farmer's roomy barn would be utilized. On the occasion referred to the "speaking" took place in a barn some three miles from my father's residence which was located in what is now known as "Old Auburn." There were other

orators besides Lincoln—eloquent and forcible ones—but no one of them was so attractive to the urchins of sixteen, as he. Indeed, I could always listen to Mr. Lincoln, without weariness, for any length of time.

The next speech of Lincoln's, that my memory recalls, was in 1844, that year in which Henry Clay was defeated for the presidency by James K. Polk. An enormous mass meeting took place [August 3, 1844] on the capacious grounds of a prominent citizen of Springfield. [J. A. Corneau]. Mr. Lincoln was at his best on that day, and his hearers gave him undivided attention. Other prominent speakers participated, among them E. D. Baker, of the Springfield bar, who afterward raised and commanded a regiment in the Mexican War; raised a regiment also for the Civil War, was made a brigadier-general for gallant conduct, and fell at the head of his men at Ball's Bluff; John J. Hardin, of Jacksonville, who also commanded a regiment in the Mexican War and poured out his life's blood at Buena Vista; Judge Stephen T. Logan and Ninian W. Edwards, both distinguished Springfield lawyers. But, despite his homely features, ungainly form and general ungracefulness, no one of the orators was more closely listened to than Mr. Lincoln.

The last time I was permitted to hear Mr. Lincoln speak, was during the famous senatorial campaign of 1858. He addressed a crowded house in the old courthouse in Carlinville, Macoupin County [on August 31, 1858]. Judge Douglas, his competitor, was not present on that occasion, though I heard him speak, during the campaign, both in Carlinville and Springfield.

Mr. Lincoln was proverbially careless of his personal appearance, and ever seemed totally oblivious as to whether his vest was buttoned unevenly, his coat collar turned wrong side outward, or his cravat awry. I recollect that once upon a time I chanced to be walking behind him as he was going from his residence on Eighth and Jackson streets to his law office. A strange flapping upon the board sidewalk attracted my notice and I discovered that Mr. Lincoln's shoelaces were both untied, and the long leather strings—the fashion of that day—kept audible time upon the walk, as he strode along, totally absorbed in, perchance, the case of some poor widow, whose cause he had taken upon himself to defend.

My father and I happened to be in Springfield the day after Lincoln arrived home from Washington, at the close of his congressional career, in 1849. He served one term and was not a candidate for reelection. We encountered him upon the street, leading by the hand one of [his] little boys. Mr. Lincoln had been offered by President Taylor the governorship of Oregon Territory, which he had declined (through the peremptory opposition of Mrs. Lincoln, it was said). My father said to him, "Well, Mr. Lincoln, I am glad to know that you are not going to leave us, after all." "No," he replied, "the Sangamon people can't get rid of me so easily as that."

The last time I was present where the Great Emancipator was the principal figure, though unseen, was in a vast congregation—the largest ever assembled in Illinois' capital city—on a beautiful day, October 15th, 1874. The occasion was the dedication of the monu-

ment in Oak Ridge Cemetery, erected to the memory of the distinguished man.

There were present on that day, President U. S. Grant, General W. T. Sherman, Vice President Henry Wilson, Governor John M. Palmer, Larkin G. Mead (the artist who designed the monument and the statuary), Honorable Usher F. Linder, Honorable Schuyler Colfax,

and hundreds of other prominent men.

Richard J. Oglesby, an ex-governor of Illinois, was the orator of the day, though there were brief addresses by Generals Grant and Sherman, Messrs. Colfax, Wilson, Linder, and others. It is needless to say that the exercises were very solemn and impressive.



There is no philosopher in the world so great but that he believes a million things on the faith of other people and accepts a great many more truths than he demonstrates.

—ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

Every dramatist, every creative writer, consciously or unconsciously, writes the story of his life. His works are, in Goethe's phrase, "fragments of one big confession."

—ERIC BENTLEY

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA

There is, in intimate relations between sensitive people, that extraordinary mixture of the fear of not being understood with the terror of being understood.

—PAUL VALERY—



HISTORICAL NOTES

JOHN HOSSACK'S FATE

Several readers have asked us the fate of John Hossack whose eloquent protest against his sentence for violation of the Fugitive Slave Act in October, 1860, was printed in our March *Journal*. As was stated, the federal grand jury in Chicago handed down the inevitable verdict of guilty. A motion for arrest of judgment and a new trial was denied. The court imposed a sentence of ten days in jail and a fine of \$100, plus court costs amounting to \$591—a moderate penalty surely, when the law specified a maximum of \$1,000 and six months in jail. Two other men, Dr. Joseph Stout and James Stout, received similar sentences. Some ten or fifteen men who had been indicted in Ottawa, were not convicted.

The sentiment against slavery and the Fugitive Slave Act engendered much sympathy for the three convicted men. Their fines were paid by popular subscription. Even the jailers and police who held them in custody are said to have contributed to the fund. Prominent Chicagoans banqueted the prisoners during their jail term. Mayor John Wentworth took them driving in his carriage, properly guarded, of course, by the jailer's wife in her best Sunday dress.

The *Daily Democrat*, owned by Mayor Wentworth, stated:

Last night Hossack and his two companions in bondage stood at the grated windows of their cells and beheld the long lines of men dressed in uniform, bearing torches, marching to the sound of martial music, and piercing the ear of night with acclamations of honor to Stephen A. Douglas.

On one side of the gates were men who had done only what Christ and his apostles would have done—what every man with a heart true to

humanity must have done. On the other side a man, who at best, cares not whether slavery is voted up or voted down,—cares not whether our country shall be free or slave, cares not whether the laborer shall own his own sinews and the fruit of his own toil, or whether they shall be the property of another.¹

Twenty days later Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States and a new era dawned in American history. A combination of idealism and materialism had vanquished the conservative agrarian economy which, for half a century, had supported itself on slave labor and militarism. Foremost among the crusaders in Illinois stood Benjamin Lundy, Elijah Lovejoy, and John Hossack. A former writer in this *Journal* has said of these men, that their heads "like mountain peaks, high lifted above the mists of doubt and fear, caught the first rays of the coming morning."²

SWEDISH AUTHOR'S ONLY AMERICAN STORY

This Historical Note differs from those that have appeared in this department previously. For one thing, it is not fact but fiction—as the reader will soon discover. Of all the writings by the nineteenth-century Swedish author, C. J. L. Almquist, this is the only one that reflects his sojourn in the United States. As a curious and unusual piece of Americana it is worthy of publication—but it does not, we suspect, add anything to the literary stature of the author. The manuscript was found among Almquist's papers and published a year after his death as an addition to *The Book of the Rose* series. The title of the little volume was *Anecdotes Contributing to the History of Alchemy*. This story occupies pages 59-84 in the Swedish text. It is here translated into English for the first time by E. Gustav Johnson, professor of English at North Park College in Chicago. Professor Johnson was the author of the article on Almquist in our June *Journal*, "An Exiled Swedish Novelist and the Civil War."

DON GUATIMOZIN: HIS LIFE AND PRACTICE OF ALCHEMY

BY C. J. L. ALMQUIST

<p>Concerning Don Jose Gaspár de Guatimozin, who, judging by his name, must have considered himself in one way or another, a de-</p>	<p>scendant of the famous but ill-fated Mexican king, Guatimozin, killed by the Spaniards under Hernando Cortez, there are many traditional</p>
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¹ *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, VIII, No. 1, (April, 1915), 30.

² *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, VIII, No. 1, (April, 1915), 30.

stories, or perhaps more correctly, legends of a most curious kind. He lived in recent times and appeared first in some remote regions of the United States of North America.

He is supposed to have been, even in his early years, much given to studies, was known for his contemplative, mystic mind, and had devoted himself to chemistry. But the peculiar thing is that he did not cultivate this science as others do in the common manner, but was concerned with alchemistic ideas, busied himself continuously with the writings of Paracelsus, Van Helment, and particularly those of Eyreneus Philaletha, and tried to accomplish the transmutation of metals (especially the changing of lead into gold) through principles more strictly and definitely derived from Philaletha than anyone had done before. He was, because of his origin in Spanish America, a Catholic, something which we cannot hold against him, even though we are Protestants. But he went so far in his extravagant notions that he believed in metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, and thought that the spirit of Eyreneus lived in his own being, and that his own person was a kind of continuation of Eyreneus himself. He would even maintain that he had existed before Eyreneus, namely in the form of another person who had lived in England in the time of Henry VIII, and that he had been present at the execution of Anne Boleyn in the Tower, that he had seen it and could describe it minutely.

This previous personality of his he also connected with his asserted kinship to the Mexican-Aztec ruler, Guatimozin, which was established about that time or shortly before. History tells us the Span-

iards believed that Guatimozin had immeasurable hidden treasures, either submerged in Lake Texcoco or elsewhere; and they subjected him to torture to force him to reveal these riches. The mentioned ruler's hidden wealth was supposed to consist mainly of gold, and all his terrible misfortune was derived, it is said, from his (or one of his servants') mistake at the outset, of giving Cortez some hint or intimation about the existence of such hidden treasures. The Guatimozin with whom we are now concerned had therefore a deeply ingrained fear against giving any kind of information or disclosures about alchemistic operations, a fear which Eyreneus also had always entertained and which he said was the cause of all the ills he had experienced. That Guatimozin, during the present period of his existence, had come to live in America, happened, he said, because Philaletha himself had at the end of his days lived in this part of the world, and thus, when he moved into a new personality, he did so in a region which was to him most convenient.

We ask the reader's pardon for the necessity of making all these comments before beginning the real story of Don Jose Gaspár de Guatimozin, but without them it would not easily be comprehended to the whole depth of its significance and meaning. We do not know if he really was of Spanish nobility or only of Aztec, but he used the title "Don" in accordance with the old Spanish custom.

It was a romantic event, an adventure of love, which first made Don Jose known. He was a handsome man in his best years, but poor. His studies of the abstruse and mystic kind were not adaptable

to produce an income. Erminia Bianconi, the daughter of the host with whom he lodged, was two or three years younger than he, and her charms could not but make an indelible impression upon him. She was extraordinarily beautiful and she had that which often captures a man, especially one of Guatimozin's temperament: a certain mystic emanation from her eyes, her countenance, her whole being. She was perhaps somewhat weak physically; but it may have been just that which spread over her complexion a kind of melancholy of an inimitable kind, which one might perhaps have called gloominess, but which was nevertheless enchanting.

Her father was a noble-minded man, but poor economically. Of a family which in olden times came to New Orleans, emigrating from France, but ultimately Italian in origin, Pietro Bianconi was able only by dint of great frugality, sometimes very meagerly, to provide for himself and his family through a small shop of fancy wares and novelties, cosmetic drugs, musk, fine soaps, perfumes, and so forth, which he had set up in a small town in one of the western states where rent was cheap. He was a widower, and his daughter assisted him with the business in the shop while he was occupied with manufacturing and arranging the articles he sold; and the young chemist, Jose Guatimozin, aided him diligently with his appurtenances and his skill in handling and preparing drugs. That Erminia should love him already for his willingness to serve her father was natural. Why should she not also love him for his own sake?

One evening after the work was

done, when Don Jose sat alone in his little chamber delving deeply into one of Philaletha's writings, it occurred to him that he would be able to improve not only his own condition but especially that of his friends, if he, with Philaletha's recipes to guide him, could produce alchemistic gold. Surely he would succeed as well as had Philaletha himself, he thought, if he only could prepare the necessary elixir, the *lapis infernalis*, the red tincture needed for transforming mercury and ultimately lead. But this required resources. "If I only had the means for the indispensable first operations," he said to himself, "I would soon obtain from the innumerable lead mines of Onconsing, not far from here, easily and inexpensively, the material for gold. Why should not I become wealthy and, above all, make my beloved ones rich through my alchemy? I, just as well as Philaletha, Alexander Sethon, Nicolas Flamel, Raymond Lulli, and many more? But—where are the means for the start, the commencement? Is there no person who would loan me that much? It is true that not a little is necessary, I know that from the history of Denys Zacheire, but there must be some possibility of obtaining enough for the purpose. I would easily and soon be able to pay back both capital and interest, even a high rate of interest if necessary. But the difficulty is to preserve, throughout that process, my Egyptian knowledge in complete secret; I know sufficiently by Philaletha's own experiences how dangerous it is to disclose anything about alchemy."

Guatimozin had, however, hinted to his host and also to Erminia that he possessed a plan for a mutu-

al improvement of their condition. When Erminia did not respond to these, apparently having her doubts, he was deeply hurt. Bianconi himself, being of a gayer temperament, had nodded his approval of the idea (that is, as much of it, or that part of it, which Jose had deemed advisable to disclose); Bianconi thought it not entirely impossible to secure the means; the able and diligent young chemist pleased him greatly. After a couple of days he called him aside and confided to him that he had written a letter to a rich merchant in Cincinnati, an old friend of his, Patrick Humphrey O'Brien, of Irish descent and of the same religious faith as themselves, namely a loyal and good Catholic, yes, even of a noble family in the homeland; and that he, a relative of his dead wife and a great friend of her daughter, Erminia, would advance the money.

Who could be happier than the fortunate Don Jose? To crown it all, his Erminia showed herself more friendly and unreserved than ever. For a short while each evening when the work was done, she had nothing against taking a short walk in his company in a pleasant rural park in the immediate vicinity of the town. Here many a sun set before their eyes in the most beautiful evening glow of twilight, and often they would not return to father Bianconi's dwelling until the chill of the air warned that it was time.

"What is it you are working on with such extraordinary diligence these days in your chemical laboratory?" said Erminia one day to Guatimozin. "You have always been occupied—no one knows that better than I—but now you are

doing something unusual. What is it?"

Guatimozin blenched.

"You are keeping something secret from me, then, Don Jose?"

Guatimozin did not answer; he thought continuously of Philaletha's warning against disclosing secrets of alchemy.

"You are not willing to tell me anything, then?" she continued with a deep sigh and downcast eyes. Her eyes fixed themselves with a lustrous gaze on the grass in the meadow where they stood and where a spread of violets in the fairest display of colors and fragrant scent offered themselves, as it were, to her for comfort. After a while she spoke again in a soft voice: "Then I, too, will keep to myself what I—otherwise would have said."

"What?" exclaimed Guatimozin. "What is it you would say to me?"

She did not answer.

"You are keeping something secret from me, Erminia?"

Yet she answered nothing.

Silently they walked home together, but when they had entered Bianconi's dwelling and in the corridor were about to pass the door to the room where Guatimozin lived, he opened it and Erminia went in with him. This surprised him because she hardly ever used to come in even when she was invited.

"To put it in few words," she began, "realize now, Don Jose, that you have made me completely unhappy ———."

In amazement he looked at her, astounded.

"You have brought about my ruin," she continued, "through the scheme you have and which you have not been willing to tell me

even of what it consists. Know then, that Sir Humphrey O'Brien, from whom you, through my father's aid, have received the money for the realization of this secret plan, has written to my father and—to me!"

"What is this?"

"And he demands me for—his bride!"

"Oh, nothing more serious? All you need to do is to write back and say No!"

"Oh, Guatimozin! Guatimozin! You do not know the consequences of such a refusal. My father has given his bond! If you cannot pay the debt punctually, either you will be lost to me or I to you!"

Guatimozin took from one of his shelves a bottle with a certain label, and, as he grasped and squeezed Erminia's hand, he said: "The most important of all is not to lose courage. I notice that you are downcast and on the verge of taking sick. I will therefore give you something that will at once and for always cure you."

"What is it?" she replied. "I never like to take medicine."

"This is no ordinary medicine," said he. "It is that panacea for which Eyreneus Philaletha himself left the recipe to his adepts. There, Erminia, you have my secret! I work in alchemy and I have come so far that I have already prepared the firstling of the red elixir."

"Ha!"

"Nevertheless, take this," he continued. "You need not swallow more than half a teaspoonful and you will find yourself changed. From the very moment you have taken this draught (and, notice!—taken it only once, for it is not necessary as with ordinary medicine to repeat the dose) from that mo-

ment, I say, you will never again feel any pain in the world: no sickness, no depression of mind, and no fatigue even if you are kept busy the whole day from morning till evening. All your nerves and muscles will become like steel. You will never have any feeling of headache, toothache, or pain in the chest. If you are out ever so much in the worst weather, in rain, in wind, in bitter cold, you will not be at all affected. You will be able to wade in water, snow, ice (Pardon me! You will never need to, I know that very well; I merely mention these things!) and it will never bother you in the least. Because—be eternally certain about it—nothing dangerous, terrible, or difficult upon earth shall evermore exist for the one who has tasted of this elixir."

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Give me then of your panacea. Even if it contains poison and I fall dead on the spot, I prefer that to the condition to which your chemical operations have brought us. Give it here! If you now also would complete your preparations by making an end of my life, after I have wandered blissfully with you in these parks, confident in everything—then, give it here! Nothing or all! That is and always has been my motto. I know that it is a wild motto, condemnable, perhaps, but—and, anyway, without this motto in my heart and soul I had certainly never come—"

"What kind of language is this, Erminia?" interrupted he with terror. "Oh, heavens—poison! You will soon experience the extraordinary beneficial workings of the elixir of life which I offer you—here!"

Erminia opened her beautiful

mouth and swallowed willingly that which Guatimozin gave her. She felt nothing potent or burning on her lips or tongue: no taste, no smell, hardly anything was noticed. But the effects were not lacking. It may have been a panacea prepared according to the Egyptian science, or something else, some force of which we have no knowledge, but the truth and certainty is—so says the story source of this narrative—that from that moment on, from that day as long as she lived, Erminia was never sick, never had a pain, never an ache, not for so much as one hour's duration, and through the worst difficulties she felt herself enlivened by a most peculiar happy temperament. We cannot explain it otherwise than Guatimozin himself did: namely, something from Eyreneus. We can merely record the story of the matter; and certain it is that what Erminia experienced greatly strengthened her in the anticipation of a successful consummation of that which now constituted her life's highest concern.

After this day Guatimozin continued most assiduously with his alchemy, and neither from Bianconi nor from Erminia did he now keep any secrets about his procedures, about which he previously merely had given half hints but which now he completely disclosed since the silence once had been broken. He made, it is said, some projects with the remainder of the *lapis infernalis*, the red powder, the residue of the elixir he had given to Erminia; and he succeeded in producing several small quantities of gold which he disposed of with an acquaintance, a chemist and apothecary in Kentucky. Of this gold he could produce but small quantities,

because as yet he lacked a well refined mercury and good raw materials of lead, sulphur, and so forth. Nevertheless, through these he could support both himself and the Bianconis, although no paying of the debt could be thought of. He was hoping for better times and more success in the future, and he worked with uttermost effort to produce a new and richer elixir for greater projects.

In the meantime he had formally applied to the father, Pietro Bianconi, for the hand of Erminia, hoping, he added, that no refusal on her part would develop.

"Surely not!" answered Pietro; "of that I am absolutely certain, but——."

"But? What?"

"I wish, my friend Jose, that you would wait a little longer."

"Are we to wait? What for? And how long?"

"That I shall tell you," said the prospective father-in-law. "You must wait until ——."

"Until ——?"

"Listen to me," he continued in a tone of embarrassment. "The time for your payment to Sir Humphrey O'Brien is soon here, and until then we must wait with the wedding."

"Hm! I don't understand that. What has our wedding to do with that?"

"You must sooner or later know it, therefore I'll tell you about it unreservedly. As you know, Jose, I have gone bonds for you with Patrick Humphrey O'Brien in the state of Ohio, and the terms to which I had to agree, as if the debt were my own, state that I would not permit the marriage of you and Erminia (Sir Humphrey loves her, as you know) until full payment

has been made, in order that he may satisfy himself, he writes (at least, that was the motive he mentioned in the letter), that her intended husband demonstrates himself a trustworthy and faithful man."

"That's peculiar!"

"The reason is good, however; that cannot be denied. And I hope—I sincerely believe—that no unpleasant consequences will develop. Your alchemy is successful, isn't it? It is progressing well? In any case, I cannot for my part disregard my promise; Erminia and you must wait yet a short while."

Don Guatimozin looked darkly at Bianconi, made no reply, and walked away. When he had entered his laboratory and put his alembic in order, he said to himself: "Now I realize the meaning of Erminia's enigmatic words spoken at that time. And yet—but how difficult it is! Oh, Eyreneus Philaetha, and thou, oh, ancient Alchotas! Assist me with a new, an excellent and augmented elixir! Good God, look down in mercy upon Erminia and me! How good, how kind, how benevolent is she not toward the poor; no suffering one does she leave without aid ever since she has received the means by which she can exercise the intent of her heavenly warm heart! Eternal God, consider her, and for her sake consider even me!"

He had hardly concluded this fervent prayer when Erminia entered his room and fell into his arms. She kissed him and exclaimed: "I have heard everything; I know all; we are, after all, to be separated!"

"Separated? No!—before God!—never!"

"Oh, Don Jose Guatimozin, you have heard only a part of my poor father's commitment. You have heard that we must wait until the time for payment has elapsed, but the part which follows you have not heard. It contains the stipulation that if payment is not made punctually, must I—I, your unfortunate Erminia—not only be denied to become your bride, but at the same time, according to my father's consent and promise, become another's: be given to Sir Humphrey as his bride!"

"How could a father agree to such conditions? Such a promise?"

"He could have refused to do so, but then you would have been without resources for your alchemistic undertakings."

"Great God!"

Erminia embraced him and kissed him once more. Then she began: "Have you heard the other news report which has just arrived?"

"A news report?"

"All the southern states have entered into a formal confederacy, and a fiery war is imminent, of greater scope than any previous war, between our American Union and the rebels. This state, Missouri,¹ in which we live, has joined the confederacy against the Union. My father and you—a couple of such avowed friends of the Union and republican freedom, and at the same time avowed enemies of rebellion and slavery!—what is to become of you? Both you and he are from this moment surrounded by enemies in every direction, by the most cruel enemies in life and death. Have you not some panacea against this, too? Set up your alembic in good order, like a battery, for opposition and defense!"

¹ Missouri did not secede.

Don Guatimozin stared fixedly, meditating deeply. After a moment he exclaimed: "Erminia! Everything or nothing—you said once that was your motto. Well, now we must act in accordance with the meaning of that motto. I propose that you and your father, with me in company (as a rear guard and defense against pursuing enemies) immediately go away from here. We must leave this state which is now in the claws of rebellion; we must be off with everything we are able to move and leave the rest and we'll travel down the Mississippi all the way to New Orleans and thence to Texas and push through that state (which undoubtedly is, or soon will be, rebellious)—but whither then, you ask, Erminia? Well, not to Galveston, Houston, or Austin, but southward through San Antonio to the Rio Grande—I mean Rio del Norte—and thence to Mexico! There I have—perhaps not friends exactly—but friendly persons with whom I am well enough acquainted so that they will receive us. There we proceed to the great Durango or to the spacious Chihuahua.

"I have at least been able to produce so much gold through my operations, which have not, to be sure, been thoroughly successful, but neither entirely unsuccessful, that I shall be able to procure a home for us. Chihuahua is also a republic, a republican state, and it is Mexican; the land is rich in minerals of all kinds; an excellent kind of lead is found there for me to transmute into gold; much pure gold exists there already, but I shall be able to manufacture ten times as much, and this will then

be mine, whereas the gold that is taken from the mines belongs to their owners. And in Chihuahua there is also silver; oh, Erminia, have you not heard of the extraordinary mines of Santa Eulalia on the plateau of the plains near the capital of Chihuahua? And have you not heard about the silver in the enormous Sierra Madre as a whole? About the silver at Botapelas, Jesus, Maria, and El Parral? Well! what do you say? In Chihuahua I shall soon prepare for us all a beautiful dwelling and for myself a matchless laboratory; there it will not be long before I shall have made projects for as much gold and silver as I yet need for the redemption of the debt which is now soon due and also sufficiently for father Pietro and you, my beloved Erminia, to live splendidly. Well—what do you say?"

"What you say makes me happy!" she answered eagerly.

"Relate, then, immediately this proposition to your father," continued he. "We must be on our way. We cannot remain a day here in the terribly threatening jaws of rebellion, exposed to Sterling Price and his marauding robber hordes."

She went.

Everything in the house was immediately in motion. Father Pietro had without difficulty—on the contrary, with complete pleasure—embraced the plan to go to Mexico. From the little city or village of Bellefontaine in Missouri, near St. Louis, where they lived, they made ready to travel to the nearest port where they secured passage to go on the great Mississippi River, and soon they were rocking on its waves southward bound.

² Governor of Missouri, 1853-57 and a major general in the Confederate Army.

We omit the details of this long journey which first led, as we have mentioned, southward through regions of the United States and then westward or southwestward through the states of Mexico. During several stages of the journey, particularly through Durango and certain parts of Chihuahua, where the roads were seldom comfortable, Erminia, like the rest of the company, often had to proceed on foot, wade across brooks and branches of the Rio Grande, and they regarded themselves fortunate when horses were available. Many times they were on the verge of being attacked by marauding and plundering hordes of the wild Comanches. But everything went well. Erminia's courage, happy disposition, surprising strength, and endurance were incomparable. She was continuously reminded and conscious of the beneficent workings of the elixir of life which she had at one time received from Guatimozin. She could not for one moment doubt the virtue of that red tincture and the power of the Egyptian art.

When the migrants finally had selected a place for themselves, and Guatimozin had established himself fairly well for his work, he proceeded with redoubled earnestness. He could not, without palpitation of the heart, remind himself that the time for repaying Sir Humphrey was rapidly approaching.

Erminia, who felt this and daily noticed his diligence, had always an undaunted expression of countenance. Guatimozin had not yet really succeeded in perfecting his new elixir to a state required for practical projects. He sought advice from his books and began to search in ancient alchemistic records. He delved deeply even into

Althotas or Hermes Trismegistus, who, according to the tradition was the Egyptian pristine originator of alchemy. Here he found a rule about the primitive agent, that is, about the intensification and purification of the principal elixir, which startled him. It is clear that we now look upon all this as mere superstition and as a pseudo science, but naturally Guatimozin viewed the matter differently. He read about the necessity to resort in difficult cases to the use of *Virginis Dianae sanguis* (the old tome was in Latin) which means: The Virgin Diana's (the "matchless one," that is, the as yet unmarried maiden) blood. Something similar has also been related in the story or legend about Joseph Balsamo, and in another (mentioned in connection with Balsamo) about Althotas. Even he required and knew how to obtain this blood for certain preparations.

Guatimozin pondered and did not know what to think about this alchemistic rule. One evening, when Guatimozin was absent, Erminia came into his laboratory. She read in the opened book and understood enough Latin so that she got to know what it was that made Guatimozin brood and worry.

"It does not hurt at all, Don Jose!" was the whispered greeting with which she met him when he returned after a moment; and she handed him a crystal phial containing warm blood of a beautiful crimson, and put down a slender lancet with which she had opened one of her veins.

"My God in heaven!" he exclaimed and rushed toward her, "you have wounded an artery—Oh, my God, my God! what a wild and terrible thing to do."

"If you think I have touched an artery, you must bandage me," she whispered, smiling, "but there is no danger, I am sure. However, Don Jose, here you have some of the Virgin Diana's blood, the required ingredient. Do not wait a moment to use it and thus save us both from Sir Humphrey O'Brien in Cincinnati."

Silently he tied a strong bandage around Erminia's arm which she had pierced. "Do not delay yourself with this trifle, Guatimozin! There isn't the slightest danger, and it does not hurt, not in the least! Oh, how fortunate and happy I feel at this moment!"

Guatimozin took the Diana blood, started to work with the chemical preparation he had already begun and mixed everything skillfully while he silently breathed a fervent prayer to the Almighty who was a God even above Althotas himself. In the meantime Erminia had taken a place on the little sofa in the laboratory where they used to sit together evenings to deliberate. But she did not speak this time; she sang softly, like a low humming, some ancient Italian, half-Latin, stanzas—a fragment of a kind of Catholic mass. To Guatimozin it sounded like an incantation. He listened to these stanzas and did not interrupt; the singing seemed to him like a magic song: an omen of success, of efficacy.

Throughout the night Guatimozin watched his operation, attended to everything, and kept a close view on the developments. The following day when he opened his apparatus he found the alchemistic tincture in the fairest color of cinnabar, completed. He did not delay to sprinkle his new

elixir on the already prepared, melted mass of the finest Chihuahua lead. The transmutation occurred and it was perfect. He had never succeeded better in any of his attempts to change metals.

"Now, father Pietro," he exclaimed as he came up to him on the veranda, "now I have gold for Sir Humphrey! And I shall go immediately to Cincinnati to liquidate my debt. But since this chemical gold is in bullion I must sell it or exchange it on the way, because Sir Humphrey will surely accept only minted and authorized money. This can, however, be done without difficulty. I know from previous experience where to turn to find a person who will honor the products of my alchemy. I shall take with me only as much gold as required for clearing up the matter. All the rest that I have made I shall leave here for you so that you, my worthy and good father Pietro, and you, my beloved Erminia, may have plenty for your needs while I am on my journey, which will not take long."

Pietro Bianconi embraced his intended son-in-law. Erminia put her arms around her sweetheart. "You are going, Don Jose," she exclaimed. "The journey is long; it will be adventurous and quite dangerous, since you shall have to pass through several rebel states before you reach your destination in Ohio; but, oh ——."

"The thought of you, Erminia, will lend wings to my feet!" he said. "You have bled for me and for our mutual welfare; and I shall even die if ——."

"Behold my left arm," she interrupted suddenly. "The wound is not yet healed and I have not removed your bandage; I shall keep

the fillet as a memento, or—as—for some other time. If I shall hear that you have perished by the hand of the robbers before I see you again, oh, Guatimozin! behold here my other arm, the right one—that, too, will bleed for you from an opened vein, from a wound—one which I then shall not allow anyone in the world to bandage. One day you gave me a beverage which for my entire existence has made me healthy, strong, and fearless. But it shall not prevent me from expiring if—because to be able to die also belongs to fearlessness and is a prerogative of life.”

Don Jose Gaspár de Guatimozin mounted his horse. It was some time during the year 1863 or 1864. He extended his hand to Erminia in farewell, and she gazed after him until he no longer could be discerned by the edge of the forest.

The reports about Guatimozin do not fully correspond in the details of events, but this much, however, is clear: that his experiences justified his constant fear, his dark misgivings, that dangers would confront him if his alchemy were discovered. We shall relate what the tradition of the country maintains as having happened to him; we say *the tradition* advisedly because much of his fate has not become definite and certain knowledge but is covered with darkness, the reason for which will be understandable if we lend attention to what follows.

The great rebellion against the United States government or central administration, which in 1861-65 raged with incomparable outrageousness and seldom restrained cruelty, had, however, begun long

before that epoch. A great number of secret societies and traitorous associations had through the length and breadth of the country made ready for the terrible outbreak. The conspiracies against the republican administration, which later were almost completely revealed and with an amazing audacity made known, were in the beginning stalking around with frightened steps and perpetrated a number of deeds now only half-known and which perhaps will never be fully unraveled.

Already during the time of President Franklin Pierce, 1853-57, when Jefferson Davis still apparently played a loyal role and functioned as Secretary of War, rumors of peculiar happenings emerged here and there, even in the Northern states. One heard about societies consisting of members who, it was said, under oath bound themselves to keep their real purposes secret and which assumed names whose very absurdity was evidently calculated to deceive the public and to make people believe that their innocent and unimportant aims had no real political significance. If they sometimes were suspected of something more serious in their activities they explained that the whole thing was nothing more than one or another kind of *Freemasonry*. Many looked upon it as mere childishness with which sometimes even mature people amuse themselves in leisure moments. Could anything be more harmless than the *Odd Fellows*? And so far as these “fellows” were concerned, they were undoubtedly harmless. But soon one got to hear about another association with the title the *Know-Nothings*, and one began to suspect that a league which

already through its name wanted to gain the reputation of "knowing nothing," undoubtedly must know a great deal which it wanted no one else to know.

The *Sons of Liberty* or the *Sons of '76* declared openly through their organization a political purpose. They had assumed a name borrowed from the very birth-epoch of the republic, while they labored to undermine the foundations of that same republic. These *Sons of '76* (the year is that of the American nation's declaration of independence) wished to be considered the most genuine children of the country, the most independent defenders of American freedom (and that through maintaining slavery in the Southern states! and extending it as far as possible in the West! And even introducing it, if that could be done, in the North!); these *Sons of Liberty* (the name of the organization differed at times) wished to be taken for some kind of ghosts from George Washington's own time. Some people therefore called the society—though undoubtedly more in derision—*The Metempsychosists*, to indicate persons in whom the souls of the old original heroes of liberty had entered. They themselves used several names, one after the other, probably for the purpose of covering themselves the better; and they succeeded long in misleading the public into believing them to be several distinct and separate fraternities, although they fundamentally constituted only one single organization, a covenant with the ultimate goal of overthrowing the republican form of government and in its place inaugurating an aristocratic oligarchy. Several even

threw out hints about an "empire" in the realm of the United States.

That these secret machinations were supported by certain groups in England and France, is without question, since the mere existence of an American republic, as such, constituted a thorn in the flesh for these groups. But this republic's own administration in Washington seems in the beginning to have given altogether too little attention to the mysterious fraternities about which we speak. President Pierce, and even more so, George Buchanan, 1857-61, undoubtedly had knowledge of their existence, but so far as Buchanan is concerned one can well say that he from the beginning was "one of them" who speculated on the exchange of the republic for "something else"; and that he therefore, because of what he personally knew, had good reason to call himself, proverbially "The Last President of the United States."

However, the Link-Maker of the chain of human events did not want George Buchanan to be the last President. One came after him—one Abraham Lincoln—who (1861-65) finally, after great exertions, succeeded in making the efforts of the Jefferson Davis league ineffective. This matter is, however, outside the scope of the present narrative. But to return to the secret societies which at that time (approximately the decade, 1855-65) were known by several designations, although the tendency of all was one and the same, we wish to refer to another that used a title invented in order to mislead the public, namely *The Golden Circle*.⁴ That is the society with which our nar-

³ The author's slip; it should be James, of course.

⁴ Knights of the Golden Circle.

rative now is chiefly connected.

During the latter part of Lincoln's first presidential term, when the election contest raged between the adherents of General George McClellan and those who wanted to re-elect Lincoln for a second term as President, the government began to give more and more attention to several apparently revolutionary combinations issuing out of Chicago, but also having far-reaching ramifications in the states of Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Several members of *The Golden Circle* were arrested and tried in court on one or another criminal charge. But they were always treated with extreme leniency by "the government."

During that time (1864) the perplexity of the rebels increased more and more. The position of Jefferson Davis became more difficult; even his more open usurpations of power which day by day only made him the more hated even in the Southern states, benefited him but slightly; and the so-called Confederacy went toward its sure destruction, not only as a result of the victories of the Union, but because it lacked financial resources when its own paper currency sank to almost nothing in value, and the shipping of cotton from the rebel states for the liquidation of the Confederacy's debts in England and France became continuously more difficult through the Union's ways and means of blockading the ports of the South.

The problem for the adherents of the Usurper was to find gold with which to carry on the rebellion. How and where might one obtain it?

It so happened, it is said, that one day in 1863 or '64, a member of *The*

Golden Circle came on a visit to an apothecary in a city in Kentucky—some stories say it was Paducah, others Louisville; we cannot determine which, and the matter is of no particular importance. This apothecary was also a secret member of the society, *The Golden Circle*, and thus, when the visitor found the door locked, he announced his arrival by giving the signal agreed upon within the order: a couple of double knocks. Just as he knocked he heard conversation inside the room, and the question was about financial matters. However, the door was opened immediately after the signal had been given, but then were heard three strong hushes: *sh, sh, sh!* from a person within.

The host, that is, the apothecary, came toward his entering friend with open arms and cried: "Oh, welcome, sir! You arrive just at the right moment. See, here is a man, a gentleman, a *Don* from the South, from Chihuahua in the very Mexico with which we are soon to enter into a political alliance. What do you think of that, my dear Adoniram! (a *nom de guerre* of this member of the order, says the story). Don Gua—Gua—or whatever his name is—refuses to accept the beautiful and excellent paper notes of the Confederacy in payment for his gold, but insists he must have greenbacks and such Lincoln-trash, because, he says, he is to cross the Ohio and up there in the North they do not accept the money of the Confederacy!"

At this the new arrival, Adoniram, stared at Guatimozin, measuring him from head to foot, and said: "I arrest you, whosoever you may be, for having spoken with derision of the Confederacy and for refusing to accept its paper notes in pay-

ment. I am an officer in the service of the Confederacy, and His Excellency, Mr. Davis, will soon relieve you of the necessity to travel across the Ohio River into the Lincoln-states."

"Oh, my dear Adoniram, do not be so severe!" said the apothecary, intervening between them. "It seems to me that both of you gentlemen might transact quite a splendid business together if you act as friends rather than as enemies. We need gold, Adoniram, and you have told me yourself that our society has promised as soon as possible to obtain two or three millions for the account of the Confederacy. Know then, that this gentleman, who several times previously has come to me as he did today to dispose of his products, is a disciple of the great Eyreneus Philaetha, several of whose works I have read and am able to judge."

"Sh! For God's sake!" whispered the Mexican stranger again.

"Hm!" continued the apothecary, "what danger is there to speak about this in the presence of us three? Colonel Adoniram is a *Son of Liberty*, he is sworn by oath into *The Golden Circle*, and no hangman in the whole of Lincoln's army, even if he should succeed in incarcerating him in Fort Warren, would ever be able to extort from him any secret. See here, Adoniram! Look at these fine pieces of gold; feel the weight—they weigh at least fifty dollars apiece. This he has brought in today, but he can, if he gets a good place for his operations, make ten—twenty—yes, a hundred times as much in a couple of weeks. Because, you see!—this Don Guatimozin is an alchemist, a diamond of the first water in his science; I have myself

assayed his gold and found it contains all the necessary mineralogical and chemical attributes of gold."

During all this—continues the story—the newly arrived fraternity brother walked up and down the room as if occupied with dark and secret thoughts. Finally he commenced: "I take this my friend, apothecary Mephibosheth (undoubtedly also a fraternity name), at his word, and I wish to believe that you, sir, are chemist enough to make gold—or else silver, because it makes no difference to us which although gold is more convenient, taking less room. Good and well, then: are you ready to follow me? I know a very beautiful and fitting place for a laboratory here in Kentucky. I shall see to it that you are supplied with all the needed apparatus. You shall lack nothing; on the contrary, you shall have an abundance of everything. You are ready—are you not?"

"I? No!" answered Guatimozin. "I am on a journey through Kentucky over the Ohio to Cincinnati where I am expected and must immediately present myself to transact a very important business, a liquidation which does not permit of delay."

"A liquidation? To some Lincoln-man, no doubt? Oh, sir, you can always get to Cincinnati at some later time. The service of the Confederacy comes before everything else, and the orders of His Excellency, Mr. Davis, cannot be neglected. Good-by!" said Adoniram. He took his hat and gave his friend the apothecary a significant look with these words: "I'll leave now, but will return later this evening. In the meantime, this good Don Guatimozin can decide wheth

er or not he wants to be sensible; and I make you yourself, Mephibosheth, responsible for his person so that he will not get away." He departed.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Guatimozin with an expression of great terror; "I realize now the situation to which my indiscretion in believing in you and offering you my gold has carried me. Clearly I see that the very fate of Eyreneus hovers around me and that it is his unhappy soul which I carry in my own being."

"Yes," interposed the apothecary, "it is possible that you have made a mistake by connecting yourself with this Eyreneus. But control your ill humor! You are spasmodic; you are melancholy! What business can you have in Cincinnati just now that is so pressing? A settlement due is always cheerfully accepted at any time!"

"Ha!"

"You came," continued the apothecary with imperturbable coolness, "you came to me today as you have previously done to sell your chemical gold; but why won't you take its value in our excellent paper currency; why refuse to accept the notes of the Confederacy? How imprudent! How insolent! Thereby you have in the highest degree insulted us, particularly this friend of mine who is a loyal warrior in the ranks of the Confederacy and who does not tolerate such derision. The gold you have brought we shall, of course, confiscate in behalf of the Confederacy, and that is a small thing to suffer for your discourtesy in mocking it and us. Remember, sir, for another time, that when one carries money one ought never at the same time carry political opinions. Gold

pieces never utter a single word, because they are wise, and their owner ought, like them, to keep his mouth shut, if he, too, would want to be considered wise."

"Great God! Confiscated? Oh, my Erminia, what is to become of you?"

"Well," continued the other, "you must make amends for your error, your rude discourtesy, your insult. Satisfy Adoniram's wishes and the demands of the Confederacy; make us a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand dollars in gold bullion first, then everything will be well. Later, when you have time, you can make two or three millions or so. In addition I want to tell you that Colonel Adoniram is a man not to be trifled with; he needs only whisper a word to His Excellency, Jefferson Davis, or else not say anything at all to His Excellency, but act on his own authority. Should you wish, then, sir—I mean, Don Guatimozin—should you wish to be hurled three hundred feet down from The Devil's Pulpit in Jessamine County here in Kentucky for your disobedience—if so, you may; or you would, perhaps, rather be thrown down from The Dismal Rock, a better alternative since the height is only a hundred and fifty feet? I know it, for I have seen the place myself. But if you want, as previously stated, to be sensible and make gold and silver for us, as much as we wish and need, I can definitely promise that the Colonel will take you to the Mammoth Cave. This cave in Edmonson County is an underground cavern of great width, just like a royal palace, but closed, like that *Palatium Occlusum* about which we have read in Eyreneus and to which his *Introitus* leads. In

this Mammoth Cave you will, of course, be imprisoned, but it will be quite spacious, pleasant, and a good place for a laboratory, and you will become rich yourself through making us rich."

The local tradition which up to this point has been rather detailed in its narration, breaks off here with the terse statement that the fraternity member of *The Golden Circle*, Colonel Adoniram, returned in the evening after dark to his friend, the apothecary Mephibosheth, and entered in company with four sturdy men, presumably soldiers. They captured the unfortunate alchemist, thrust a gag into his mouth, held a couple of cocked pistols before his eyes, and took him away. He was placed in a carriage in which Adoniram himself also rode.

In this manner, Don Guatimozin was removed to that Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, which the apothecary, the so-called Mephibosheth, had described. Here Guatimozin suffered no distress outwardly; he was not mistreated, it is said; but the fear of a sudden and terrible death in a place where he was separated from all living beings who might have been able to help him and save him, forced him to occupy himself continuously with hermetical operations. He is supposed, eventually, to have made, in this provisionally established laboratory, projects to the value of two or two and a half million dollars in gold and approximately three-fourths of a million in silver. As to how much of this flowed into the treasury of the Confederacy, or went to *The Golden Circle*, or perhaps to Colonel "Adoniram" personally, no one can tell.

But he never got to Cincinnati, and nothing further was ever heard of him. The fate of this alchemist seems to have been similar to that of Alexander Sethon or of Sendivog so far as his death is concerned. The story does not relate that he was ever subjected to torture, as the case had been with Sethon at the court of the Elector of Saxony; but a rumor persists that human bones have been found in several of the mysterious caves in Kentucky and one of these skeletons may have been the melancholy remains of the reincarnation of Eyreneus. The most plausible is that when he had tired of the protracted manufacturing of gold, which was carried on against his own inclination and conviction, for he was always an avowed enemy of the rebellion and a determined friend of the Union, he died of a broken heart, or was, perhaps, murdered by persons who found that they no longer could use him, but yet could not allow him to emerge alive before the public to bear witness as to what they had done or forced him to do for them.

The story of Guatimozin thus comes to an end and it must, no matter how it pains us. And yet there is nothing to keep us from relating, like a postscript, a little information which a contingent tradition has about Sir Patrick Humphrey O'Brien of Cincinnati. When in 1865 the terrible rebellion finally was crushed and had breathed its last with the capture of Richmond and the victory of the Union in the country as a whole, the usual communications on both sides of the Ohio River were resumed and proceeded as they formerly had in times of peace. Many inhabitants of Cincinnati, among them Sir

Humphrey, made journeys as before to Kentucky and Tennessee.

Thus he came one day to Louisville, or Paducah (we cannot for certain say which) and in a tavern he heard by chance his name mentioned. Upon closer inquiry he was told that a druggist in town was supposed to have remarkable things to relate which were connected with Cincinnati and himself, and also with an illustrious man from the South whose name the informant could not pronounce. Sir Humphrey immediately called on this apothecary or city physicist (the same with whom we, through the foregoing, are already quite well acquainted), who now, since the crushing of Jefferson Davis' party, had become very eager to show himself as a completely loyal Unionist again.

This man related without any hesitation that not so very long ago a certain Don Jose Guatimozin, a great alchemist, had come to him for financial transactions, exchanges for greenbacks which he desired in order to do some business with them in Cincinnati and, as he could well recall, with Humphrey O'Brien. He remembered Guatimozin's name very well, he said, because that gentleman had in previous years visited him several times and conferred with him about chemical matters of great import; and he could even recall the very amount of the sum he wished to convey to Cincinnati. But—exclaimed the honorable city physicist—through a highly unfortunate circumstance, which he could never sufficiently lament since it had occurred in his own house, one of those disguised rebels

who in those days were swarming throughout the country, had come to him at the same time, had seen Don Guatimozin and, when he had heard him refuse to accept the paper currency of the Confederacy—that wretched, infamous, red trash which no sensible and righteous man would want to possess—had immediately arrested him and confiscated all the money he had brought with him.

"So violently were we treated in those deplorable times!" sighed the apothecary; but he was unable to state, he continued, either whither Guatimozin was removed, or the name of the high-handed rebel officer who confiscated his money, robbed him, and spirited him off. All this must now remain in eternal obscurity, concluded the narrator; but he supposed that the shameless colonel had fallen at Knoxville⁵ in the battle against our great General Thomas, or perhaps at Atlanta during the battle against our glorious Tecumseh Sherman; and undoubtedly Guatimozin also, who had been forced into the ranks of the rebels, had lost his life at the burning of Richmond, perhaps in the Spotswood House itself, when this principal den of the Rebellion was stormed and occupied by our unconquerable hero, "Unconditional Surrender Grant"—as we Unionmen, because of love and admiration, proverbially, as it were, call him; for we never call him Ulysses, although that is his real, Christian name.

"Happy day," he continued, "now that righteousness, truth, and the republic, to the joy of all loyal and well-disposed citizens, have finally gained a well-deserved

⁵ Undoubtedly the battle of Nashville (Dec. 15 and 16, 1864) at which General George H. Thomas struck a crushing blow to the Confederate Army under General John Bell Hood.

victory, and when peace," as the apothecary hoped, "has forever returned to Kentucky!" He bade Sir O'Brien be seated and finish off a bottle of exquisite Catawba, which he really with good conscience could recommend.

"Never had I believed," said Sir Humphrey, "that the gentlemen here in Kentucky, this inveterate slave state, were such loyal Union-men."

"Oh, my dear sir, you have not known us from the right angle," answered the other and hastened to fill two large glasses for a toast to the ensuing peace.

Humphrey O'Brien said nothing in response, but continued to be quite ill at ease, and he inquired if his courteous host could not give some information about the place whence Don Guatimozin had arrived when he came to him for the exchange transaction.

"Yes," he replied, "he stated a couple of times in our conversations that he came from Mexico and Chihuahua, not far from the silver mines of Santa Eulalia, I think."

"Good!" said Sir Humphrey and went away. He returned to Cincinnati the following day. To be sure, he realized that his confiscated money was irretrievably lost, but he felt a great joy in knowing that Guatimozin was not to blame for this loss or that he had not been a swindler. The memory of his friends, Bianconi and his daughter Erminia, who had been lost to him since their departure from Missouri, arose anew to him, and he decided, now that the general peace permitted him to travel without difficulty wherever he pleased, to make a trip to the northwestern parts of Mexico in an attempt to find them.

No particular obstacles were encountered on the journey, because the wars between the Mexican republicans under Juarez and the imperialists under Maximilian were fought in other parts of the country, more to the east and southward. He searched out traces through which he might possibly find his friends, the Bianconis, and succeeded so well that one beautiful summer afternoon he entered their dwelling. Immediately he recognized Pietro, and as for Erminia, he thought he caught a glimpse of her through a door to the veranda which had been shut the moment he made his appearance.

"Ah—my friend Pietro! Don't you recognize me?" exclaimed Sir Humphrey, grasping his hand and shaking it heartily. "I am O'Brien from Cincinnati."

Pietro Bianconi started at these words and was unable at first to open his mouth.

"It is true," said Sir Humphrey, "that I have sad news to impart, and I ought not, perhaps, to have come without first having in writing announced the purpose of my journey hither."

Pietro was yet unable in his amazement to utter a word.

"Please try to subdue your distress, Pietro," continued the other. "Remember that we are all human, subject to what must be for all humans. Know then—since I am obliged in this abrupt manner to deliver my sad tidings——"

"God! What am I to surmise? Humphrey, haven't you seen Guatimozin? What has happened to him? We have waited—waited so long!"

"No, Pietro! I have not seen Guatimozin, and the best proof of that is that I can here (he pulled a

paper from his pocket) show you the debenture you issued to me and which obviously has remained unpaid since I still have it in my hand."

"Merciful God! And we had hoped so confidently and assuredly for the success of his journey!"

"Understand me, my good Pietro—and I hope Erminia hears me—where is she?—note well what I am saying! Well, this debenture is unpaid, and I am supposed to come to claim as my bride the beloved, the beautiful, the unforgettable Erminia ———."

Pietro Bianconi stood with a face as pale as a sheet.

"Have we not," interposed the other with feeling, "been warm friends ever since the time your good wife lived and whose kinsman I count it an honor to be although I am but a younger member of the family; have I not always evinced myself as a loyal friend to you? And now, perchance, should I not recognize what belongs to me?"

"Ha," sighed Bianconi with unrestrained deep melancholy. "Yes, I know what rightly belongs to you," he said mournfully.

Sir Humphrey took the debenture and tore it to pieces. "Oh," he cried, "please understand what I mean. Guatimozin had brought money intended for me to the full amount, but I did not receive that money, and he himself has lost his life at the hands of the rebels, and since the Union lost so many millions through them, I, too, can very well lose the dollars I advanced. Guatimozin, wherever he is now, in what world he may dwell—he owes no debt any more. Look, there is your name on the paper, Pietro; dispose of it, the rest

we shall burn. Where is Erminia? May I not see her? May I not greet my kinswoman?—she who has always been so sincerely dear to me! I wished for her sake to test her intended bridegroom's honesty, good faith, and excellence of soul—he has stood the test—alas, only too well! But may I not see her? Not a glimpse? Alas, I understand now that she was terror-stricken at my arrival and does not want to show herself! Is it possible that she regards me so brutal, so unreasonable, as to wish to take her bridegroom's place, to usurp the sacred rights of his heart? Is it possible that she has taken seriously the test by which I wanted to prove Guatimozin?"

"Only a test?" exclaimed Pietro. "Alas, a test costing everything!"

The story closes here, for the narrative itself knows no more. History stands mute before an occurrence so amazing, so terrible that the narrator has no word for it. But, reader, do not believe that the end was tragic; it was not even poetic; it was the simplest, briefest, most artless of everything in the world; it was Death only. Have a warm faith in life after this, dear reader, and you will understand everything in the world.

When Erminia did not show herself, Pietro and his newly arrived friend, after a long interval of waiting, finally forced open the door to her chamber. And they really found Erminia within, though not her own self, but something that had been she. Her right arm lay outstretched as for a farewell greeting, with an opened artery. We who recall what she had one day received from Guatimozin, after which she had never in the world

felt any pain, but instead a kind of unconquerable joy in everything that happened, we can now also comprehend that expression of peace, of resignation, of great exaltation which her beautiful countenance reflected, even though it had but the features of a shape, of a departed being. Oh, she appeared in this wonderful guise so smiling as if her spirit had already met Guatimozin and she wished to indicate that to her father.

The country people round about the Santa Eulalia mountains, in the neighborhood of the capital of Chihuahua, and, furthermore, the people in several districts of the expansive Sierra Madre and Sierra de Carcay, assembled by the hundreds. They were Catholics like Pietro Bianconi, Humphrey O'Brien, and Erminia herself; they regarded her as a benevolent saint in the neighborhood, to be sure, not yet canonized, but stigmatized, however, for they observed the marks of the wounds on both her arms. They attended in silence and deep veneration the ceremonious funeral which her surviving relatives had arranged. Erminia had always, dur-

ing the time she lived here as well as in the land where she previously lived, been a friend to the poor, a protection for sufferers wherever she found them. They assembled now at her grave by the thousands; the poor Mexican peons celebrated her memory with a flood of tears, and they wreathed her tomb with the best products of Sierra Madre, such as plumerias, begonias, acacias, magueys, and the most beautiful roses of oleander. Pietro Bianconi and Humphrey O'Brien distributed among the good country people the remainder of Guatimozin's treasures, and thus his gold-making was for that time concluded.

The author of this narrative, or rather this record, wishes to add—something which, for that matter, each reader can see for himself—that it has not been his intention to defend alchemy, and that he even less has been able to or wished to approve of the suicide in the last part. That phase has been presented merely to show the causes of, and the strange ways in which, such things happen.

CAMPAIGN SLOGANS OF YESTERYEAR

How many of these ten Presidential campaign slogans can you identify by the candidate each supported and the year?

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. A Chicken in Every Pot. | 6. Fifty-four Forty or Fight. |
| 2. Back to Normalcy. | 7. Sixteen to One. |
| 3. Don't Swap Horses in the
Middle of the Stream. | 8. Let Us Have Peace. |
| 4. He Kept Us Out of War. | 9. Tippecanoe and Tyler Too. |
| 5. Turn the Rascals Out. | 10. The Full Dinner Pail. |

(Answers on page 345)

THE ILLINOIS SCRAPBOOK

"UNCLE TOM'S" EFFECT ON A CONTEMPORARY REVIEWER

"Uncle Tom's Cabin." We shan't describe this. Everybody that can get it will read it. It has made the fortune of its authoress, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and struck the hardest blow on slavery that has ever been inflicted. We could not buy the book, for we found nobody who had it to sell. After a hard struggle, we at length succeeded in borrowing; and hardly stopped to breathe till it was gone through. We feel very sorry Mrs. Stowe thought it necessary to have "Uncle Tom" whipped to death. That was too bad! It made our heart ache, and it is aching still. We would suggest to Abolitionists, to purchase the copy-right of this book, print a few hundred thousands, and scatter them over the United States. It would take fifty fugitive slave bills to counteract the influence.

Presbytery Reporter, Alton, Ill., Vol.
III, no. 3 (Sept. 1, 1852), 70.

LINCOLN-DOUGLAS POLITICAL RALLY IN NEW YORK

Away we glide, some fifty of us, though drawn only by two horses, up Third Avenue, all bound to "the Monster Democratic Rally and Grand Political Carnival." The car is full, not only on both seats, but with strange wild-looking men, of, I should say, no great landed property (unless you call dirt landed property), who stand up in the centre of the carriage, holding on to the roof straps; both balconies outside, and even the very steps, are crowded. My democratic friends are not discussing politics, but beef. One says:

"Sure I have gone without meat for two days, just to get an appetite for this affair. I mean to fill in enough now to last till Sunday."

Another says he doesn't care what "the little giant" says, so he can get some of the Douglas beef. A third uses his toothpick freely, "to get all under weigh," as he playfully observes.

We reach the great stables and coach-house station at Sixty-sixth-street, quite out of the city (as far as Haarlem), and dismount. There is a straggling black line of people down the road for half a mile. It looks

like a wavering train of gunpowder, just laid, and laid zig-zag, in a fright. I follow the line. The itinerant dealers, more familiar and less anxious for purchases than our own costermongers, and wearing no peculiar dress, are thick as mosquitoes in a Carolina swamp. There are large red apples, from New Jersey orchards—maple sugar cakes—cheap cigars. There is Lager beer, as the fresh, light, frothy pleasant beer the Germans introduced into America is called. There is a man with the hair coming through his straw hat, selling "Douglas walking-sticks," and another man with a felt hat, with a loose crown, has

"DOUGLAS"

painted in large green letters over his stall, and is shouting to the passers-by:

"That no gentleman need pay at this establishment who doesn't choose, as Mr. Douglas has promised to make the matter all right with me the night before the election."

Further on, a ragged quick-eyed boy is pitching copper cents with all his might into a willow-pattern plate, crying, as he does so:

"Twenty-five cents, gentlemen, for every cent which stops in the plate; one cent for the throw, and twenty-five cents to the successful aimer."

Next him a rival boy, flinging a ring at a large kitchen knife stuck upright in a board covered with tenpenny nails.

The cry of this speculator is:

"If you never don't risk, you never won't win. Ten cents to any one who rings a nail, twenty-five cents to any one who rings the knife. Five cents a throw. You can't miss if you try, gentlemen."

Here come two rival ballad-singers; one, with a wry mouth, bellows, to the cheery tune of "Camptown Races":

*In Illinois there can be found—dudah, dudah,
Two nags upon the campaign ground—dudah, dudah, do.
First, "Little Dug," I do declare—dudah, dudah,
And "Spotted Abe," with krinky hair—dudah, dudah, do.*

And to this Notus responds Anster:

*We've pitched our tent on campaign ground,
A few days, a few days,
To give the woollies another round.
Douglas's going home,
The White House is the place he'll stop
In a few days, in a few days;
He must go there, as sure as pop,
For he's going home!*

But I grow careless of these singers as I approach the man with "the revolving arrow," who tells me that if I risk two cents for a turn, I am to be the proud possessor of as many "macaroons" as the number the arrow stops at shall indicate.

Now, I enter the green rail gate of Jones's Wood, and find myself in a sort of faded tea-garden, where walks wind about among groves of stripling trees, rustic temples, rifle galleries, and dancing-rooms. It is a sloping park, on the banks of the river, with a pleasant view of Blackwell's Island opposite, and the penitentiary and madhouse thereupon. As soon as I enter I see a banner with the names of the Tammany Hall candidates, and in an open glade in the centre I find a brass band, pounding out "Hail, Columbia," at the foot of the speakers' platform, and surrounded by people. On the left-hand side of the pathway, some four thousand persons—two-thirds rowdy boys—with small flags, surround a large enclosure shut in with a pine fence. In the centre of this, are light temporary tables, piled with loaves of bread and heaps of "crackers" and biscuits, making the rowdy mouth water with carnivorous anticipation. The police, in large flat caps and blue frockcoats, with brass stars on the breast, look on at the pit; fifteen feet long, six feet wide, and four feet deep, where the ox, the sheep, and the hog, are roasting fragrantly. There is a roar of election cannon, a defiling of banners, and a clash of music as the speakers enter in procession and march towards the platform. The mob rolls, and billows, and sways till it rocks itself calm. Hon. Herschel Johnson has just begun to say that he has come from the South, "the sunny, constitutional South," in answer to a call "at once pressing and pleasurable." The vast multitude of freemen he sees, assure him that the great and beating popular heart of the country is moved and agitated by the impending popular—

"—Crisis," he would have said, but at that ill-timed moment bang—bang—bang—bang goes the injudicious cannon, and a voice roars,

"Our friends from the Eleventh Ward are here!"

"Yes, and all New Jersey, and Connecticut, too!" cries another.

And on comes the noisy procession with tumultuous banners and untirable band.

Mr. Johnson, silenced for a time, goes on to say that the Breckinridge platform has been split up, and he talks much that I don't care to follow, until there is a shout of "Dry up!"—"Douglas! Douglas!" And at last Douglas rises to speak amid cadenced earthquakes of applause, volleys of cannon, and bursts of brass bands.

This is the sturdy, unscrupulous man, once a cabinet-maker, who is opposing Lincoln, once a boatman and woodcutter, both aiming at

power in a great country where there is no impediment to prevent the poorest man of virtue and genius from attaining the supreme power. Douglas is a thick-set, stern-looking man, of an O'Connell build. He begins:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS OF NEW YORK,—I appear before you to-day for the purpose of making an earnest appeal in behalf of this glorious Union. (Cries of "Good for you!" and "Three cheers more for Douglas!") There can be no disunionist, there can be no enemy in this Union, in the Empire City of America. (A Voice, "That's so!" "No, no!" and applause.) New York is not Northern, nor is she Southern, nor is she Western, nor is she Eastern; but she is continental and metropolitan. (Cries of "That's good!" and cheers.) New York is the great commercial centre, the great monetary heart of the American continent, and as such every New Yorker ought to sympathise with every State and every Territory, and every people in the whole Union. (Applause.) Then I ask your attention to the mode in which this glorious Union is to be maintained and perpetuated for ever to our posterity. There is but one mode in which this can be done."

A VOICE—"We'll elect you, and you'll do it." (Music by a band on the ground.)

But need I pursue the vigorous speaker into his thirdlies and fourthlies, or relate how he swore to hang Lincoln with his own hands higher than ever old Virginia hung John Brown, if he proved a traitor to the constitution.

Need I dwell on the roars of

"Good, boy!"

"Bravo, Dug!"

"That's so!"

"Three cheers and a tiger for little Dug! Hei! hei!! hei!!!"

"Hang up every black Republican in the country!"

"Sail on!"

"LET HER RIP!"

At four o'clock the cutting-up commences. There is a solemn hush. The table with loaves and crackers is placed on the east side of the enclosure. The oily oozing pig is on the west; four other tables with bread, mutton, and beef, form the south; and two tables, one for loaves, the other for beef, are in the centre. The reporters and cooks are inside the fence, busy round the smouldering pit. The speakers, satiated with talking, are dragging their relaxed uvulus [*sic*] and deafened ears back to the city. The police are driving interlopers outside the fence. Thousands of rowdy eyes squint and roll—hands clutch, and expectation stands on tip-

toe, eager for the fray. The hydra mob is greedy and disposed to be violent. At first all was reasonably decorous. Boys bore round trays full of huge slices of bread, which every one snatched at hungrily, according to the programme: although now and then a tray was knocked down and angrily scrambled for. Then the meat was cut into savoury "chunks," and also handed round, but routine was now despised; the strongest and most brutal trod and trampled to the front and rushed at whatever was offered.

Impatient of the delay, and fearful of losing their shares, the mob now rushes to the fence, tears it down, and storms into the enclosure. The police, swamped, rally round a table covered with pork, and round that of the chief carver. The mob overthrow the rickety table and crowd round the carver, who is urged to apoplexy by savage cries for "Beef, mister!" At last, faint and disgusted, he retires, and the crowd rush at the relics of the ox. Foremost among the rioters, like the dreadful "Man with the Beard" in the crimson tableaux of the French Revolution, is a Rough, in a puce shirt, who with an axe lopped in bits the remaining quarter of the bullock (or rather *calf*, for the bullock of the night procession was far too valuable to roast).¹ Half savage, half mischievous and laughing, the mob tear at the pieces as he chops them off, and threaten to leave him with nothing but the bone; but at last he gives the axe to another, and makes off with a small hot luncheon of some twenty pounds of reeking meat.

Now, the mob, excited and wanton, but no longer hungry, take their revenge for having been kept waiting, by brutal mischief; a sack of salt is tossed in the air to the detriment of many eyes and many coats, and when it gets too empty for flight it is trodden under foot. Then the remaining loaves are pelted about and destroyed, and the beef bones and lumps of meat are used as missiles. At this crisis, a great mind in the mob discovers the value of the crackers (biscuits), and, in a moment, two hundred of them are skimming the air—flying strong and swift, breaking painfully on noses and cheek-bones, hats and eyes. Lastly, a ruder nature suggests that the biscuit barrels are not altogether useless, and away they go into the air, falling with a crash like shells, and eliciting fights wherever they fall; one poor wretch is bonneted by a barrel, and when he draws off, the nails, in the inside staves, have cut his face terribly; in a moment out go his fists, striking whoever is near him. Then the police, dreading the appearance of knives, break in and disperse the turbulent mob, and slowly the great assembly breaks and falls away.

¹ Dickens reported that the night before "an enormous Kentucky ox was borne on a scaffold past my window, surrounded by torches."

That night we had another procession: not merely the seedy thirty thousand who that morning assembled to eat the Douglas calf in the woods of Jones, but all the seething millions of New York and its suburb cities, Brooklyn, New Jersey, and Hoboken: all to shout for Lincoln.

When I left my hotel a little before midnight, and looked down the street, there were moving forests of torches advancing towards me from every point of the compass. Gradually they grew, these undulating lines of twin stars, from mere pins' heads of light to radiating suns, with rays and halos of their own. They advanced under starry arcs of discharged fireworks, under blue irradiations of Roman candles, projectiles that burst in the air like luminous rifle bullets. Champ! went the New Jersey band, defiling down one strand. Champ! champ! went the Brooklyn band, debouching into Broadway. Clash! Champ! champ! went the Hoboken band, meeting them full butt, and greeting them with "tiger" shouts, hei-hej-ing, and brazen welcome, and booms of tightened parchment. Now came on marching serried batallions of "Wideawakes," the flower of the New York youth. They marched two abreast, the officers wearing badges, and ribbons, and crimson scarfs, and each regiment with its fiery crimson colours. Each Wideawake wore a cape of oilskin, painted a vermilion colour, in addition to a shako, covered also with red oilskin. Each bore in his right hand a pole about five feet long, having a swinging tin oil lamp fastened in a frame at one end. There were whole companies with blue lamps, and others with red, so that, as they marched in perfect military array, wheeling and changing front with the mechanism of the soldier, they had the appearance of a Chinese Feast of Lanterns.

These Wideawakes are the terror of the South, and of the democrats generally, throughout America. It is supposed they are really Abolitionist volunteers in disguise, and the violent opposition papers say that their rods and lanterns point to future murders and incendiarism. They have recently had, even in New York, very bloody conflicts with democratic mobs.

Now, the cannon round the statue of Washington, up towards the Fifth Avenue, bellowed to the welkin, and made the very stars wink, as if they were sneezing at the sulphurous smell. Now, all the clubs drew up in square under the balcony of the St. Nicholas Hotel. Roman candles were fired and broke into blue stars, while the rockets blossomed high up in the sky, and cast down showers of fiery primroses. Bang—champ! went the bands, and "Hei!—hei!!—HEI!!!" shouted the men in the red capes. The great Lincoln banner, that waved heavily across Broadway, grew transparent and golden with the torchlight.

"Three cheers for Lincoln!"

"Three groans for Douglas!"

"Three cheers and a tiger for Seward, and three hisses for Tammany Hall and the Soft Shells!"

Now a hush, partly broken by the approach of a band newly landed from Albany—a hush as a little knot of men appeared on the balcony, and waved their hands to deprecate shouts.

"Mr. Elias Pidgeonbarley, from Missouri!"

Shouts enough to awaken Washington in his rude tomb on the banks of the Potomac. Fresh thunders of cannon, fresh rains of blue stars from the Roman candles, fresh tigers, fresh marching, fresh shouts of "Let her rip!" and "That's good!" and "Sail on!" as some five thousand voices roared out an election song, of which I subjoin the first verse:

*I hearkened in the east, and I hearkened in the west,
And I heard a fifeing and a drumming;
And my heart bobbed up, in the middle of my breast,
For I knew that the people were a-coming.
Then pull off your coat, and roll up your sleeve,
Abe and the people are a-coming,
Oh, pull off your coat, and roll up your sleeve,
For LINCOLN AND THE PEOPLE ARE
A-COMING, I BELIEVE!*

All the Year Round. A Weekly Journal conducted
by Charles Dickens (April 13, 1861), 70-72.

SELFISHNESS IN CIVIL WAR PROSPERITY

"Hurry up" is a phrase in the mouth of every person in the United States who requires expedition in business. This short expression fitly represents the tumbling go-ahead and spasmodic character of all classes of the people. Work, work, and work is the everlasting routine of every day life. In those trades and professions in which men are paid by the piece the application to labour by numbers of the men would almost seem to be a matter of life and death. To say that these people are extremely industrious would by no means convey a correct idea of their habits; the fact is they are selfish and savagely wild in devouring their work. If my reader can imagine a ship's crew almost famished by hunger struggling for the last biscuit it would give no bad notion of the continued craving desire manifested by the men to hurry their work and grasp all they can. In the establishment where I was myself employed there were men making from twenty to thirty dollars a week, and yet, such is the selfishness often

engendered by prosperity, they were never satisfied. Many of the boys, to judge from the reckless manner in which they exhaust their physical energies, seem resolved not to be overtaken by old age.

In Great Britain the various communities of the people are in some measure linked together by a bond of human sympathy. Here it would seem that the people are mere units, and that each atom of humanity exists only for itself. It is true that society is divided and subdivided into a number of religious, social, and political sections, but so far as my experience reaches they are all alike wanting in that mutual kindness which characterizes the Old World communities. This feeling of cold selfishness may arise from a combination of causes, among which may be mentioned diversity of language, difference of country, and of social habits and religious feelings. I have no wish, however, to make my reader believe that there is no active kindness in the country; to assert this would be a libel upon the people, yet a very small amount of experience among the working classes is sufficient to prove that there is a decided want of that genial warmth which characterizes the conduct of people to each other in the Old World. I am aware that large sums of money are occasionally being collected for benevolent purposes, but it strikes me that there is more of fashion in these matters than a spirit of kindness, and that a feeling of rivalry often prompts to action where charity does not exist.

[JAMES DAWSON BURN], *Three Years Among the Working-classes in the United States During the War* (London, 1865), 11-12.

DISAPPOINTMENT AT VANDALIA

I was entering the capital of Illinois. The town is approached from the north, through a scattered forest, separating it from the prairies; and its unusually large and isolated buildings, few in number as they are, stationed here and there upon the eminences of the broken surface, give the place a singularly novel aspect viewed from the adjacent heights. There is but little of scenic attraction about the place, and, to the traveller's eye still less of the picturesque. Such huge structures as are here beheld, in a town so inconsiderable in extent, present an unnatural and forced aspect to one who has just emerged from the wild waste of the neighbouring prairies, sprinkled with their humble tenements of logs. The scene is not in keeping; it is not picturesque. Such, at all events, were my "first impressions" on entering the village, and *first* impressions are not necessarily false.

As I drew nigh to the huge white tavern, a host of people were swarming the doors; and, from certain uncouth noises which from time to time went up from the midst thereof, not an inconsiderable portion of the worthy multitude seemed to have succeeded in rendering themselves gloriously tipsy in honour of the glorious day. There was one keen, bilious-looking genius in linsey-woolsey, with a face, in its intoxicated state, like a red-hot tomahawk, whom I regarded with special admiration as high-priest of the bacchanal; and so fierce and high were his oburgations, that the idea with some force suggested itself, whether, in the course of years, he had not screamed his lean and hungry visage to its present hatchet-like proportions. May he forgive if I err.

But not yet were my adventures over. Having effected a retreat from the abominations of the bar-room, I had retired to a chamber in the most quiet corner of the mansion, and had seated myself to endite [*sic*] an epistle, when a rap at the door announced the presence of mine host, leading along an old yeoman whom I had noticed among the revellers; and, having given him a ceremonious introduction, withdrew. To what circumstances I was indebted for this unexpected honour, I was puzzling myself to divine, when the old gentleman, after a preface of clearings of the throat and scratchings of the head, gave me briefly to understand, much to my admiration, that I was believed to be neither more nor less than an "Agent for a Western Land Speculating Company of the North," etc., etc.: and then, in a confidential tone, before a syllable of negation or affirmation could be offered, that he "owned a certain tract of land, so many acres prairie, so many timber, so many cultivated, so many wild," etc., etc.: the sequel was anticipated by undeceiving the old farmer forthwith, though with no little difficulty.

The cause of this mistake I subsequently discovered to be a very slight circumstance. On the tavern register in the bar-room I had entered as my residence my native home at the North, more for the novelty of the idea than for anything else; or because, being a sort of cosmopolitan, I might presume myself at liberty to appropriate any spot I thought proper as that of my departure or destination. As a matter of course, and with laudable desire to augment their sum of useful knowledge, no sooner had the traveller turned from the register than the sagacious host and his compeer brandy-bibbers turned towards it; and being unable to conceive any reasonable excuse for a man to be wandering so far from his home except for lucre's sake, the conclusion at once and irresistibly followed that the stranger was a land-speculator, or something thereunto akin; and it required not many moments for such a wildfire idea to run through such an inflammable mass of curiosity.

With the situation and appearance of Vandalia I was not, as I have expressed myself, much prepossessed; indeed, I was somewhat disappointed. Though not prepared for anything very striking, yet in the capital of a state we always anticipate something, if not superior or equal, at least not inferior to neighbouring towns of less note. Its site is an elevated, undulating tract upon the west bank of the Kaskaskia, and was once heavily timbered, as are now its suburbs. The streets are of liberal breadth—some of them not less than eighty feet from kerb to kerb—enclosing an elevated public square nearly in the centre of the village, which a little expenditure of time and money might render a delightful promenade.

The public edifices are very inconsiderable, consisting of an ordinary structure of brick for legislative purposes; a similar building originally erected as a banking establishment, but now occupied by the offices of the state authorities; a Presbyterian Church, with cupola and bell, besides a number of lesser buildings for purposes of worship and education. A handsome structure of stone for a bank is, however, in progress, which, when completed, with other public buildings in contemplation, will add much to the aspect of the place. Here also is a land-office for the district, and the Cumberland Road is permanently located and partially constructed to the place.

An historical and antiquarian society has here existed for about ten years, and its published proceedings evince much research and information. "The Illinois Magazine" was the name of an ably-conducted periodical commenced at this town some years since, and prosperously carried on by Judge Hall, but subsequently removed to Cincinnati. Some of the articles published in this magazine, descriptive of the state, were of high merit. It is passing strange that a town like Vandalia, with all the natural and artificial advantages it possesses; located nearly twenty years ago, by state authority, expressly as the seat of government; situated upon the banks of a fine stream, which small expense would render navigable for steamers, and in the heart of a healthy and fertile region, should have increased and flourished no more than seems to have been the case.

Vandalia will continue the seat of government until the year 1840; when, agreeable to the late act of Legislature, it is to be removed to Springfield, where an appropriation of \$50,000 has been made for a state-house now in progress.

EDMUND FLAGG, *The Far West: or, A Tour Beyond the Mountains* (New York, 1838), I: 224-28.

MR. D. CONSTABLE, PEDESTRIAN TOURIST

Among the many tourists, that, from time to time, visited our Settlement, one of a class, common in Europe, but rarely, if ever, seen in America, appeared among us in 1824. As a pedestrian tourist, performing all his journeys on foot, he could see more of persons and places than if conveyed by stage or carried on horseback.

On a summer afternoon, a gentleman of middle age, and middle stature, with a small knapsack on his back, and a light walking-stick in hand, came to Park House, and introduced himself as Mr. D. Constable from England. I had a slight knowledge of the name, and gained a complete knowledge of the family from his brother, who visited me some years afterward. We all spent a pleasant evening together. The next day he passed on, as unostentatiously as he came, to see other people and other places. He spent several days in the Settlement, staying a little time with those of congenial minds and similar tastes; and, no doubt, during those few days he obtained more information and correct impressions, than more pretentious and less observant travelers.

The most remarkable thing about Mr. Constable was his unremarkableness. His dress and address were as plain and simple as they could be, not to be singular—nothing absolutely wanting; but nothing superfluous could be detected about his dress or personal appointments. A superficial observer would pass Mr. Constable by, as an ordinary man, almost unnoticed. In conversation he did not press inquiry, or argue strongly; and never followed argument into controversy. He did not much care for what you thought, but liked to hear what you knew; and would freely give you any information that he thought would be of service to you.

But with all this simplicity, he possessed a talent of discovering what his companions knew and thought, quicker than most men. This he could generally do from passing remarks, or replies to casual questions. If not successful, he had recourse to a little expedient, that never failed to give the tone of mind of all his companions, if there were a dozen of them. In his little knapsack, besides his two shirts, one handkerchief, one pair of socks, razor, and soap, he carried a numerous pack of cards. Each card had on one side a portrait, and on the other a short biography of the person represented. Both men and women, eminent in any way, were here pictured; and, according to the opinion he wished to elicit, he made his selection of the cards—say a dozen or more; and, taking some favorable opportunity of showing, perhaps to some member of the party, a portrait in which he or she would feel an interest, it would naturally pass from hand to hand, and the others would be asked for, and would

receive some comment; some remark in approbation or censure of the life or opinions of the person represented, would escape the spectators. If he wished more distinctly to learn the religious or political opinions of any one of the party, he would show portraits of some eminent divines, and of Voltaire, Rousseau, Pitt, Fox, Mirabeau, Paine, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, and so on, with others famous in science, or notorious for crime.

Thus, in five minutes from some run of argument or casual remark, he would be in possession of the opinions, predilections, and prejudices of all his associates; and this was no small acquisition to one who wished to pass on his way smoothly, without conflict with his fellows. He would enter the humblest cabin and chat with its inmates. Traveling in this unostentatious way, he saw more of the whole people. It was not his fault if his entertainers did not gain something, however short his stay. If he saw a sick child, he would name some remedy or palliative within its parents' reach. If the woman was cooking, he was likely to tell her of some simple preparation for a palatable dish, or point out some plant that she had never thought of cooking before. For he was a vegetarian, and ate little or no animal food. If a man was at work with a clumsy tool, he would show him how it might be improved, and often sit down and whittle it into right shape.

Constable was of the utilitarian school, and thought more of individual than political reform. He thought that extravagance in one part of the community made want in the other; if all the misspent labor in the fooleries of fashion and useless ornamentation was directed to the creation of something useful or necessary, this change would of itself go far to remove the suffering from want.

He lived up to his opinions. As a bachelor, he occupied but two rooms, one for a parlor, the other for a bed-room. In England, it is not the habit to use by day the same room that you sleep in by night. The English bed-room is strictly a private room, never entered, excepting by special invitation; perhaps to see some friend in sickness, incapable of leaving his bed. I do not recollect in all England that I ever saw a bed in a sitting-room. In his parlor were a few chairs, a table, and a shelf of books. On the sill of the window, near to which he usually sat, was a small pulley, over which ran a cord, with a hook at one end. About noon, at the sound of a well-known voice of a boy from a neighboring tavern, he lowered his hook into the street, and pulled up a small basket, containing a loaf of bread, a pint of beer, a slice of butter or cheese, a lettuce, or some vegetable or fruit in season.

His simple repast over, as the boy returned, he lowered his basket

and empty pewter-pot, both to be filled and drawn up for his next day's dinner. His breakfast and evening meal—a cup of tea and piece of dry toast—he prepared himself at his own fire. Whatever was left of his income at the end of the year, he gave away, either to relieve individual wants, or to strengthen some benevolent institution.

GEORGE FLOWER, *History of the English Settlement (Chi. Hist. Soc. Col., 1882):*I, 322-25.

PERILS OF PIONEER PREACHING

In the summer of 1787, James Smith, a Baptist preacher from Lincoln County, Kentucky, visited New Design and preached to the people repeatedly. . . . Elder Smith returned again in the spring of 1790. . . .

On May 19, as Mr. Smith was proceeding from the blockhouse, as it was called, to Little Village, in company with a Frenchman and a Mrs. Huff, they were fired on by a party of Indians who were concealed in a thicket near Bellefontaine. His horse and the one rode by the Frenchman were shot and the woman wounded. Smith had the presence of mind to throw his saddle-bags, which contained papers of value, into a thicket and retreated to the foot of the hill, fell on his knees, and prayed for Mrs. Huff, whom the Indians were butchering and who had been seriously exercised about her own salvation under the preaching for several days. The Frenchman made his escape and Smith's saddle-bags were found next day by his friends. The Indians made the preacher a prisoner, loaded him with a pack of plunder they had taken from the settlements, and began their march thro the prairies. Smith was a large, heavy man and under his heavy load and a hot sun, soon became fatigued.

Consultations were held by the Indians how they should dispose of their prisoner. Some proposed to kill him, fearing the white people would follow them, and pointed their guns at his breast. Knowing well the Indian character, he bared his breast, as though he dared them to shoot him, and then pointed upward, to signify the Great Spirit was his protector. Having caught him while in the attitude of prayer and hearing him sing hymns on his march, which he did to relieve his mind from despondency, they concluded he was a "great medicine" and held intercourse with the Great Spirit, and must not be killed.

They took him to their town on the Wabash, from whence, thro the agency of the French traders from Vincennes, he obtained his freedom—the people of New Design paying one hundred and seventy dollars for his ransom.

JOHN REYNOLDS, *The Pioneer History of Illinois*, (Chicago, 1887), 256-57.

BOOK REVIEWS

In all the field of historical writing, book reviews seem to cause the most controversy. The editors of this *Journal* want to reaffirm the policy they announced when book reviewing was inaugurated in the June, 1946, issue. They also want to make some suggestions that may be reassuring to authors and helpful to reviewers in this quarterly.

The importance of book reviewing to scholars was made very apparent at the April meeting of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association in Rock Island. One entire afternoon session was devoted to the subject and no other discussion drew so large an attendance. Professor Dwight Dumond of the University of Michigan suggested, among other recommendations, that no one be allowed to write a review who had not written a book. Professor Merrill Jensen of Wisconsin spoke for the reviewers. He defended the right of a reviewer to criticize an author for omitting what the reviewer would have included had he been the author. Then Professor John Caughey of Los Angeles spoke for the editors of historical periodicals. He suggested, aptly enough, that a reviewer could tell whether an egg was good or bad without having laid it—a pertinent simile which brought a more pertinent reply. Someone in the audience said, sotto voce, "A self-respecting hen won't cackle unless she has laid an egg. Surely we should expect as much honor from a scholar."

The *Journal's* editors do not want to tell any reviewer what to say about any book nor do they want to limit the right to review to authors. They do want to call attention, however, to the fact that no one who has never written a book can fully understand the problems of organization and the limitations of time and space so often imposed on writers. It should be pointed out also that any book can be criticized endlessly for the things it omits. The editors suggest also that reviewers try, as an exercise in literary composition, deleting all negatives from a review. The reader usually wants to know what a book contains, not what it lacks. A successful review should have two elements. It should be interesting reading by itself and it should tell what will be found in the book.

As editors, we notice with satisfaction that the reviewers chosen for our pages have all demonstrated that rare attribute known as character. We have wondered why some reviewers in other periodicals seem to have

the idea that they increase their own stature by pointing out the minor faults in their colleagues' work. This *Journal*, as has been said, puts no limitation on a reviewer. If he insists on disclosing his real dimensions when trying to impress readers with his size, he may do so, but we congratulate ourselves on having selected judges of a different stamp.

We do not want a reviewer to omit just criticism—but in too many reviews we notice that about ninety-eight per cent of the allotted space is devoted to errors committed in less than two per cent of the text reviewed. We have also noticed with some surprise that reviewers will occasionally misquote a text and then castigate the writer for errors in their own misquotations. Strangely enough this almost unbelievable form of maliciousness on the part of some reviewers is a relatively safe, if dishonest, form of criticism. Fortunately, this *Journal* has never had a case of this kind and we hope that we never do. However, we wish to reaffirm again that any reviewer who contributes to these pages does so with the understanding that his statements are subject to review according to the rules on page 274 of the June, 1946, issue.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. A Pictorial Interpretation. Painted by James Daugherty. (Albert Whitman & Co.: Chicago, 1947. Pp. [40]. \$5.00.)

Lincoln's Gettysburg address has heretofore been the subject for illuminated manuscripts, but nothing so elaborate as James Daugherty's pictorial interpretation has ever been attempted. The artist's procedure is to take each significant phrase of Lincoln's matchless utterance of 268 words and to illustrate it in Bentonesque fashion with colorful drawings which might serve as mural paintings for a shrine to be erected upon the site of the President's immortal oration.

In preparation for this task Mr. Daugherty has had ample experience. He is a mural painter with a long record of masterful accomplishment. In addition to that, he was the illustrator of an edition of Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body*, Carl Sandburg's *Abe Lincoln Grows Up*, Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York*, and his own biographies of Daniel Boone, Abraham Lincoln, and Poor Richard. In 1939, Mr. Daugherty received the Newberry medal for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children. Thus he has well explored the American scene.

While, in this reviewer's estimation, the volume should hold a deep interest for all Lincoln admirers, it should prove most valuable as a means of inculcating in the young an appreciation of the lofty sentiment, the

practical idealism, and the perfect diction of our great Civil War President.

Following a foreword by the artist, the text of the Gettysburg address is reproduced in beautiful typography. Then come the illustrations—fifteen double-page, colorful paintings—each with the pertinent phrase from the address which it illustrates. Trooping through these pages, in a pageant of history, pass the forms and faces of many renowned in the American story: the Pilgrim fathers, Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Boone, John Brown, Robert E. Lee, and hordes of plain, common Americans, white and Negro, who have written the story of our democratic achievement.

Whether or not one likes Mr. Daugherty's painting, one must agree that his carefully-wrought pictures convey perfectly the high-minded idealism which Mr. Lincoln so brilliantly embodied in this, perhaps the greatest of his utterances.

On the final page of the book is reproduced the manuscript of the address in the Emancipator's handwriting. All in all, this is a most beautiful book.

University of Illinois.

REXFORD NEWCOMB.

The Agrarian Revolt in Western Canada: A Survey Showing American Parallels.

By Paul Sharp. (University of Minnesota Press: Minneapolis, 1948. Pp. 204. \$3.00.)

If Dr. Sharp had supplied us only with an intelligent survey of the farmers' movement in western Canada from the nineties to the present—and he has done that skillfully and well—we should be considerably in his debt. But he has done more than that. Challenged by the circumstance that "the forty-ninth parallel has been a far more formidable barrier to many historians than to the men and institutions they have examined," he has undertaken to analyze "the close relationship of the western Canadian farmers' movements to similar organizations in the contiguous wheat belt of the American Northwest."

It is instructive to read the story of the reciprocal influences of Canadian and "American" (an unfortunate misnomer!) agricultural history. The dwindling company of adherents to the theory that the closing of the frontier in 1890 was a watershed marking off two great divides in American civilization will do well to ponder the fact that the agricultural frontier persisted in Canada long after it "disappeared" in the United States, and that countless American farmers crossed (and sometimes recrossed) the international border as easily and naturally as if they were crossing a county line.

That the great grain-producing area bisected by the Canadian border is in a real sense an economic and social unit is abundantly documented in this account of the western farmer's grievances, his struggle with the tariff and railroad gangs, his fight for social democracy, his effort to recapture control of the government for the producing class through ill-fated farmers' parties. Both in the United States and Canada, the author points out, the grain growers "hoped to strengthen capitalism by saving small enterprise from destruction. They sought no less a goal than to wrest possession of the government from the plutocracy, and use it for democratic rather than plutocratic ends." Not only were the methods that crusading Canadian and American farmers employed similar (indeed, often *identical*); their results, both immediate and remote, exhibited the same pattern. On neither side of the boundary did the embattled farmers win their ends; yet on both sides the agrarian revolt provided the impulse for later gains in progressivism on a broader front than the farmers themselves could have foreseen.

Readers of American history who are interested in the prairie farmer (and that applies particularly to students of Illinois history, of course) have neglected an important chapter in the story until they have read this book. Though the work is constructed under the rules of sound historiography, the author is sensitive to the farmer's plight and approaches his subject with sympathy. The text is thoroughly footnoted, a useful bibliography is provided, and the index is adequate.

*Woman's College of the
University of North Carolina.*

RICHARD BARDOLPH.

Lincoln and the War Governors. By William B. Hesseltine. (Alfred A. Knopf: New York, 1948. Pp. x, 405. \$4.50.)

One of the bromides of historical writing has been the statement that the Confederacy symbolized states' rights, while the United States, during the war years, typified a strong central government based firmly on a flourishing nationalism. That this is far from the truth of history is ably illustrated throughout *Lincoln and the War Governors*. Here is William B. Hesseltine's primary contribution. As he weaves the story, the South had no monopoly on states' rights, for nationalism in the North suffered (to a lesser extent, however) from the same disease. While the embryonic and unsteady national feeling of the Confederacy gave way to the pressure of states' rights, nationalism in the Union was nurtured by the gradual weakening of state authority.

When war engulfed the nation in 1861 the states of the Union featured the task of quelling their disobedient sisters as belonging to them—not to the government at Washington. The governors of the Union states believed that Lincoln would co-ordinate the individual war efforts and orders of the commonwealths of the North. The show would be theirs; they would direct the President both individually and collectively. The recital of how Lincoln instead came to manage the governors over the span of the war years—of how, after a slow start, he administered the war effort—is a fascinating narrative. And the show in the end was Lincoln's.

The man from the Prairie State had made a new nation, created a new nationalism not unlike that of today. He had killed states' rights in the North and in the South. For the task in the Confederacy he used armies; in the Union, for the same job, he employed his personality, political skill, and intelligence. In this latter sphere, the author does much to enhance the emerging picture of Lincoln as a superior intellect. The President is found to be more than a match for the governors intellectually; for this reason, primarily, he was able to manage them. Again and again the reader will see how they were outdone by Lincoln. Two such instances stand out. When the state leaders gathered at Altoona, Pennsylvania, in September, 1862, to consider bringing pressure on Lincoln for emancipation, he announced the Preliminary Proclamation, thereby transforming their potential opposition into firm support. Secondly, the dedication at Gettysburg field had been planned as a governor's demonstration. Yet Lincoln in a few words turned the occasion for the cause of nationalism by speaking only of the Union.

The author believes that one state executive—Horatio Seymour of New York—approached Lincoln in quality of mind. Had Seymour possessed the President's political skill and understanding of men, he might have averted the destruction of states' rights in the North. But Lincoln's "keener intellect" won the day and made him "the architect of the new nation" (pp. 391-92).

The author's flair for descriptive phrases adds spice to a smooth flowing text. Moreover he has produced a classic in the field of Civil War history, for the interpretation is sound. Furthermore, the volume is not a rehash; the point of view is new and stimulating. This book will endure as a standard work on the period.

Oklahoma A. & M. College.

LEROY H. FISCHER.

Pioneer Life in Kentucky, 1785-1800. By Daniel^W Drake. Edited by Emmet Field Horine. (Henry Schuman, Inc.: New York, 1948. Pp. xxix, 257. \$4.00.)

Dr. Horine has presented a new edition of *Pioneer Life in Kentucky, 1785-1800* supplemented by a short biographical sketch of its author, Daniel Drake. By using Drake's manuscript letters, Dr. Horine has succeeded in correcting the errors and deletions of the previous edition. The ten letters comprising *Pioneer Life*, written over a period of two years, are the reminiscences of a brilliant and sensitive mind. They tell the story of life on the western frontier—the hardships and experiences of those who were part of the great surge of migration which reduced the dense forests and the broad plains to cultivated fields.

Frederick Jackson Turner, in presenting his memorable paper, *The Significance of the Frontier in American History*, to the American Historical Association in 1893, gave the historian a new interpretation of the sweep of American history. In this paper Turner sketched in broad outline the effect of the frontier on the political, economic, social, and intellectual life of the United States. Daniel Drake's letters provide some of the details needed to fill out Turner's frontier thesis. They provide, for example, a description of how pioneer families sustained life, educated their children, practiced their religion, and entered into the social customs of the frontier.

Turner depicted the influence of the frontier on the American nation; Drake depicted its influence on the individual. Drake thought that frontier life satisfied human cravings; that patient and painstaking work developed perseverance. Infrequent social contacts, he maintained, created a desire for personal associations and a disposition for tolerance. Daniel Drake has recorded these diverse character-forming influences in a vivid narrative. The reader can only wish he had felt inclined to continue his reminiscences at greater length for these pages illuminate early western pioneer life.

University of Wisconsin.

DONALD J. BERTHRONG.

America's Sheep Trails. By Edward Norris Wentworth. (The Iowa State College Press: Ames, Iowa, 1948. Pp. xxii, 667, illus. \$7.00.)

Little bands of sheep on hillside pastures and on lawns around farm-houses hold their own against the mechanical usurpation of Illinois farms. Eating vegetation which would otherwise be wasted, furnishing wool and lamb chops, sheep are a permanent part of farm economy. All livestock

lovers are urged to read this book about sheep management in other parts of the United States. The volume traces the history of domestic sheep from prehistoric times, their introduction into the New World and their spread across the continent.

Too many agricultural tomes are written by men who know books but do not know livestock. This one is an exception. Colonel Wentworth is director of Armour's Livestock Bureau in Chicago. He has spent years of research in preparing this comprehensive work and he has written it in a fresh and lively manner. The book is one of those volumes that can be read from cover to cover or put on the shelf for future reference, like an encyclopedia.

Moreover, the illustrations are superb. Pen and ink sketches by H. D. Bugbee disclose a knowledge of sheep and also of the men who herd them. His skillful pen pictures many subjects: Coronado on a caparisoned steed exploring Colorado; a Navajo lad in moccasins turning a sheep herd by throwing rocks ahead of the leaders; or a mossbacked and be-whiskered footman walking around a trail herd in Wyoming. Bugbee shows how an old ewe fights an eagle that swoops down to take her lamb. He knows how sheep jump and kick when counted out of a corral. The book's photographs are equally enlightening. Many of the pictures have been taken by Charles Belden of the Pitchfork Ranch near Meeteetse, Wyoming—a ranch with vast sheep holdings. Photographs of sheep on the open range in Greenland will surprise many. So will the ancient adobe sheepfolds in New Mexico and the airy tent establishments used on the Northern Plains at lambing time.

Other pictures disclose a twenty-man shearing plant in operation and also a primitive two-man platform being used out on the range. An unusual snapshot shows a coyote carrying a lamb. Scenes on the summer range above timberline present sheep grazing among the clouds. Most interesting are the photos of the crossbreeds produced by mating domestic sheep with the wild bighorns of the Rockies. All stockmen will delight in the portraits of such new synthetic breeds as the Corriedales, Panamas, and Targhees. One priceless photo shows a range ewe guarding twenty lambs whose mothers have gone for a drink—a "sitter" if you please—and she is stamping her foot angrily at the photographer.

All Illinois farmers will want this book. From it they will learn much about sheep and their state's importance in the sheep industry.

J. M.

Missie: An Historical Biography of Annie Oakley. By Annie Fern Swartwout.
(The Brown Publishing Company: Blanchester, Ohio, 1947.
Pp. 298. \$3.50.)

Buffalo Bill is close to the hearts of all Illinoisans. His manager, Nate Salsbury, who changed Buffalo Bill from a second-rate actor to a first-rate tent showman, was an Illinoisan—he was born in Freeport on February 28, 1846, and lived later in Ottawa. And the partnership contract between Salsbury and Buffalo Bill Cody was drawn up by Attorney John P. Altgeld a decade or so before he became Governor of Illinois. In Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, Annie Oakley was a great attraction. Sitting Bull called her Little Sure Shot and adopted her into the tribe. Abroad she won shooting matches from the best European marksmen and she also won the hearts of the nobility including Queen Victoria. Buffalo Bill loved her like a daughter and affectionately called her "Missie."

Oscar Hammerstein's opera "Annie Get Your Gun" portrays her life with remarkable accuracy although there is no historical justification for the popular and lilting song: "Doing What Comes Naturally." Nor is there any reason to believe that the dramatic climax in the operetta is true. In the play, Annie deliberately loses a shooting match in order to win the affection of her opponent who happens to be the man she loves. In her own words, Little Sure Shot has come to the conclusion that "You can't get a man with a gun." But she does get him by missing the mark and letting him win. This, of course, is dramatics not history.

Annie Fern Swartwout is a niece of Annie Oakley's. Her book is based on family tradition. It contains little that is not already known but the presentation is refreshing and wholesome as milk and gingerbread. The illustrations show Missie's development from a girl with bangs under a broad-brimmed hat to a white-haired matron in a high-necked shirt-waist of embroidered net. A picture of Annie Oakley's Nutley, New Jersey, home bears a striking resemblance to Buffalo Bill's residence in North Platte, Nebraska. Both houses have unusual architecture. Research might disclose that one was copied from the other. The author discloses too, that Annie's maiden name was not "Mozee" as is generally supposed but "Moses." Schoolmates, she says, teased Annie about her real name. They made a rhyme about it that she did not like. The hurt child changed the name to Mozee and in later life, the author continues, Annie destroyed all family records bearing the name Moses. She even saw to it that the family gravestones carried the new name.

J. M.

Abe Goes Down the River. By F. Lauriston Bullard. (Reprinted from the *Lincoln Herald*, February, 1948. Pp. 15.)

One of the classic examples of "authentic history" which proved on investigation to be highly questionable is the account of flatboatman Lincoln shaking his fist at a N'Orleans slave market with the remark, "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing I'll hit it hard." The story originated with John Hanks, many years later it is true, but Hanks went down the river on the flatboat with Lincoln and his story appeared, therefore, to be firsthand testimony.

However, investigation finally disclosed that Hanks left the flatboat at St. Louis and could not have seen Lincoln's defiant act in the Crescent City. This disclosure thoroughly discredited the story.

Comes now F. Lauriston Bullard with "*Abe Goes Down the River.*" His story is an unusually graphic account of New Orleans and river traffic in the 1828-1831 period. From contemporary journals and monographs, Dr. Bullard has reconstructed life in the old Creole city. Students will be especially interested in the author's conclusion about Lincoln and the slave market. "That some such experience did befall him," the author says, "can hardly be reasonably doubted."

J. M.

Events and Influences of the Spanish-American War, 1898-1902. Compiled by Nicholas J. Budinger. (Illinois Spanish-American War Memorial Commission: Chicago, 1948. Pp. 16.)

The Spanish-American War Memorial Commission was appointed by Governor Green pursuant to an act of the Sixty-Third General Assembly. The Sixty-Fourth General Assembly appropriated \$75,000 "for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial to commemorate the war with Spain." The handsome memorial now stands near the Monroe Street entrance to the Illinois State Armory in Springfield.

This pamphlet, which is printed by authority of the Spanish-American War Memorial Commission, provides a concise account of the events that led up to the war with Spain, Illinois' part in the struggle, and the outstanding events of the war itself. There is also a chronological history.

It is good to have a brief record of this conflict, the importance of which many erroneously underrate. Though comparatively few (and those 100 per cent volunteers) served in the Spanish-American War, its importance must be measured by its influence on the future of our country which emerged as a world power.

This pamphlet has been compiled by Colonel Nicholas J. Budinger, secretary of the Spanish-American War Memorial commission. Other members of the commission are: Governor Dwight H. Green, chairman; Hon. Arthur C. Lueder, Hon. V. Y. Dallman, and the Hon. Oscar E. Carlstrom (deceased).

S. A. W.

Chicago. Photographs by Arthur Haug. Text by Robert Cromie. (Ziff-Davis Publishing Company: Chicago, 1948. Pp. 96. \$2.50.)

Picture books are in vogue now, a fact that is not surprising in view of the wonderful improvements in modern photography. And to a former Chicagoan the pictures in this book bring back memories and start trains of thought that no amount of writing could do.

Those who are not at all acquainted with the nation's second largest city will see amazing views of exceptional beauty. But those who know Chicago will realize that even these but feebly do the city justice. To one who is seeking beauty, Chicago can present more than any photograph can show; and no illustration can convey the intense vigor and life of this midwest metropolis.

The book should awaken an interest in tourists to visit Chicago and to spend some time there. The visitor who does this will be rewarded. And the wider his interests, the greater the treasure he can take away. Here may be enjoyed music, art galleries, museums, and libraries, second to none. Yet here, indeed, in the words of the poet, Carl Sandburg, is the:

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders.

But only a fraction of the city and its suburbs is depicted in this book. For the summertime visitor are shown the innumerable outdoor activities available. Drives along the North Shore and through the villages to the west present scenes unsurpassed in beauty. Some of the pictures reproduced are too dark to show proper detail, but for the most part, the illustrations are excellent.

S. A. W.

Seven Lincoln Shrines. By Lester O. Schriver. (Privately printed: Peoria, Ill. 1947. Pp. [20].)

Each year Mr. Schriver produces or assists in producing a Lincoln item for his friends. This booklet contains a series of seven pictures of shrines which, to the author, seem to be the most significant in the life of

Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Schriver states that "each represents a spot made sacred by its contact with the most illustrious son of the Republic."

In the order of presentation are: an unusual photograph of the Lincoln Memorial at Hodgenville, Kentucky, sheltering the log cabin in which Lincoln is said to have been born; a photograph of the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln; one of the mill at New Salem, Illinois; a strikingly beautiful photograph of the old statehouse at Vandalia, Illinois; pictures of the Lincoln home and tomb in Springfield; and one of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C. Accompanying each photograph are a few short paragraphs of comment by Mr. Schriver.

In the author's dedication to the late Percival G. Rennick, of Peoria, he quotes from Mr. Rennick's unusual views on the number "seven" and the way in which this number and combinations thereof occurred in the life of Lincoln. While not sharing Mr. Rennick's views on this so-called "mystic" number, Mr. Schriver was influenced to the extent that he chose seven shrines for his book. One might add to the list.

S. A. W.

Towboat River. By Edwin and Louise Rosskam. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: New York, 1948. Pp. 295. \$7.50.)

Although its 295 pages are large (nine by eleven inches) and it has 237 pictures this is not a picture book. It is, instead, an attempt to capture in words (eighty full pages of text) and photographs the spirit and feel of the world of towboats, those modern successors to the Mississippi River's keelboats and packets. That is a big subject and it requires a big book.

With cameras, notebooks, and even a dictating machine the authors traveled miles and miles on many towboats and more miles along riverbanks. They took several thousand pictures and recorded ninety hours of the river folks' own words for the life they lead. The book is a distillation of all this material and the Rosskams have done well with the task they assigned themselves.

They have photographed towboats, towboat people, and towboat territory from practically every angle and under a variety of weather conditions. And their pictures have been well reproduced. Incidentally, there are several interesting shots of the St. Louis waterfront and of Cairo.

Most towboat people, it seems, like the river work of six hours on and six hours off, and get fat on it. They—both men and women—grow up near the river, but not in the river cities, and just drift onto the water. Once they come to know this gigantic Main Street—from Minneapolis, Chicago, and Pittsburg to New Orleans—they never want to leave it. There is a fascination in seeing such places as Hard Scrabble Bend, Pair

O'Dice Light, Catfish Towhead, Shoofly Bar, and Terrapin Neck Cutoff. And they have a sense of security and of "belonging" that they wouldn't have anywhere else.

But, despite all this, the book cannot be called a complete record. Such subjects as the traditions and tales of towboating, the work that preceded attainment of the workers' fairly stable economic status, and many others are touched only lightly. Each of them could fill a book by itself. Also, this material will be out of date in ten years or less—for the boats are as changing as the rivers they ride. No doubt the present authors will keep up with all these changes and perhaps, when it is needed, they will be ready with another book—which will be all to the good.

H. F. R.

The Sands. By Francesca Falk Miller. (Valentine-Newman, Publishers: Chicago, 1948. Pp. 215. \$2.75.)

The important events of those turbulent years of Chicago's early youth and adolescence—1855 to 1920—form the background for part of this novel. But this part is not fictionized history. The Civil War, the Great Fire, the Columbian Exposition, and the Iroquois Fire are all here, but only as incidentals in the lives of Sulie West and Jack Hannon.

Sulie is the seventeen-year-old girl whom Jack, the lake fisherman and bartending card sharp, takes from her fashionable South Wabash Avenue home one May evening in 1857 to live with him on the Sands, as that section just north of the mouth of the Chicago River was then called. Sulie loves Jack for the rest of her long life and for longer than he lives—and Jack's love for her changes him from a waterfront bum to a respected fisherman.

While this is the story of the great love of Jack and Sulie, it is a pretty tame affair before Captain George Wellington Streeter settles on the Sands and begins his famous feud with the city and the real-estate interests over ownership of the "District." As the central figure of the book, Sulie is forced to share honors for the last two-thirds with the old squatter, who gives the story the action, plot, and purpose it lacked in the beginning.

Although the book's version of some of the Captain's scrapes differs in detail from other accounts this is not too important because this two-thirds is fictionized history. What is important is that his ups and downs add zest to life in Streeterville, and the author has done a fine picture of the Captain and his times and troubles. Also, she has not cluttered her story with too many minor characters.

This is the author's first novel, but she has written five books of verse, several plays, and other works. Perhaps, next time, her publishers will allow her more copyreading and proofreading assistance.

H. F. R.

Footprints on the Frontier. A History of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, Concordia, Kansas. By Sister M. Evangeline Thomas. (The Newman Press: Westminster, Md., 1948. Pp. xiv, 400. \$5.00.)

Though somewhat beyond the pale of books that are usually reviewed in this *Journal*, this interesting volume deals with religion on the frontier. The frontier is principally Kansas, not Illinois.

An infinite amount of painstaking research has gone into the preparation of *Footprints on the Frontier*. The author's purpose has been to trace the beginnings and growth of one Motherhouse of the Sisters of Saint Joseph—the Motherhouse in Concordia, Kansas.

Part I, as a prologue or genealogical history, covers the growth of the order from its foundation in France (1650) to its establishments at Canandaigua, Buffalo, and Rochester, 1854-83. Part II deals with the order in Kansas and the Middle West. This section takes up in detail the administrations of the four reverend mothers who have guided the destinies of the Concordia Motherhouse of the Sisters of Saint Joseph from 1883 to the present date.

While principally a book for those interested in the history of this order and its missionary work in the United States, this volume also contains much on the subject of religion on the frontier. Protestants as well as Catholics will find here the detailed story of devout and indefatigable sisters who endured hardships and overcame opposition to bring religion, education, and healing care to the frontier. Only an amazing devotion and faith could have accomplished this.

In these days, when many fear the encroachments of alien ideologies and unbelief, we may learn from the Sisters of Saint Joseph. Only if our righteousness and zeal exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees can we hope to emerge victorious. Not force alone but convictions, faith, and diligence can save our way of life.

S. A. W.



The three statuettes in our cover illustration this month represent some of the very first families of Illinois. These figurines were found in the Knight Mound in Calhoun County. (See page 226 of this issue.) The center figure we have called "The Dancing Woman." On the left is probably a warrior, with forelock, ear spools, painted torso, and breech cloth. His chin rests on the end of a rod, presumably a spear-thrower. At the right is an Indian woman nursing a child. She wears a wrap-around skirt of red, decorated with three stripes of white bordered with narrower stripes of black. For another picture and a description of "The Dancing Woman" see Plate I, left, page 222.



THEODORE CALVIN PEASE 1887-1948

This *Journal* was in press when the editors received the distressing news of the death of our director and past president, Theodore Calvin Pease. Head of the University of Illinois Department of History at the time of his passing, it would be superfluous to recount for *Journal* readers his eminent attainments in scholarship, the long lists of books he has written and edited and his enviable military record in World War I. He joined the State Historical Society in 1909, a year after he had come, as an instructor, to the University of Illinois. In 1915 the Illinois State Historical Library published the first of seven of the volumes he prepared, or helped prepare, for the Library's *Collections*. In 1920 he succeeded Clarence W. Alvord as editor of the series, a position he held until 1939. Under his nineteen-year stewardship the Historical Library published fourteen volumes which have earned for the Library its reputation for exacting scholarship. In 1924 he was elected a member of the Society's board of

directors and in 1946 he became president. Only two directors have served longer and none has been more intimately connected with the Society's progress.



In honor of the semi-centennial of the Evanston Historical Society the Illinois State Historical Society will hold its annual meeting in the North Shore city on October 8 and 9. Co-hosts with the Evanston Society will be the Chicago Historical Society and Northwestern University. Details of a program to occupy the two full days have been sent to the membership of the State Society. Members of the program committee, representing the three host organizations, are: Dwight F. Clark, chairman; Kenneth J. Allen, James A. James, Leon G. Kranz, and Mrs. Harry L. Meyer.



The special section of the Illinois State Historical Library which has been set aside to house the Alfred W. Stern Civil War Collection, was formally opened Sunday, May 23, at a reception attended by approximately a hundred historians and educators. The collection consists of some 2,500 books, pamphlets and magazine articles gathered together over a period of thirty years at a cost of approximately \$20,000. It is one of the three largest such collections in the world. A feature of the formal opening was a display in which were exhibited a copy of the rare two-volume first edition of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and a photostat of the famous "Hooker letter," written by Abraham Lincoln and now owned by Mr. Stern.



The Freedom Train has toured Illinois this summer. Thousands have been thrilled at the sight of its precious documents and impressed with the beauty and dignity of the display. The American Heritage Foundation deserves great credit for arranging the tour. However, more time might have been allowed in the various Illinois cities. The prospect of waiting in line for one and one-half to two hours in the summer heat of the Illinois prairies kept away many who wanted to see the exhibit.

The Illinois State Historical Library displayed some of its rare documents in honor of the Freedom Train's visit to Springfield, Sunday, July 18. This showing included a copy of the *Illinois Herald* for December 13, 1814, the only known copy in existence of this first newspaper in Illinois; the first book printed in Illinois (1814); the appointment of Ninian Ed-

wards as Governor of the Illinois Territory; and a letter from Robert E. Lee to President Andrew Johnson asking for pardon and amnesty, together with the recommendation of General Grant that they be allowed.

A supplement to the Historical Library's Freedom Train exhibit was displayed at Roland's apparel store in Springfield. The theme of this window display was Lincoln's aid to Liberia.

Liberia, the only republic in Africa and the third oldest in the world, is celebrating a century of independence this year. As an expression of friendship, the Illinois State Historical Library, on the recommendation of Governor Dwight[†] H. Green, has prepared a permanent exhibit which will be sent to the African country. The principal parts of this exhibit consist of a five-by eight-foot mural, a bust of Lincoln, and photo-stats of rare historical documents dealing with Negro freedom and Lincoln's desire to help Liberian independence.

The mural was painted by Cecil Nelson, a graduate of the School of Fine and Applied Arts at the University of Illinois. It depicts the rise of the African native under the benefits of freedom. The statue is one made from the famous Lincoln life mask by Leonard Volk in 1860.



A poll of all the counties in Illinois discloses that ten have no members of the Illinois State Historical Society. Can it be that the residents of these counties are not interested in the history of their own state, or is it because they do not know what the Illinois State Historical Society has to offer them? Surely the latter is the case. Will some of our members be good enough to send us the names of their friends in these counties who might be interested in joining the Society? By the end of 1949, our semi-centennial year, we want representatives from every county in the state. The following counties have no members today: Calhoun, Clay, Clinton, Cumberland, Gallatin, Jasper, Johnson, Massac, Mercer, Putnam.



A century of railroading was celebrated in Chicago (from July 20 through October 3) with a gigantic Railroad Fair on the lake-front site of the Century of Progress Exposition of 1933 and 1934. The event from which this hundred years was dated took place on October 25, 1848, when a little wood-burning locomotive, called the Pioneer, traveled the full five miles—all that was then constructed—of Chicago's first railway line, the Galena & Chicago Union, which later became a part of the Chicago and North Western System.

Featured attraction of the fair was a spectacular outdoor stage production titled "Wheels a'Rolling," which re-created the dramatic incidents in the history of American railroading. A cast of 150 actors and actresses and eighteen locomotives, plus horses, oxen and early automobiles presented four performances daily in a specially constructed amphitheater seating 5,000 persons.

Among the exhibits in the North Western railway's museum car was the Historical Library's Douglas cannon. During the 1860 campaign this cannon was mounted on a flat car attached to the "Little Giant's" train and was fired to announce his arrival in towns where he was scheduled to speak.

In addition to its Lake Michigan setting the Railroad Fair was reminiscent of A Century of Progress in other ways. Major Lenox R. Lohr was the manager of both, and Mrs. Helen Ticken Geraghty, who directed the transportation tableau fifteen years ago, was in charge of "Wheels a'Rolling." A narrow-gauge railroad replaced the "jackknife" busses as a means of transportation but an Indian village and other exhibits reminded visitors of the earlier show. Then, too, there were the open-air restaurants and the fireworks displays.

Sponsoring exhibitors at the fair were thirty-eight railroads and about as many railway supply and service companies. Incidentally, the presidents of at least five railroads are members of the Illinois State Historical Society—they are: Ralph Budd of the Burlington, John M. Budd, Chicago & Eastern Illinois; Wayne A. Johnston, Illinois Central; Fred L. Schrader, Chicago and Illinois Midland; and R. L. Williams, North Western.



Another Illinois newspaper has given its files, dating back to pre-Civil War days, to the Illinois State Historical Library for safekeeping. Forty-four large volumes of the *Ottawa Weekly Republican* and *Ottawa Weekly Republican-Times* were turned over to the Library by F. A. Sapp, publisher and general manager of the *Ottawa Daily Republican-Times*. The period covered by these papers is from June, 1852 through 1916—with the exception of June 9, 1860 to June 13, 1867. These files have been microfilmed for use in the newspaper office. This makes it possible for the paper to release this material so it can be available to the maximum number of students and historians. At the same time the paper will save valuable storage space by using the microfilm and will be assured that its original records are safe.

A new and revised edition of *Indians of Today*, compiled and edited by Marion E. Gridley is announced. Copies, priced at \$3.00, may be obtained by writing to the publisher, Indian Council Fire, 30 West Washington Street, Chicago 2, Illinois. The edition is limited. This unique book is, in a sense, a who's who among Indians today and presents biographies and photographs of Indian leaders. An earlier edition appeared in 1936.



Robert Sherwood's famous play, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, was given a return engagement in the bowl at New Salem State Park in August. The play was produced three times in 1947 but by popular demand five performances were played this year.

G. William Horsley, a representative in the General Assembly from Sangamon County (as was Lincoln), acted the title role. The play was given in the rebuilt village of his youth, and all the players wore costumes from the Lincoln period. The actors were members of the Springfield Theater Guild, and Miss Adelaide O'Brien of Springfield was their director.



A series of eighteen newspaper articles entitled "Mayors of Collinsville" which was published earlier this year in the *Collinsville Herald* has been bound in scrapbook form and presented to the Illinois State Historical Library. In making the presentation the author, Karl L. Monroe of the *Herald*, says that the stories do not pretend to be exhaustive but that they cover events not previously chronicled. Editors in other Illinois cities will do a service to their communities by following his example.



The small drawing at the bottom of page 280 is familiar, no doubt, to some of our readers since it is the carriage signature of The Grand Hotel at Mackinac Island. Such carriages were a part of the Illinois scene not too many years ago and hence the drawing makes an appropriate decoration for a magazine such as this. Permission for its reproduction has been generously granted to the *Journal* by J. O. Woodfill, manager of the hotel.



The Rev. D. C. Williams of Edwardsville has given the Illinois State Historical Library a file, practically complete, of the *Minutes of the Southern*

Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Minutes are lacking for the first six sessions (1852-57), the eighty-third (1934), and the eighty-sixth to the eighty-eighth (1936-39). If anyone has copies of these minutes which he would like to present to the Historical Library to complete this valuable file, they will be gratefully received.



Three seventh-grade youngsters of Sycamore won first place in the "Illinois Historical Poster Contest" sponsored by the Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs. The boys, Rollie Collins, Ronald Pearson, and Richard Tyrrell, co-operated in depicting Sycamore's first train.



The annual meeting of the board of directors of the Aurora Historical Society was held on May 10. This past spring an unusual number of youthful visitors came to see the exhibits in the Society's museum. During one week in May 638 children were taken on tours of the museum. Miss Alice Applegate and Miss Bess Lockhart acted as guides.



Emery Kepple spoke at the April 27 meeting of the Boone County Historical Society in Belvidere. He talked on early buildings in that vicinity. Larry Kleber is president of the group.



Officers of the Bureau County Historical Society, chosen at the annual meeting in Princeton on June 12, are: Frank W. Grisell, president; Mrs. H. P. Grove, executive vice-president; Roger Eickmeier, treasurer; Mrs. Edna Anderson, secretary; Mrs. Robert I. Zearing, corresponding secretary; Tony A. Fenoglio, museum custodian; and Henry C. Keutzer, assistant custodian. Directors of the Society are: Mrs. M. A. Nix, B. M. Stevens, Mrs. C. G. Heck, Miss Grace M. Bryant, Mrs. Eve E. Howard, E. F. Norton, R. L. Russell, Dan Russell, Frank Herbolsheimer, Ira Hoover, and Mrs. Grove.

Plans are going forward to prepare the Norris home, recently bequeathed to the Society, for use as a museum. Repairs have been started and it is hoped that all can be completed as planned, even though last year's drive did not yield the desired amount of funds. The directors ex-

pect to make the museum the center for many activities connected with the history of the county.



The Cahokia Historical Society, alert to the importance of 1949, has been instrumental in organizing a group for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Cahokia—the first permanent white settlement in the Mississippi Valley. Calling itself the "Cahokia Duosesequicentennial Association," the organization plans an elaborate program for next year.



Unusual exhibitions of paintings have been featured at the Chicago Historical Society recently. "America's Children" painted by Miss Shirley Friend were shown in May. A specialist in child portraiture, Miss Friend in private life is Mrs. Sanford Abrams. The collection consisted of thirty-two pastel studies of children of all nationalities. Another outstanding display was the Swedish exhibit which featured Olaf Krans's colorful and picturesque paintings of the Bishop Hill Colony. In July, forty-eight paintings by Mr. and Mrs. Gustaf Dalstrom depicted scenes in Chicago's Lincoln Park.

Photographic reproductions of all the historical documents on the Freedom Train were on exhibit in the ground floor corridor of the museum throughout the summer. The arrangement of documents and captions followed that of the Freedom Train.

The Chicago Historical Society also had its own freedom exhibit entitled "Our History in the Making." This featured twenty-one original documents from the Society's own collection, covering the period from colonial days through the Chicago Fire of 1871.



At the Chicago Lawn Historical Society's tenth anniversary tea and open house in April, a motion picture entitled "Chicago Lawn Today" was shown. This picture, which was completed under the direction of Miss Helga Nielsen and Edward Kress, showed the community at work and play. All the participants in the movie were people from Chicago Lawn. Richard O. Helwig, who has been president of the Society since its founding, was host at the meeting.



Howard C. Brodman spoke to members and guests of the Ravenswood-Lake View Historical Association (Chicago) at the society's May meeting. He talked on "Chicago's History as Shown in Street Names."

James McCurrach, retiring president, presided. New officers of the Association, elected for a two-year term, are: Miss Sophie Chandler, president; Dr. H. K. Scatliff, first vice-president; Mrs. John Halversen, second vice-president; and Phillip Schupp, third vice-president. The new advisory board members include: Mrs. Sophie Heim, Carl Lueders, Matthew Mills, Mrs. T. T. Sullivan, Fred Kissner, Charles Johnson, Harry Brown, and Mrs. Allen Young.



The centennial of the Illinois and Michigan Canal was observed on June 6, by members of the West Side Historical Society (Chicago) with a bus tour which crossed and recrossed the old "ditch." Ninety-five persons took the five-hour trip. Stops were made at Laughton's Trading Post (built in 1823); the Chicago Portage, which Marquette and Jolliet used in 1673; St. James Church at the Sag (1833); and other points of interest along the sixty-mile route.

J. C. Miller, first vice-president of the Society, conducted the tour. Other officers of the organization are: Miss Pearl I. Field, honorary life president; Miss Helen S. Babcock, honorary president; Bernard Baer, president; Albert F. Keeney, second vice-president; William Cohn, third vice-president; Thomas Connery, fourth vice-president; Miss Fern Schroeder, treasurer; Mrs. Marie Melberg, secretary-historian.



The Historical Society of Woodlawn (Chicago) at its May meeting watched a motion picture entitled "The Telephone Hour." Frank Hunt presented some historical facts pertaining to telephones in the Woodlawn district. A social hour followed the program. George J. Fleming is president of the Society.



Officers of the DuPage County Historical Society, chosen at its annual meeting in May at the Elmhurst Public Library, are: H. A. Berens, president; Michael Kross, vice-president; Raleigh Kline, treasurer; and Miss Ruth Strand, secretary. Directors of the Society are: Mrs. Walter S. Fredenhagen, Michael Kross, Chester Franzen, Miss Hattie Glos, Robert McKee, and Miss Strand.

At this meeting, John McKee showed a series of colored slides entitled "Our Landmarks," a collection of reproductions of water-color paintings. An exhibit of photographs of Elmhurst toward the close of the last century was prepared by Miss Strand, who is librarian of the Elmhurst Public Library.

Professor Thomas M. Folds, chairman of the Department of Art at Northwestern University, spoke to the Evanston Historical Society on "Modern Architecture in Evanston." His talk, delivered last May, was illustrated with slides. Also in May, the Society, in co-operation with the Evanston Art Center, held open house at the old Orrington Lunt mansion, 1742 Judson Avenue. This house, which is at present the home of Miss Vera Megowen, will soon be razed to make way for a new building.

The Evanston service flag for World War II has been entrusted to the Historical Society. The presentation was made by Dr. H. Preston Hoskins, chairman of the committee on memorials and awards of the Lions Club, to Dr. Dwight F. Clark, president of the Historical Society.



At the annual meeting of the Geneva Historical Society in May the following officers were elected: Dr. Charles Lyttle, president; Miss Mary Wheeler, first vice-president; Mrs. Florence Smith, second vice-president; Miss Jeanita Peterson, treasurer; Mrs. Margaret Allan, secretary; Miss Elva R. Garfield and Rufus C. Bennett, members of the board of directors.

Dr. Lyttle, at this meeting, outlined the work for the coming year and displayed a sketch of the type of bronze markers to be used at historic spots. Miss Mary Wheeler read a paper on the Lencioni family, one of the first Italian families to come to Geneva, and Ernest Dahlin described his work collecting Indian relics in the vicinity of Geneva.



Officers of the reorganized Grundy County Historical Society are: Harry L. Hough, president; Thomas B. Dunn, vice-president; Miss Helen Ryan, secretary; Burt Parkinson and Eugene Gore, directors. President Hough was authorized to act as treasurer. The group plans to install exhibit cases and tables in a special room in the courthouse.



H. W. Ragsdale gave a history of the Oreana Baptist Church at the June meeting of the Macon County Historical Society. Jacob Bower, great-grandfather of Mr. Ragsdale's, was the first pastor of this church which was founded ninety years ago. The Oreana church near Decatur is one of the oldest religious organizations in the county.

The Society had its annual election at this meeting and the following officers were re-elected: Frank E. Sawyer, president; O. T. Banton, vice-president; Mabel E. Richmond, secretary; and Clara M. Baker, treasurer.

The Edwardsville branch of the Madison County Historical Society has sought to obtain from the Edwardsville City Council supervision of Lusk Memorial Cemetery. The old cemetery, which is in deplorable condition, contains the remains of many pioneer residents.

The semi-annual meeting of the Madison County Society was held at Highland on May 22. Recent meetings have been held in different cities as a step toward interesting the communities in forming branches of the Society. Principal speakers at this meeting were: Jesse R. Brown who talked about "Historic Spots in Madison County," and Irving Dilliard whose address was entitled "Bloody Island." Mrs. Harry L. Meyer, president of the Society, presided.



Miss Emily Oblinger spoke on "What's in a Name" at the April meeting of the Mattoon Historical Society. She analyzed the origin of names of Coles County townships and cities. Mrs. Paul A. Kizer was elected treasurer at this meeting.



The Morgan County Historical Society's board of directors has decided to continue the essay contest for students of the seventh and eighth grades and the high school. The contest, however, is open not only to Jacksonville students but to pupils in all the schools of old Morgan County which included the counties of Morgan, Cass, and Scott. All essays must reach the secretary, Miss Fidelia Abbott, not later than April 1, 1949. Further information about the contest may be obtained from Miss Abbott, 216 West College Avenue, Jacksonville.



Paul M. Angle was the guest speaker at the Oak Park Historical Society in May. His topic was, "The Chicago Historical Society—Its History, Resources, and Service." Members of the Maywood Historical Society were invited to attend this meeting. Mrs. J. C. Miller arranged a special display of historical material.



A. Wilson Oakford was the principal speaker at the April meeting of the Peoria Historical Society. His subject was, "Early Peoria Lives Again in Picture and Story." In May, the Society was entertained by a sound motion picture of Illinois state parks. Gilbert Wright of the Illinois

State Museum spoke briefly before showing the picture. Officers elected at this meeting are: Raymond N. Brons, president; Mrs. Edna M. Reichelderfer, vice-president; Harry L. Spooner, secretary; and E. C. Bessler, treasurer. Directors elected are: Virginius H. Chase, A. Wilson Oakford, and Philip Becker, Jr.



The Peoria County Old Settlers and Historical Association held its eighty-first annual picnic in August. The group has been holding these festive gatherings since 1864 and has missed having them only three times—due to World War II. The first picnic was held on the present site of the Peoria County courthouse, known then as Flanigan's Grove. Death and illness have so reduced the ranks in the last few years that the Association has opened its membership to all residents of Peoria County. Dues are \$1.00 a year.



William H. Sinnock was named life president of the Historical Society of Quincy and Adams County at the association's annual meeting in May. Other officers are: James W. Carrott, first vice-president; Oliver B. Williams, second vice-president; W. J. Dieterich, recording secretary; Miss Ella Rogers, corresponding secretary; George Irwin, historian; Mrs. Leaton Irwin, librarian. Trustees named at this meeting are: L. E. Emmons, Dr. E. B. Montgomery, T. C. Poling, George Irwin, and Julius Kespohl.



Jay Monaghan spoke at the annual dinner meeting in May of the Rock Island Historical Society on the topic "What a Historical Society of this Type Ought to Do." Officers of the Society chosen at this meeting are: O. L. Nordstrom, president; John H. Hauberg, honorary president; C. R. Rosborough, first vice-president; J. L. Oakleaf, second vice-president; Mrs. C. E. Stephenson, secretary; Miss Helen Marshall, archivist. Directors named are: Mrs. Winifred Young, Miss Alice Williams, R. W. Olmsted, and Mrs. Stephenson.



Mrs. Arthur Burr, president of the St. Charles Historical Society, presided at a meeting of the group on June 15. After the reading of reports, revised bylaws were adopted. The principal topic under discussion at this meeting was the then forthcoming official open house. This affair

was held on July 5, and attracted an attendance of over 2,000. The Society now plans to have the museum room open every Sunday afternoon with guides present to show visitors the exhibits and historical records.



Miss Eleanor Etherton spoke at the May meeting of the Saline County Historical Society. Her topic was "What We Can Do to Help Win the Peace." Miss Etherton stressed education for war prevention instead of merely education for peace. Scerial Thompson presided over the meeting.



Officers of the Stephenson County Historical Society are: Miss Mabel Goddard, president; Carl F. Ogden, first vice-president; Mrs. Laura Hofer Weber, second vice-president; Clyde C. Kaiser, third vice-president; Philip L. Keister, secretary; Mrs. S. E. Raines, treasurer.



Scerial Thompson, president of the Southern Illinois Historical Society, has announced the appointment of Fred Armistead of Harrisburg as editor of the Society's *Journal*. On August 1, the group made a tour of scenic spots in eastern Egypt. The fall meeting of the Society is to be in Benton on October 15. Jay Monaghan will be the principal speaker.



Wilmette has a most ambitious historical program. The long-term plan as announced by William H. Alexander, president of the village council, includes: the immediate marking of Indian trails and historic sites; publication of educational leaflets and a formal history of Wilmette; the creation of a Wilmette Historical Museum in a special historical room in the new library building; and the co-ordination of the activities of all organizations whose work touches upon local history.



The Winnetka Historical Society at its meeting in May staged a series of tableaux entitled "Days of Yore." Fifteen "living pictures of the past" were presented.

The membership committee of the Illinois State Historical Society appointed by President Irving Dilliard is preparing for next year's golden anniversary celebration. Mrs. Ada Ramsdell of Geneva recently has been added to this committee, the full membership of which is as follows: Chicago, Jewell F. Stevens. Northern Illinois, Wayne C. Townley, chairman; Mrs. Ramsdell, Herman G. Nelson, Bertha R. Leaman, Lawrence A. Ludens, Mollie Duffy, C. E. Van Norman, C. C. Tisler. Central Illinois, Mrs. Harry L. Meyer, chairman; Mary B. Wright, Godfrey G. Luthy, Mrs. Dorothy M. Gard, Oliver D. Mann, Edward E. Adams, U. L. Evans, Craig Van Meter, Donald F. Lewis. Southern Illinois, Scerrial Thompson, chairman; Harold G. Baker, J. M. Mitchell, Sam A. Ziegler, O. M. Kar-raker, Judge Elihu Nicholas Hall.



In the last issue of this *Journal* we printed a list of people who joined the Illinois State Historical Society during January, February, and March. Following are the new members enrolled during April, May, and June:

Allen, Helen L.	Springfield, Ill.	Darling, D. K.	Collinsville, Ill.
Anderson, Warren H.	Moline, Ill.	Davenport, Mrs. Roy	Alexander, Ill.
Andrews, John A.	Ottawa, Ill.	Dienner, Ann C.	Evanston, Ill.
Ascher, Dr. John A.	Freeport, Ill.	Ditzler, Fern	Freeport, Ill.
Balch, J. H.	Evanston, Ill.	Dodd, Theodore L.	Evanston, Ill.
Barnhart, E. W.	Evanston, Ill.	Dowling, Carl W.	Chicago, Ill.
Barrett, Arthur D.	Albuquerque, N. M.	Duncan, Fred B.	Chicago, Ill.
Bartells, George C.	Collinsville, Ill.	Eaton, Henry B.	Wood River, Ill.
Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence ..	Mattoon, Ill.	Esterlein, Herbert H.	Collinsville, Ill.
Benson, N. Bernard	Oak Park, Ill.	Farley, William H.	Harrisburg, Ill.
Berg, Norma Elain.	South Gate, Calif.	Fawkes, Charles E.	Chicago, Ill.
Bollan, Loris E.	Havana, Ill.	Fink, M. C.	West Chicago, Ill.
Bowman, James R.	Knoxville, Ill.	First, Dr. F. H.	Rock Island, Ill.
Boyd, Mrs. Douglas	Highland Park, Ill.	Fisher, Dr. Wayne L.	Chicago, Ill.
Boyden, Francis W.	Evanston, Ill.	Foster, John	Harrisburg, Ill.
Broad, Mrs. Mona	Evanston, Ill.	Foster, John H.	Evanston, Ill.
Brown, Donald C.	Chicago, Ill.	Frew, Mrs. A. G.	Springfield, Ill.
Burner, D. M.	Decatur, Ill.	Froehlich, Edmund W.	Chicago, Ill.
Burroughs, Raymond	Collinsville, Ill.	Garner, Frederick J.	Dixon, Ill.
Burton, Alfred H.	Evanston, Ill.	Garten, Clem.	Lincoln, Ill.
Carrier, Harold L.	Chicago, Ill.	Gauen, Francis A.	Collinsville, Ill.
Carter, Russell W.	Springfield, Ill.	Gerdes, William F.	Quincy, Ill.
Christian, Robert E.	Woodhull, Ill.	Gerhardt, Andrew H.	Skokie, Ill.
Clark, Gene R.	Woodhull, Ill.	Gibson, Mrs. Bayard K.	Chicago, Ill.
Cody, Mrs. Clyde	Sheridan, Ill.	Goddard, W. A.	Freeport, Ill.
Colburn, Ralph M.	Decatur, Ill.	Grove, Louise	Ottawa, Ill.
Collamore, Mr. and Mrs. L. J.	Guilbert, Rev. E. S.	Somonauk, Ill.
.....	Springfield, Ill.	Halley, H. H.	Chicago, Ill.
Cook, Mrs. Harry G.	Ottawa, Ill.	Hanson, Dr. J. T.	Oak Park, Ill.
Cowall, Ben C.	Chicago, Ill.	Hayes, O. J.	Decatur, Ill.
Crabb, Mrs. C. R.	Macomb, Ill.		
Crowley, Edmund	Ottawa, Ill.		

- Held, John L. Freeport, Ill.
 Herbert, Mrs. Oscar L. Cairo, Ill.
 Herron, Edwin S. Gilman, Ill.
 Hodges, Robert. Mt. Carroll, Ill.
 Hodreske, Pauline L. Evanston, Ill.
 Hoffman, Mrs. George. Sandwich, Ill.
 Holland, James W. Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.
 Hollister, Lucia. Evanston, Ill.
 Holloway, Walter A. Evanston, Ill.
 Holzweg, Edward G. Collinsville, Ill.
 Huth, George. Chicago, Ill.

 Irvine, P. E. Evanston, Ill.
 Irwin, George. Quincy, Ill.
 Isham, Mrs. Ruth B. San Rafael, Calif.

 Jeffery, William O. Evanston, Ill.
 Johnsen, O. Alf. Chicago, Ill.
 Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. A. LeRoy
 Evanston, Ill.
 Johnson, Russell. Chicago, Ill.
 Jones, C. N. St. Elmo, Ill.
 Jones, Mrs. Walter C. Evanston, Ill.

 Kahl, Jennie. Freeport, Ill.
 Kaiser, Clyde C. Cedarville, Ill.
 Kindel, Mrs. Charles M.
 Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Knight, Mrs. Newell C. Evanston, Ill.
 Knox, Earl. Oquawka, Ill.
 Konchan, Edward. North Chicago, Ill.
 Kreloff, Joseph. Chicago, Ill.

 LaRocque, Mrs. Paul A. Evanston, Ill.
 Lesley, Ted. Bethany, Ill.
 Lucas, Senator Scott W. Washington, D. C.

 McCurrach, James. Evanston, Ill.
 Mannon, Mrs. Lois A. Lena, Ill.
 Mayer, Gregory. Chicago, Ill.
 Megaffin, Mrs. Joseph M. Ottawa, Ill.
 Menz, Mrs. John B. Highland, Ill.
 Merrill, Philip P. Evanston, Ill.
 Miller, Harlow. Earlville, Ill.
 Monroe, Karl. Collinsville, Ill.
 Montgomery, Gill. Eldorado, Ill.
 Morf, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F.
 Springfield, Ill.
 Morris, L. E. Collinsville, Ill.
 Moseley, Mrs. A. W. Evanston, Ill.
 Mudd, Dr. Richard D. Saginaw, Mich.
 Murray, Mrs. Frank T. Evanston, Ill.

 Nehls, Mrs. A. L. Evanston, Ill.
 Nordhem, Victor I. Chicago, Ill.

 Osgood, Charles R. Cairo, Ill.

 Padden, Edward J. Chicago, Ill.
 Payseur, Ted B. Evanston, Ill.
 Peter, Mrs. William F. Lake Forest, Ill.
 Pettigrew, Mrs. John. Maywood, Ill.
 Phillips, H. M. Lena, Ill.
 Pickens, Anna Gwin. Chicago, Ill.
 Potter, Robert H. Morrison, Ill.

 Quinn, Mrs. Gregory L. Evanston, Ill.

 Ralston, Mrs. Emma. Freeport, Ill.
 Rangecroft, Benjamin. Evanston, Ill.
 Reinmund, Gilbert G. Milwaukee, Wis.
 Renfer, Arthur. Oakwood, Ill.
 Richardson, Mrs. Howard R. Decatur, Ill.
 Robinson, Dudley. Evanston, Ill.
 Roney, Laura E. Bethany, Ill.
 Rose, Ruth O. Jacksonville, Ill.
 Ryan, Edward J. Dixon, Ill.
 Ryan, John H., Jr. Minonk, Ill.

 Schuh, Mrs. Julius P. Cairo, Ill.
 Sealock, Richard B. Gary, Ind.
 Smithe, Mrs. Mary H. Freeport, Ill.
 Spring, John E. Lombard, Ill.
 Stacey, Mrs. Thomas I. Evanston, Ill.
 Stockton, Walter T. Evanston, Ill.
 Stowe, Vernon M. Collinsville, Ill.

 Taylor, Mrs. John G. Humboldt, Ill.
 Taylor, William B., Jr. Evanston, Ill.
 Thomas, Mrs. Loren G.
 West Des Moines, Iowa
 Thompson, Charles H. Harrisburg, Ill.
 Thorson, Rev. Jesse E. Chicago, Ill.
 Troll, Don M. Kansas, Ill.
 Troup, Mrs. Harry V. Ottawa, Ill.

 Unger, Hunt H. Chicago, Ill.

 Van Doren, Mark. New York, N. Y.
 Vega, José A. Evanston, Ill.

 Watkins, George W. Ottawa, Ill.
 Wedell, Ernest H. Elgin, Ill.
 Weller, Minnie E. Sheridan, Ill.
 Wilder, Mrs. John E. Evanston, Ill.
 Willert, C. K. Dixon, Ill.
 Wilms, H. G. Petersburg, Ill.
 Wright, Stephen E. Collinsville, Ill.

 Ziegler, William H. Highland, Ill.

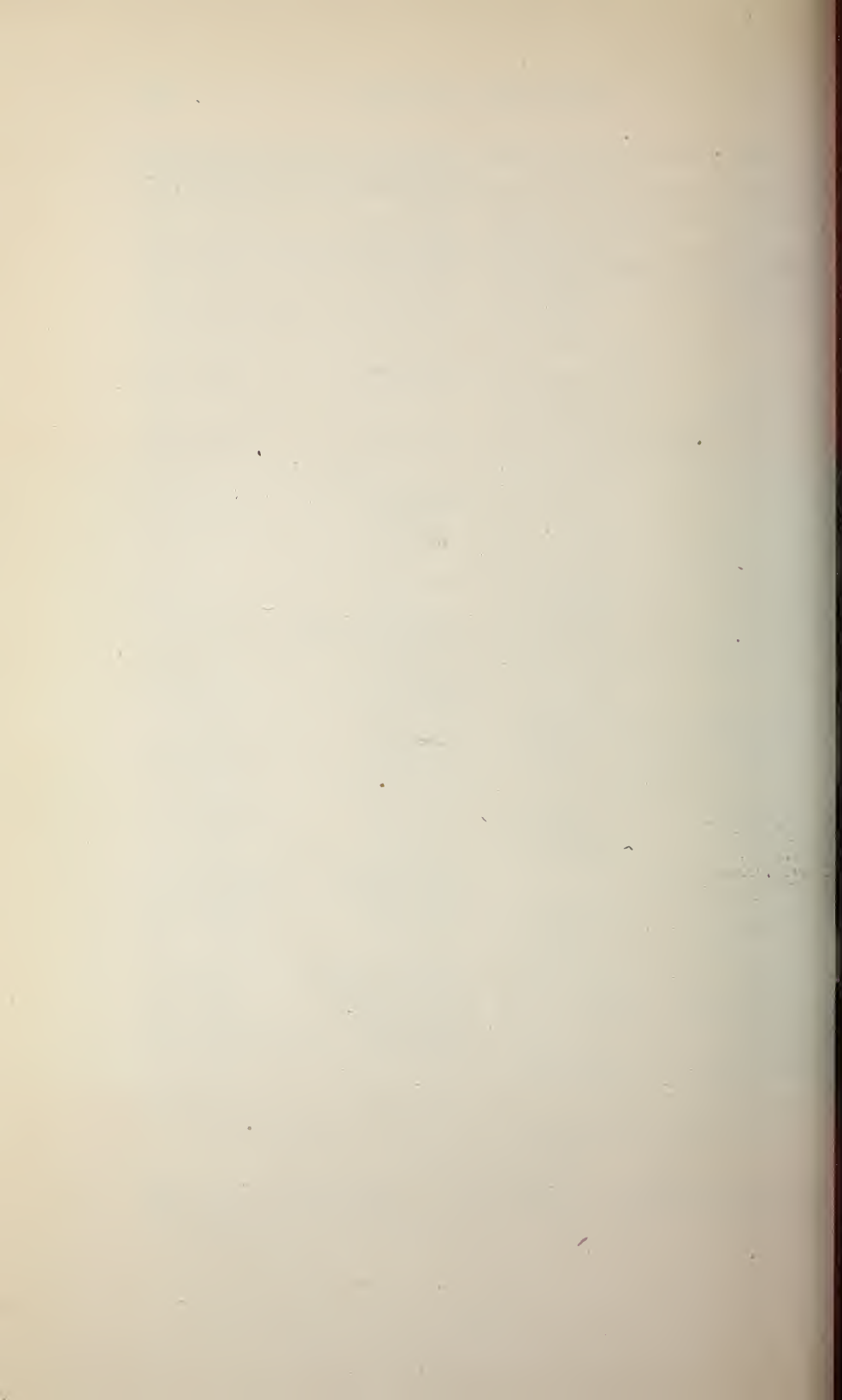
Again we are listing the names of those individuals and organizations who deserve thanks from the Society for adding new members during the period from January through June, 1948.

Abbott, Fidelia N.	Jacksonville, Ill.	Holderman, S. J.	Morris, Ill.
Abraham Lincoln Book Shop.	Chicago, Ill.	Hudson, Mrs. Cora	Bethany, Ill.
Abrahamson, Elmer E.	Chicago, Ill.		
Allen, George B.	Chicago, Ill.	Irwin, Mac	Quincy, Ill.
Arnold, W. J.	Chicago, Ill.		
Auld, Dr. Frank P.	Shelbyville, Ill.	Johnson, Henry W.	Mt. Olive, Ill.
Ball, W. A.	Carmi, Ill.	Keister, Philip L.	Freeport, Ill.
Barron, H. M.	Lewistown, Ill.	Kyle, Otto R.	Decatur, Ill.
Barth, Claribel	Harvey, Ill.		
Bellows, Mrs. Clara O.	Sterling, Ill.	Leaman, Bertha R.	Mt. Carroll, Ill.
Bowman, Rev. F. H. O.	Bloomington, Ill.	Luthy, Godfrey G.	Oak Hill, Ill.
Briggs, Morris H.	Chicago, Ill.		
Broyles, Senator Paul	Mt. Vernon, Ill.	Meyer, Mrs. Harry L.	Alton, Ill.
Byrne, Mrs. T. J.	Wilmette, Ill.	Miller, Leland P.	Lincoln, Ill.
		Morrow, Mrs. C. W.	Peoria, Ill.
Caldwell, Norman	Carbondale, Ill.	Nedved, George M.	Chicago, Ill.
Clark, Dwight F.	Evanston, Ill.		
Colburn, Ralph M.	Decatur, Ill.	Pickart, Walter	Gary, Ind.
Cooke, Mrs. R. S.	Springfield, Ill.		
Coolidge, E. C.	Chicago, Ill.	Ramsdell, Mrs. Bentley F.	Geneva, Ill.
Crabb, Mrs. A. R.	Naperville, Ill.	Riess, Alfred D.	Red Bud, Ill.
Crowder, Carl M.	Bethany, Ill.	Ryan, John H., Sr.	Pontiac, Ill.
Cullinan, David J.	Blue Island, Ill.		
Dertinger, J. E.	Bushnell, Ill.	Sapp, Mrs. F. A.	Ottawa, Ill.
Illiard, Irving	Collinsville, Ill.	Scheffler, Emma	Springfield, Ill.
Dougherty, Mary E.	Cairo, Ill.	Scott, Modesta	Arcola, Ill.
Duffy, Mollie	Dixon, Ill.	Sewell, Harry A.	Chicago, Ill.
Dunn, Thomas B.	Morris, Ill.	Shaw, J. L.	Geneseo, Ill.
		Sloan, Percy H.	Chicago, Ill.
		Stevens, Jewell F.	Chicago, Ill.
East, E. E.	Peoria, Ill.	Summers, Alex.	Mattoon, Ill.
Elliott, Frank R.	Chicago, Ill.		
Epling, Mrs. B. D.	Petersburg, Ill.	Taber, W. B., Jr.	Kansas, Ill.
Evans, U. L.	Shelbyville, Ill.	Taylor, Samuel G.	Chicago, Ill.
Evanston Historical Society	Evanston, Ill.	Thompson, Scerial	Harrisburg, Ill.
		Tisler, C. C.	Ottawa, Ill.
		Townley, Wayne	Bloomington, Ill.
Felts, David V.	Decatur, Ill.	Ward, P. H.	Sterling, Ill.
First, Georgia	Rock Island, Ill.	Wennersten, Harold	Chicago, Ill.
Fischer, L. E.	Chicago, Ill.	Whiteside, Daisy L.	Belleville, Ill.
Fordyce, Dr. A. W.	Gilman, Ill.	Widener, Ralph, Jr.	Mattoon, Ill.
Foster, W. H.	Eureka, Ill.	Woodward, Mrs. Charles L.	Ottawa, Ill.
		Wyatt, James	Chrisman, Ill.
Goltra, Mabel Hall	Jacksonville, Ill.	Zobrist, Benedict K.	Moline, Ill.
Harris, Cora B.	Macomb, Ill.		
Hayward, Oscar	Winnetka, Ill.		

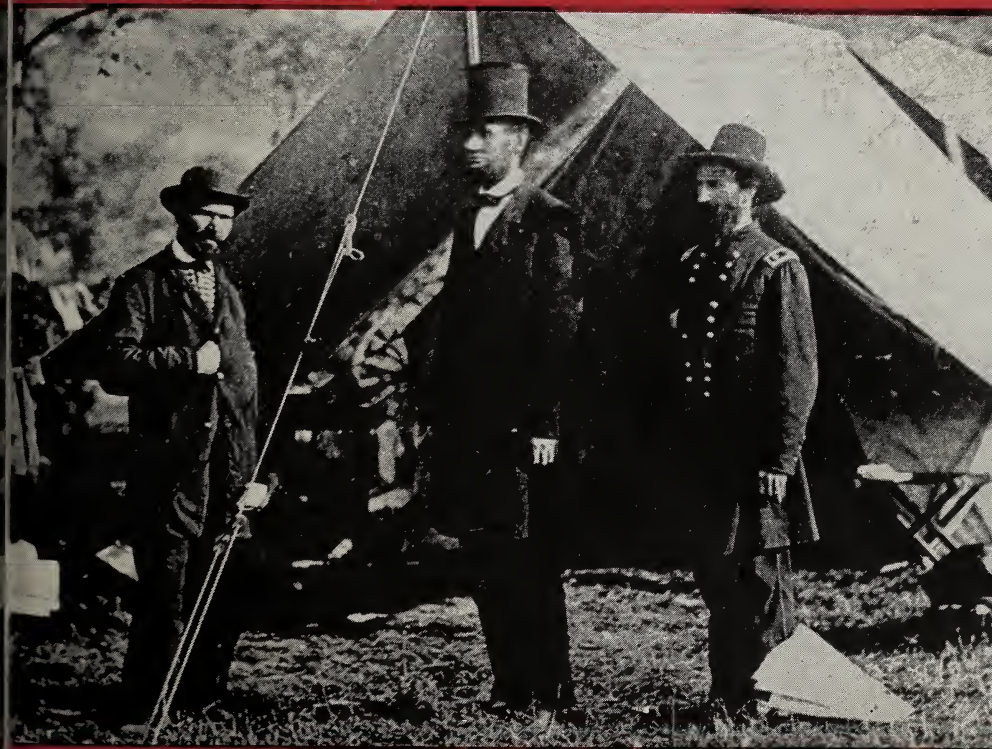
ANSWERS TO CAMPAIGN SLOGANS OF YESTERYEAR

(Questions on page 304)

- (1) Hoover, 1928. (2) Harding, 1920. (3) Lincoln, 1864; Wilson, 1916; F. D. Roosevelt, 1936, 1940. (4) Wilson, 1916. (5) Cleveland, 1884. (6) Polk, 1844. (7) Bryan, 1896. (8) Grant, 1868. (9) W. H. Harrison, 1840. (10) McKinley, 1900.



Journal
of the
ILLINOIS STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY



"MAJOR ALLEN" AND FRIENDS

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

DECEMBER, 1948

The Illinois State HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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S. A. WETHERBEE and HOWARD F. RISSLER, *Associate Editors*

The Illinois State Historical Society was organized to collect and preserve data relating to the history of Illinois disseminate the story of the state and its citizens, and encourage historical research. An annual meeting is held in October. In May the Society tours some historic neighborhood. Membership is open to all. Dues are \$2.00 a year, or \$50 for Life Membership.

Members receive the publications of the Society, which are printed by authority of the State of Illinois. These publications are the Journal, a quarterly magazine devoted to Illinois history, and occasional books and pamphlets on historical subjects.

Manuscripts submitted for publication should be addressed to J. Monaghan, Illinois State Historical Society, Springfield, Illinois.

The editors do not assume any responsibility for the personal opinions expressed by authors of articles published.

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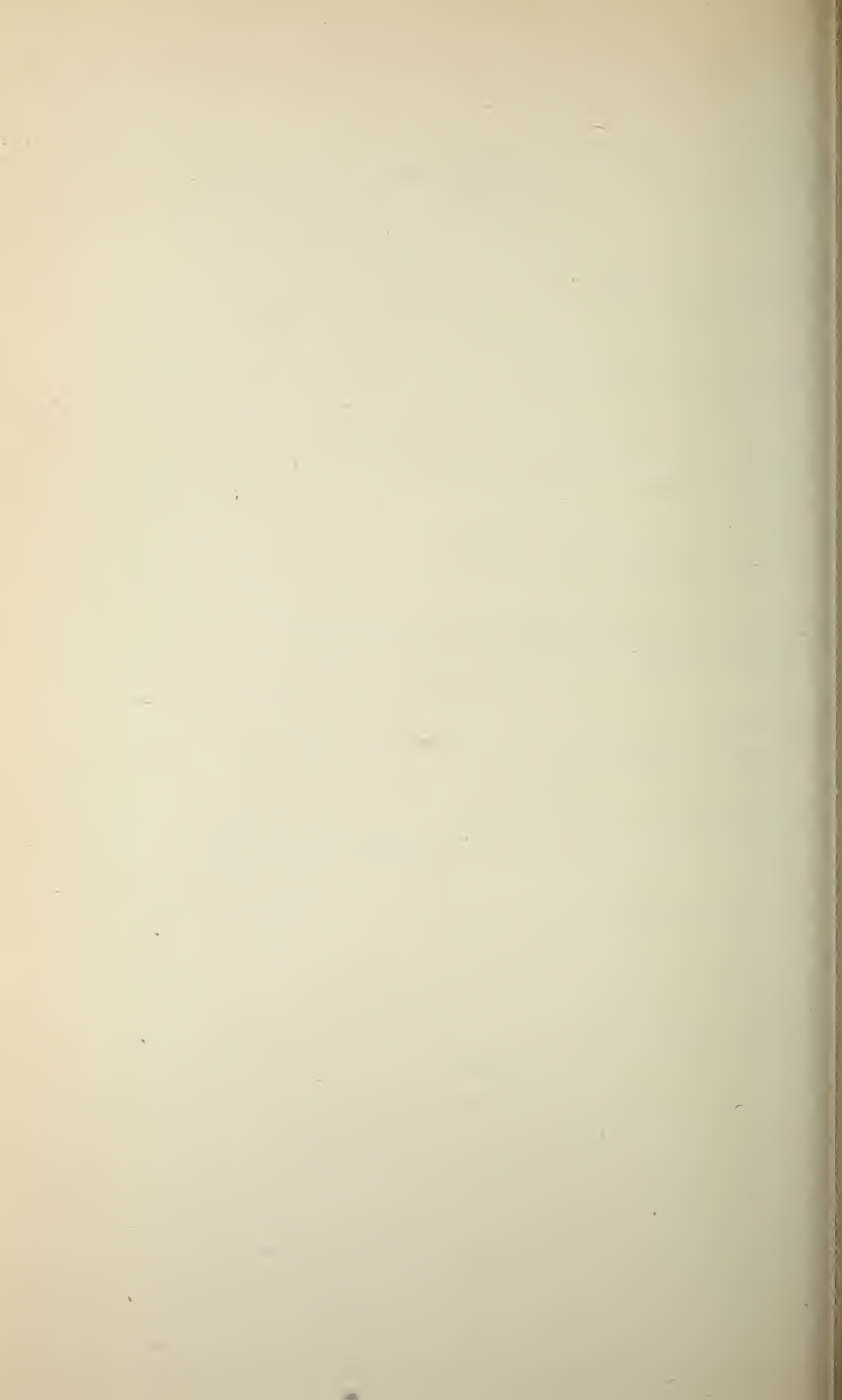
State of Illinois
DWIGHT H. GREEN, Governor

(Printed by authority of the State of Illinois)



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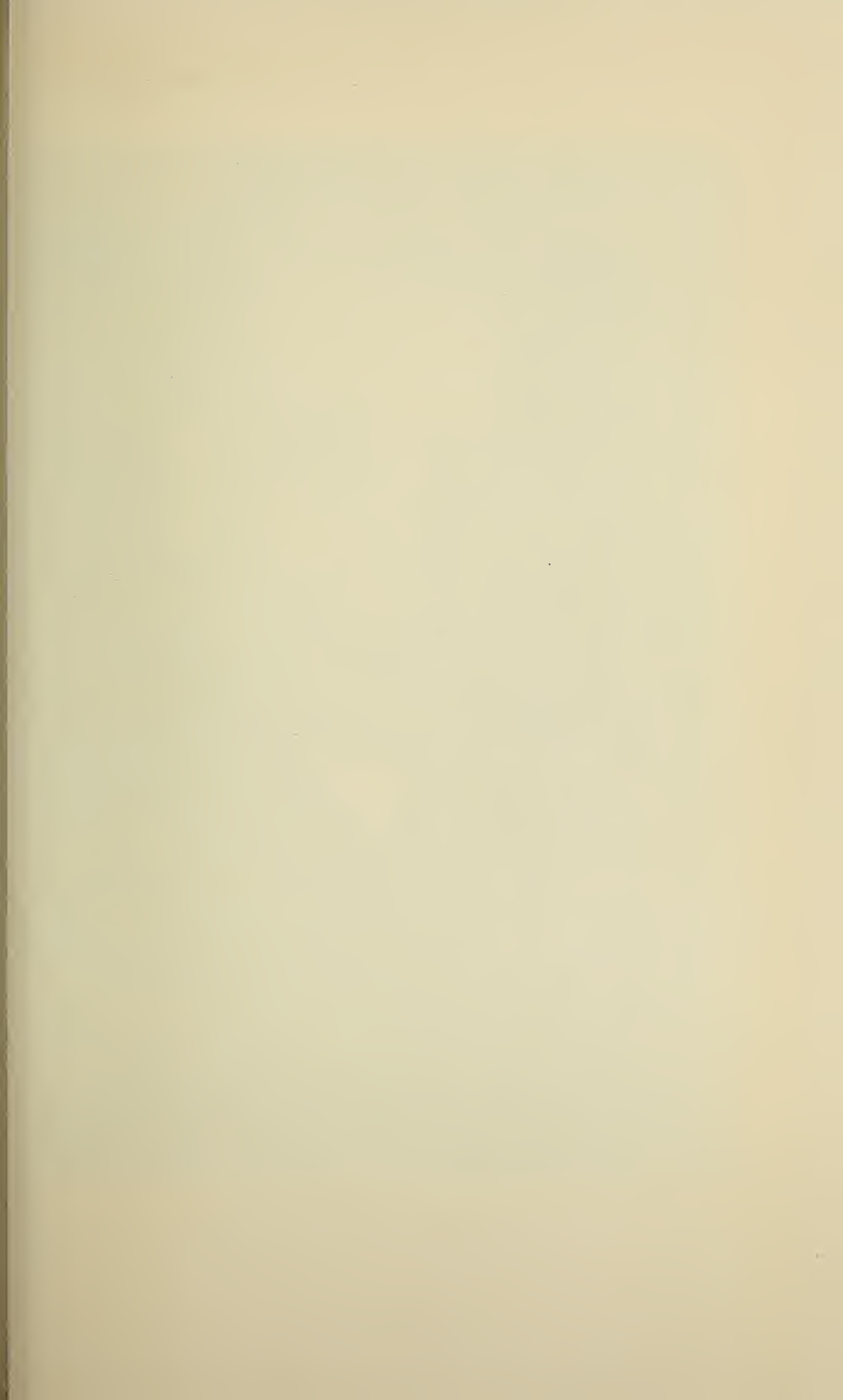
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THEODORE CALVIN PEASE

THEODORE CALVIN PEASE

BY J. G. RANDALL

THEODORE CALVIN PEASE, noted historian, head of the history department at the University of Illinois, and recent president of the Illinois State Historical Society, died of a heart attack at his home in Urbana on August 11, 1948. He was sixty years of age. Life had been going on as usual, with daily duties in the administration of the department and in summer teaching at the University. In this normal setting the end came with startling suddenness and with severe shock to colleagues, students, and the historical profession.

In intellectual accomplishment, educational service, and distinguished authorship, Pease's life had been lived on a high level. He had been fortunate in family background, in a scholar's early start, in sustained momentum as his writings increased, in wide recognition, and in an academic location peculiarly suited to his talents and special interests. His great uncle, Calvin Pease, had been president of the University of Vermont; his father, Thomas Huntington Pease, a graduate of that institution, was a practicing lawyer in Chicago; his

J. G. Randall, Professor of History at the University of Illinois and distinguished Lincoln scholar, is the author of many articles and books on Lincolniana, the best known of which is Lincoln the President: Springfield to Gettysburg (1945). Professor Randall is a former president of the Illinois State Historical Society and is at present one of its directors.

mother, Caroline Phipps Anderson Pease, came of a family of Michigan pioneers. There was an atmosphere of literary interest in the family, since the father was an ardent book collector. The library of the University of Illinois now has many of these books, the gift of Theodore and his older brother, Albert A. Pease of Urbana.

Born at Cassopolis, Michigan, November 25, 1887, Pease grew up in Chicago, where the family moved while he was a boy. His education was unusual. His scholarly father tutored him in the classics, French, and Hebrew; then he attended Lewis Institute in Chicago, where he was graduated at the age of sixteen in 1904. Three years later the bachelor's degree was conferred upon him at the University of Chicago. In 1908-1909 he served the University of Illinois as graduate assistant in history. In the annual report of the American Historical Association for the year 1909 there appeared an elaborate paper entitled "Archives of the State of Illinois" by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Theodore Calvin Pease. No such thorough survey had been previously attempted. Thus, before reaching the age of twenty-two, Pease had associated himself with the University of Illinois, had begun a fruitful collaboration with Alvord, and had made firsthand searches in the field of archives. His activities had been focused in terms of developing aptitudes and skills; the promise of these earlier activities was to be realized in coming years.

More than a title or mark of prestige, the doctor's degree in history so brilliantly earned by Pease at the University of Chicago (1914) signified accomplishment of the highest order, as shown by the examining committee's verdict, *summa cum laude*. The degree came as a recognition of ability in historical training, competence in research, keenness in the weighing of evidence, and success in all that went into the making of a scholar's first book.

This book, Pease's doctoral thesis at Chicago, was entitled "John Lilburne and the Levellers." As an outgrowth

of the thesis there appeared in 1916 a volume of unusual importance in the field of political thought—*The Leveller Movement: A Study in the History and Political Theory of the English Great Civil War*. For this solid monograph, published by the American Historical Association, Pease was awarded the Herbert Baxter Adams Prize. It is unfortunate that so informative a book is now so difficult to obtain. Repair and repeated rebinding in the library of the University of Illinois have not kept pace with student use.

Large masses of material in a wide range of sources, including thousands of pamphlets in the British Museum, were used in the preparation of this volume, which presents not only British thought on fundamental political institutions, but also patterns and concepts of importance in American constitutional history. This was to be expected of a project begun as a graduate-student assignment in Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin's seminar at Chicago. McLaughlin owed much to his own mentors, such as Thomas McIntyre Cooley at Michigan. Pease was indebted to McLaughlin (and others), and numerous students to Pease. Many of these are now intellectual or educational leaders in their turn. The procession marches on.

After gaining his degree Pease returned to the University of Illinois. In 1914 he became an associate in history, joining a department that included Evarts Boutell Greene, Alvord, Laurence M. Larson, Albert H. Lybyer, and William Spence Robertson. H. S. V. Jones and Arthur Charles Cole were then in the younger group along with Pease. From small beginnings the history staff had grown notably under Greene's leadership; among those who had been drawn into the department and then drawn away by a kind of academic raiding, were Guy Stanton Ford, Solon J. Buck, and Louis J. Paetow. As the University under the presidency of Edmund J. James launched its more extended program of research, graduate teaching, and intellectual service, the atmosphere at

Urbana offered opportunity and stimulus for a rising young scholar. Response to the stimulus was not delayed. After a competent investigation in the field, Pease's *County Archives of Illinois* appeared in 1915 in the *Illinois Historical Collections*, then under the editorship of Alvord.

Two years (1917-1919) were given to military service in World War I. On November 27, 1917, after a period of officer training at Fort Sheridan, Pease was commissioned second lieutenant. His overseas service was with the 126th Infantry and the 32nd Division, A. E. F. One may read of the high caliber and gallant courage of Pease's regiment in *The History of the 126th Infantry in the War With Germany*, by Emil B. Gansser (Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1920). It was one of America's shock divisions, designated as such ever since it became a combat division. From the headquarters of the division there was issued General Order No. 87, September 5, 1918, in which its teamwork and fighting performance were praised; this order included a notice of Pease's promotion to the rank of first lieutenant of infantry. The division and regiment had its taste of life in the trenches and its firsthand knowledge of shell fire, overhead enemy planes, no man's land, rats and cooties, and trains to the front labeled "*40 hommes ou 8 chevaux.*" On main fronts the division, including Pease's regiment, participated in some of the hottest fighting of the war against crack German troops in a series of offensives: the Aisne-Marne, the Oise-Aisne, and the Meuse-Argonne. Casualties were heavy and the "Croix de Guerre with Palm" presented to the regiment was amply and dearly won. There was further service with the Army of Occupation in Germany before Pease was honorably discharged on May 24, 1919.

Meanwhile another notable book had appeared, the preface dated "Somewhere in France." This was *The Frontier State, 1818-1848*, being the second volume in the *Centennial History of Illinois*. It was said of this work in the *American*

Historical Review (Vol. XXIV, no. 4, July, 1919, pp. 708-9):

Throughout the book the author manifests that true appreciation of frontier complexities which can only be attained through the laborious process of . . . digesting enormous masses of intricate and minute detail. . . . In the drawing of the outlines the perspective remains admirable throughout. . . . The author nowhere loses his perception of the vital relation between state policies and the larger aspects of national affairs.

In 1910 the Illinois Historical Survey was established as a branch of the graduate school by President Edmund J. James, who was said to have had in mind the academies he had known in Germany and to have envisaged the Survey as a group of scholars overstepping departmental lines engaged in joint research and the collection of historical materials. As a member of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library appointed in 1894, James with his enthusiasm for publication was responsible for the appearance of the first volume of the *Illinois Historical Collections* in 1903. When, in 1904, he assumed the presidency of the University and also became president of the Board of Trustees of the Library, James enlisted to serve as editor of the *Collections* the late Clarence W. Alvord, who set the high standards of editorship which made the series recognized by historical scholars within and without the United States. The Illinois Historical Survey, of which Alvord became the first director, was to have been the integral part of the earlier project of centennial publications for the State of Illinois in 1918. The projected series of volumes covering the natural history, resources, and economics of the state, was cut down under financial pressure to the *Centennial History of Illinois* in five volumes (in addition to an introductory volume), published between 1917 and 1919. In this publication the Survey played a most active part in co-operation with the Illinois Centennial Commission.

This project completed, the Survey continued its task of collecting source materials and stimulating research in western history and resuming its close co-operation with the Illinois State Historical Library in the publications of the *Collections*.

In general, the Survey supplied the source materials for which the Library provided the editorial and publication costs. In 1920 Alvord left the University of Illinois to become professor of history at the University of Minnesota. His distinguished work was continued by Pease as editor of the *Collections* until 1939, when the editorial office of the Library was moved to Springfield. Professor L. M. Larson became director of the Survey in 1920, but actual management and guidance from the time of Alvord's departure was under Pease, who succeeded Larson as director in 1938.

In Survey parlance the word Illinois has been broadly interpreted, and the collections it assembled are those of a region as well as a state. Documents pertaining to the French and British backgrounds of the Illinois country and the Old Northwest as well as to Spain's activities in the New World form the largest part of the Survey's store of transcribed manuscript material. In addition to its function of collecting material, the Survey also serves as a combined library and institute of research. Constantly used by Pease's graduate and undergraduate students in the history of the West, it has also served university faculty and students with a variety of regional interests. Every year also brought graduate students of other institutions and scholars of note from all over the country. Visitors who came to determine some matter of local history or genealogy sometimes led to the acquisition of family papers of value.

Through the years the Survey has sustained its extensive program. In his report for the biennium of 1933-35 Pease mentioned that while in England on sabbatical leave in 1933 he got all the material in the Public Record Office in London, some 4300 photostats, relating to the history of the West, 1760-1775. After mentioning other similar projects, he added, "We shall have facilities for the study of the period 1748-1775 of Mississippi Valley history which cannot be equaled anywhere in the world."

In a letter to Dean R. D. Carmichael, May 18, 1942, he wrote:

For a half dozen years before the outbreak of the war in 1939 we had followed consistently a policy of obtaining in photostats from European archives all materials available for the pioneer West. I selected these materials in two visits to Europe in 1933 and in 1937, and we proceeded with the job of photostating as rapidly as the skilled services of our agents in France and England . . . were available. We had previously built up in the form of transcripts a collection of well over 100,000 pages of materials from Spanish archives relating to the West.

Though part of the collections of transcripts is to be found elsewhere, sometimes in poor condition, the remainder is not duplicated in this country.

Pease explained that because of wartime destruction in Spain, France, and Britain "many of our photostats and transcripts are the sole surviving copies." Further work in recent years, as reported by Pease, included obtaining photostats of the Gage papers from the Clements Library at Ann Arbor, and acquiring an elaborate filming of important materials on the West from the archives of South Carolina.

Volumes in the *Collections* under Pease's editorship came to be recognized both for significance of content and for excellence of editorial technique. They stand as models of scholarly, but never pedantic, competence. It is worth while to notice what this has involved. Documents had to be discovered and obtained, requiring travel, foreign study, a certain degree of international diplomacy, and laborious search by Pease and his staff or agents. A rich background of historical learning was required to enable one to know how to begin and where to search for material. Sabbatical leave (1933) and a second summer abroad (1937) were among the factors in the process. After transcripts, photostats, or microfilms of the documents had been acquired, there was the question of selection, of projecting this or that volume on a particular subject, arranging materials, making a typed copy for the printer (more than a mechanical matter), collating

that copy with the original, "copyreading" the text, preparing illustrations and maps, and attending to matters of usage and style, spelling, capitalization, and typography. With French documents it was necessary to decipher the handwriting and to prepare the French text accompanied by a translation into English that would be reasonably free and at the same time faithful and accurate. If an old handwritten manuscript were reproduced from the files of the French *Archives des Affaires Étrangères*, it might be encumbered with marginal notations. It would be the editor's task to include such of these jottings as were significant, omitting those that were unnecessary or meaningless. In addition, each volume with the Pease imprimatur was supplied with a full scholarly introduction and with explanatory notes to accompany the text. In this process drudgery had to be joined with able judgment, expert understanding with hard labor. Since an editor is essentially a servant of others, students who use the *Collections* have reason to be grateful to Pease and to the efficient staff which he so skillfully trained and directed.

In addition to his general supervision as editor of the *Collections*, Pease himself edited the following volumes: *County Archives of Illinois* (already mentioned); *Illinois Election Returns, 1818-1848*; *Laws of the Northwest Territory*; *The French Foundations* (with Raymond C. Werner); *Diary of Orville Hickman Browning* (with J. G. Randall); *Anglo-French Boundary Disputes in the West, 1749-1763*; *Illinois on the Eve of the Seven Years' War, 1747-1755* (with Ernestine Jenison). One is impressed not only with the scholarly mastery and specialized knowledge exhibited in each of these volumes, but also with their editorial knack or "know-how"—the ability to present material in usable and readable form. Pease's introductions are outstanding as historical monographs in themselves; for the volume on boundary disputes (above listed) his introduction covered more than a hundred pages.

In the development of archives his work has been outstanding as scout, pathfinder, early builder, and skilled craftsman. While it is true that the field is comparatively new, so that many worthy citizens still do not know what archives are, it should be remembered that archival study in America has a considerable background. Reference has already been made to the *Annual Report of the American Historical Association* for 1909. That report contained voluminous discussions and findings, including the tenth annual report of the Public Archives Commission, which, in turn, included eight papers and three appendices. The practice grew of holding archival sessions in connection with annual meetings of the American Historical Association. One of the most notable of these was the session of December 28, 1915, "in the interest of the proposed building for the national archives." Senator Miles Poindexter presided on this occasion and highly informative papers were presented by Frank W. Taussig, Gaillard Hunt, Benjamin F. Shambaugh, Waldo G. Leland, Leo F. Stock, and Louis A. Simon. Thus it is not true that historical specialists have been altogether lacking in archive-mindedness. Indeed the establishment of the National Archives as an agency of the United States government with a superb building in Washington (occupied in 1935) was the outgrowth of years of enlightened agitation and pioneer work by John F. Jameson, Leland, Claude H. Van Tyne, Gaillard Hunt, and others.

When, therefore, Pease became the editor of the *American Archivist*, the first archival journal for the United States, which began publication in 1938, he was selected not because the field of choice was narrow, or the problems altogether unfamiliar, but because of his known accomplishment in this field. He had, for example, served as chairman of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of the American Historical Association. This editorial duty was a function of a new organization, the Society of American Archivists, which was founded at Providence in December, 1936, and held its first

annual meeting at Washington in June, 1937. It is a matter of pride to remember that the second meeting of the Society of American Archivists was held at Springfield, Illinois, in October, 1938, on which occasion the superb new building for the archives of Illinois was dedicated. That building stands pre-eminent among state archive structures in the country; its serviceableness, under the efficient guidance of Margaret C. Norton, is commensurate with its architectural perfection.

Periodicals on archival science that had flourished in Europe disappeared with the coming of the last world war, so that, in addition to this magazine's importance for America (as Pease wrote in 1942), "the *Archivist* has become an outstanding journal of the science with a world reputation." Pease's resignation as editor in 1946 was due not to slackening of interest, but to the feeling that since the archival guild had so significantly advanced in a few years, there was an increasing number of full-time archivists whose services were now available.

In 1925 Pease made a unique contribution in his much needed volume, *The Story of Illinois*, condensing the findings of elaborate scholarship in a convenient and attractive account for the general reader. Some years ago, looking forward to the fiftieth anniversary of the Illinois State Historical Society, the directors decided that this book should be revised to appear in the semi-centennial year, 1949. The work of revision had been well advanced by Pease, with additional matter either finished or in draft form; it is a source of satisfaction to know that the book, with Mrs. Pease's competent help, will appear as scheduled.

Pease was a member of the State Historical Society for thirty-nine years. His choice as president of the Society in 1946 was a culmination of a long record of service as well as a recognition of pre-eminent achievement in Illinois and Northwestern history. The present secretary, Mr. Monaghan, has said that he "had no rival in the field and there is no

one ready to fill the place he has vacated in Illinois history." "No one," adds Monaghan, "has left as deep an impression on the activities of the Society."

As a teacher Pease's activities ranged from quiz sections to large lecture groups and from seminars to the directing of doctoral dissertations. His assignments in the graduate seminar were exercises in developing the skills of research, discrimination, and condensation. In these tasks the student had first to master a problem by critical examination of sources, then to reduce his findings to a brief and well worded written summary. A doctoral candidate would find high and difficult goals in Pease's standards. He would know that inferior work was not to be tolerated, but he would also have the inspiration of resourceful and expert guidance. Pease was known as one of the most brilliant and finished lecturers on the campus. Moving about before the class, toying with a pencil or piece of chalk, and speaking without notes, he would deliver his well turned sentences. This high level of performance was not exceptional. It was part of the whole pattern, sustained through all the weeks of the semester.

The test of a teacher is in the minds of those whom he instructs and guides. One of his students, now on the history staff of the University of Illinois, has supplied the following statement:

I attended Professor Pease's lectures on the history of the West during the first semester of the academic year 1932-1933; I was then a junior in the University of Illinois. As I recall, Professor Pease used no manuscript or notes of any kind in these lectures. He spoke extemporaneously, with deliberation, yet fluently, and had anyone taken down a verbatim record of them I am sure that they could have been transcribed and published as a finished series of essays. At all times Professor Pease gave evidence of a marvelous understanding of the sources, and was at his best when analyzing the psychology of the important characters in the drama. I remember especially well his account of the peace negotiations which led to the Treaty of Paris of 1763. One of Professor Pease's most unusual lectures was his last one in that semester. He began by informing the class that it would be unnecessary to take notes for that day,

and then proceeded to summarize the entire course of lectures with such perfect balance and attention to timing that precisely as the bell rang to signal the close of the class period he completed his final sentence, and punctuated it with a flip of a piece of chalk he had been holding into a box in front of him.

Since 1942 Pease had the honor, along with the exacting and burdensome duties, of heading the department. Though the responsibility for the whole history program was his, while he continued his work as teacher and his numerous projects of writing, editing, and Survey directorship. His full service on the faculty of the University, however, is beyond the telling in these pages. Deans and presidents, knowing of his superior efficiency, reliable judgment, and readiness to serve, made demands upon his time in arduous administrative labors as chairman of important committees of the University senate or of the Liberal Arts staff. This labor, for which there was little publicity, was of importance in the shaping of educational policy and was essential to the smooth working of this complex institution of higher learning. He could tell much of the University of Illinois from the days of James to those of Stoddard. When a project for a history of the University was launched some years ago, Pease was given supervision of the undertaking in association with H. E. Cunningham and Dean Fred H. Turner, with a staff that included Carl Stephenson and Charles W. Paape. The project, though not yet ready for publication, has been advanced nearly to completion.

In 1927 Theodore Pease married Marguerite Edith Johnson, who by training and experience with the Historic Branch of the General Staff in Washington, as director of the War Records Section of the Illinois Historical Library, and as assistant editor of the *Illinois Historical Collections*, has achieved high expertness in editing and in historical writing. Generous hospitality, as well as handsomeness and beauty, has characterized their home. Friends, colleagues, and many students know of its rich interior, its beloved Christmas tree, its welcoming doors, and its animated parties.

Impressive in physique and bearing, Pease was dignified and at times reserved, but his humor, wit, and playfulness were known to those who had the privilege of his more intimate acquaintance. Foreign travel and wide reading had enriched his mind. With the classics of English literature he was notably familiar. His remarkable memory retained long passages of prose and poetry, together with an unfailing store of human-interest anecdotes to punctuate a conversation or illuminate a point. English ways and culture, London streets, folios and manuscripts of the British Museum, were a delight to him. Few people knew Gilbert and Sullivan better than he. He had an interest in fencing in which he excelled, in the game of bridge, in hiking, and in the cultivation of flowers. Members of his staff in the Survey were impressed not only with his scholarship, but also with his great courtesy and personal thoughtfulness. He had a continuing interest in the complexities of politics, in the study of statecraft, and in the related fields of diplomacy and military strategy.

While his sense of historical workmanship caused him to

Note. Though a full bibliography of his works, which would be very extensive, cannot be given here, the following books and articles by Pease should be noted in addition to those mentioned in the above pages: *The United States* (a college text in American history), 1927; *Selected Readings in American History* (with A. Sellew Roberts), 1928; *George Rogers Clark and the Revolution in Illinois* (with Marguerite Jenison Pease), 1929; "The Problem of Archive Centralization with Reference to Local Conditions in a Middle Western State," *Annual Report, Amer. Hist. Assoc. for 1916*; "A Caution Regarding Military Documents," *Amer. Hist. Rev.*, Jan., 1921; "Materials for Historical Research Afforded by the University of Illinois Department of History," *Univ. of Ill. Bul.*, Vol. XX, no. 1, 1922; "Stephen Alfred Forbes, 1844-1930," *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, Oct., 1930; "1780—the Revolution at a Crisis in the West," *ibid.*, Jan., 1931; "Mississippi Boundary of 1763: a Reappraisal of Responsibility," *Amer. Hist. Rev.*, Jan., 1935; "Indiana in Contention Between France and England," *Ind. Hist. Bul.*, 1935; "Otto Leopold Schmidt, 1863-1935" (with Laurence M. Larson), *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, Jan., 1936; "Ordinance of 1787," *Miss. Val. Hist. Rev.*, Sept., 1938; "Laurence Marcellus Larson, 1868-1938," *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, Sept., 1938; "Evarts Boutell Greene, 1870-1947," *ibid.*, Mar., 1948. In 1921 Pease edited the *History of the 33rd Division*, by F. L. Huidekoper. In addition he contributed to the *Britannica Book of the Year*, the *Dictionary of American History*, and the *Dictionary of American Biography*. Among his valuable contributions to the latter were the articles on Isaac N. Arnold, Orville H. Browning, Ninian W. Edwards, Thomas Ford, William H. Herndon, and Stephen A. Hurlbut. Some of his best writing, combining keenness of criticism with literary grace, is to be found in his numerous book reviews in learned journals.

be deeply occupied with preliminary processes in the finding of materials, in testing them critically and putting them together, his interest did not stop there. He was equally concerned with excellence and artistry in the finished product. He had a wholesome scorn for "thesis English" and for the mere piling of fact upon fact. In his writings there was integrity, and thoroughness, but there was also eloquence of literary style. For the whole record and product of his scholarship, as for the outstanding merit of his first effort, one may well use the phrase: *summa cum laude*.



LINCOLN AND PINKERTON

BY LLOYD LEWIS

DURING the first week in October, 1862, President Abraham Lincoln, accompanied by two Illinois friends, Ward Hill Lamon and General John A. McClelland, paid a visit to the camps of the Army of the Potomac at Antietam where, two weeks earlier, General George B. McClellan had turned back the first of General Robert E. Lee's costly attempts to become an invader.

Ever since this battle of Antietam, Lincoln had been disturbed by the ease with which the defeated Confederates had marched away while the victorious Federals were unable to follow. Finally, he had gone to visit McClellan to see if he could find what was the matter.

During his stay, Lincoln posed for several photographs with McClellan. Mathew B. Brady, the energetic cameraman, had been on the scene for some time, and had turned to the President with avidity, finally even posing him with lesser folk. Among the latter photos was the one on the cover of this *Journal* with General McClelland and Major E. J. Allen, secret service chief of the Army of the Potomac.

Lloyd Lewis is well known as an author and newspaperman, and was formerly a trustee of the Illinois State Historical Library. His writings on the Civil War era include Myths After Lincoln (1929) and Sherman, Fighting Prophet (1932). He is at work on a biography of General Grant and his column "It Takes All Kinds" appears on Sundays in the Chicago Sun and Times.

Although the sun was shining brightly on the three men as they posed for Brady, the picture itself turned out badly. Lincoln's face was blurred and so was McClelland's and the negative might never have been preserved if it had not been fairly good of Major Allen.

This is not to say Brady set great store, at the time, on photographing the major. He made several others of the chief spy, but then Brady shot everybody whom he could persuade to stand still a moment. Brady may well have had no knowledge of who Allen really was. The spy's identity was kept generally secret, and, indeed, General Fitz-John Porter, one of McClelland's most intimate lieutenants, never knew Major Allen's real name until after the war was over.

The reason this particular photograph has been saved and hung on many walls and used to illustrate many books is that Major Allen was Allan Pinkerton, the great detective, and this picture has constituted the chief visual support of the belief that he and Lincoln were warm, personal friends. The photograph has been accepted as proof that Pinkerton was a devoted follower of the President and that Lincoln was deeply grateful to the detective for having saved him from assassination twenty months earlier.

Pinkerton, himself, assiduously spread these beliefs in the two decades following the war, but at the time the photograph was made he was resentful at what he considered to be Lincoln's mistreatment of McClelland, Pinkerton's commander, and he was also probably cool because Lincoln had not shown proper appreciation for Pinkerton's own talents or services. In the split which existed in October, 1862, between McClelland and Lincoln, Pinkerton was emphatically a McClelland man.

The story of how Pinkerton had thwarted the plot to murder Lincoln at Baltimore in February, 1861, has been too often told for recital here—how he spirited the President-elect by secret train from Harrisburg to Washington in the night

so that dastardly assassins could not attack the official train when it arrived in Baltimore on schedule the next day.

Some of Lincoln's closest friends, notably his bodyguard, Ward Hill Lamon, always insisted that there had been no justification for the melodramatic midnight ride, and that Pinkerton had trumped up the story for his own glorification. Others thought Pinkerton, nosing around Baltimore, had merely taken too apprehensive a view of the pro-Secession nothings of the city's riffraff, and had fooled himself, along with Lincoln. The mayor of Baltimore, investigating rumors of the proposed attack, had pronounced them baseless. Lincoln's official escort, the Indian fighter, Colonel Edward Voss Sumner, had belittled the peril and had said that it would be 'damned cowardice' to slink through the city unseen.

However, these wild and windy threats against Lincoln were so common in Baltimore that persons other than Pinkerton thought the President-elect wise to avoid the town. Dorothea Dix, the lecturer, was so minded, and detectives sent down from New York City to investigate, agreed with her. Hooting crowds did meet the official train when it arrived on the following day and there might have been eggs or even rocks thrown if Lincoln had appeared.

The evidence argues that Pinkerton was not wrong in his insistence that Lincoln do what was done. What was unfortunate about the affair was that it brought down upon Lincoln the charge of cowardice, infirmity of will, and buffoonery just at the hour when the country clamored for a President of recognized dignity, firmness, and high courage to succeed the weak Buchanan.

Because Lincoln wore a soft wool hat instead of a stove-pipe when he alighted in Washington after the sub-rosa ride, imaginative newspaper reporters told the world he had arrived in disguise. The accepted tale was that he had worn a Scotch cap and a plaid shawl—not precisely an inconspicuous getup, it may be observed. But the hour was not one for com-

mon sense or logic, so the preposterous tale was believed—America laughed, then Europe laughed, too.

Pinkerton's idea of a code message to be sent back from Washington to the official party at Harrisburg was a comic blunder, too. It read, "Plums delivered nuts safely"; Pinkerton being "plums" and Lincoln being "nuts."

The new President had been deeply chagrined by the whole affair, but did not take out his mortification on Pinkerton. At least the detective said later that Lincoln, that same day, called him to the hotel and thanked him warmly.

Pinkerton considered himself well launched with the new administration and especially so when, a few days after Fort Sumter was attacked in April, he was called by Lincoln to Washington to discuss the organization of a secret service department in the capital. At a meeting with Lincoln and the cabinet, Pinkerton was asked how he would go about keeping watch on the innumerable Southern sympathizers around town. As Pinkerton remembered it later, "I accordingly stated to them the ideas which I entertained upon the subject . . . and after I had concluded, I took my departure, with the understanding that I would receive further communications from them in a few days."

He waited a few days, and nothing happened; so, in evident pique, he started back to Chicago. Years later he explained the thing as handsomely as he could by saying that he had seen all along that the confusion in government had been too great for anything systematic to be done. But it is evident that he was wounded by Lincoln's neglect. "I felt confident," he later explained, "that I would be required to wait a longer time than I could conveniently spare from my business" and so struck off for home.

Stopping in Philadelphia to pick up mail forwarded from Chicago, he found a letter from a business associate and friend, George B. McClellan, who was preparing to assume command of the new military Department of the Ohio with

headquarters in Cincinnati. McClellan wanted Pinkerton at once and wanted him to come secretly, using only his first name.

Pinkerton hurried, and soon he was "Major Allen," in full control of a new secret service for this western department. Calling in his best agency operatives he lead them into the border states to spy on the citizens and discover who was for the Union and who for the Confederacy. It was an important job, and McClellan had done for him what Lincoln had not.

There was another personal factor in the situation. Pinkerton knew McClellan far better than he knew Lincoln. He had worked for McClellan on railroad cases in Chicago or Cincinnati ever since 1857 when McClellan had resigned from the army to become an executive on western lines.

McClellan was a magnetic man, a dramatic man, as well as a good client. He appreciated Pinkerton. The result was that the detective, in the strenuous, new excitements of war, came fairly to worship "The Little Napoleon," especially after July, when McClellan, taking over the high command in Washington, asked Pinkerton to set up a secret service for the Army of the Potomac. Here was satisfaction, indeed, for Pinkerton's duties, while waiting for the army to take the field, included investigation of the very civilians in Washington whom he had discussed so unsatisfactorily with Lincoln.

The work did not progress, however, as Pinkerton wished. Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward, in their anxiety to conciliate border staters, had a distressing way of freeing persons whose restraint Pinkerton pronounced "an imperious necessity." For instance, one Philip Linton, according to the testimony of some ex-slaves, notably a Negro nicknamed Fido, had been the ringleader in a group which sent military information south. Seward freed Linton.

Then there was William F. Getty, a reputed spy, whose paramour, Jennie Smith, had been caught by Pinkerton's men with many percussion caps under her skirts. Jennie had been

boasting around town that she had been out several nights with General Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate commander. She and Getty were turned loose.

Even when Pinkerton produced enough evidence on Mrs. Rose O'Neal Greenhow, the Washington belle-spy, to have justified hanging under a European military system, or at least to have warranted imprisonment in America, the Lincoln administration only exiled her. This was particularly mortifying to Pinkerton for he had suffered considerable pain in collecting evidence against her. One night, hanging on her window ledge, peeping into her parlor he saw a Federal officer give her a map. Pinkerton had suspected such treachery from the way this officer and others had been taking tea with Mrs. Greenhow, so when the fellow left the charmer's house, Pinkerton followed. He followed too closely, however, and aroused the officer's suspicions. The pursued suddenly whipped out a revolver and arrested his pursuer, throwing Pinkerton into "a most filthy and uncomfortable place till morning," as the detective later reported.

In spite of handicaps Pinkerton evidently did effective work against spies, but in March, 1862, he was transferred to a field where he was at sea although he didn't know it. McClellan took him along to the front—the open field where the armies were moving. Pinkerton's role was now more important; he was assigned to find out the strength of the Confederate Army which General Johnston had waiting in Virginia.

Always a great one to worry about the enemy anyway, McClellan was especially anxious at this time—his maiden effort at full scale warfare. He had regimental commanders send to the secret service, numbers of the refugees, escaping slaves, countrymen, prisoners, for grilling. Admiring Pinkerton warmly, McClellan set great store by his reports. This was a tragedy, since Pinkerton was as faulty in military espionage as he was triumphant in civilian detective work.

He turned in to McClellan wretchedly inaccurate state-

nents as to the Confederate forces. A comparison of his estimates with the reports of the Southern authorities shows that he usually overestimated the enemy's strength by 100 per cent, at least. On May 3, McClellan understood there were between 100,000 and 120,000 Rebels facing him. General Johnston's reports put this number at not more than 60,000. Quite likely it was only 52,000.

On June 26, Pinkerton estimated the enemy at 200,000. Actually the number might have touched 90,000 but was probably only 80,000. After the Seven Days' Battles, Pinkerton's information was that the Confederates had lost 40,000, whereas the figure was a scant 20,000. On August 29, McClellan, quoting his secret service reports, estimated his foes at 120,000; the true figure was nearer 60,000. At Antietam McClellan believed Lee had 97,000 men. Lee said he had 40,000. Later statisticians have estimated that Lee had 55,000 at the most.

To a commander temperamentally prone to exaggerate his difficulties, this sort of information service could only compound errors. Many critics believe McClellan could have captured Richmond if he could have brought himself to believe that his force was as superior as it actually was, or if he had known the Confederates were as weak as they were.

Joseph E. Johnston, the most penetrating mind among all the Confederate generals, hit off McClellan well upon one of these occasions. Johnston had been bluffing "The Little Napoleon" with wooden "dummy" cannon and thin lines of gray soldiers for some time, when he observed, tartly, "Nobody but McClellan would fail to attack."

In the West, General Grant had actually attacked a stronger Confederate force when it lay behind formidable works—had taken Fort Donelson when the rules said not to assail such defenses unless you had a three or four to one advantage in men. But then, Grant never took much stock in spies. He operated on the theory that it was the enemy's busi-

ness to worry about *him*. Pinkerton's share in McClellan's failure seems inescapable.

Why, then, should this have been? Why should the most successful of American detectives have been so deficient in unearthing military information? In the first place he was inexperienced in war and probably had not worked out the system which was, soon after the war at least, to make his own agency so remarkable. This was simply the assembling of an infinite number of small details which, when fitted together, gave the clue to a mystery. Pinkerton's operatives, on orders, sent in reports every day, no matter how hard it was to get to a mail box. That was the cornerstone of the agency work. These reports were written out and filed in systematic fashion by a large corps of clerks. The inside of the agency looked like a big, prosaic countinghouse or, rather, a busy mail-order house, with nobody at all in false moustaches.

This very system became in time the one used by all military intelligence organizations—the collection and filing of innumerable bits of information. But Pinkerton either had not formulated it for himself in 1862 or did not apply it to military espionage.

Probably more important to this question as to why he failed in war, is our knowledge of his past.

Allan Pinkerton had, as a youth in his native Scotland, been a social revolutionist, active in the Chartists' proletarian riots which rocked the British Isles in the 1830's. He was an agitator for reform, for "The People's Charter." He was a "physical force man," as the more aggressive Chartists were called, and in 1842 he emigrated to America to escape arrest. Thus he was in a tradition dear to American democracy.

Almost as soon as he established himself as a cooper in Dundee, Illinois, he became an agent on the Underground Railroad, that illegal chain of stations by which Abolitionists in the North spirited runaway slaves from the South to Can-



"SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA," A MURAL IN THE PINKERTON HOUSE AT ONARGA.



"BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG," PINKERTON MURAL PAINTED BY F. W. SEYER (1882).

ada. His sons later recalled how this shop had often been full of fugitives working until such times as the benign smuggling ring could slip them into Chicago where the timber schooners could take them north.

Among Pinkerton's children the story went, later on, that this antislavery work had been one of the major reasons for their father's moving to Chicago, as he did in 1850. Through the latter half of the 1840's Pinkerton was the agent at Dundee for the Chicago Abolitionists, a powerful group, and he was persuaded to take over the larger junction point, Chicago.

Pinkerton, himself, while admitting with pride this phase of his activities, indicated that his main reason in moving to the growing city by Lake Michigan was that he had been invited to come by Chicago's sheriff, William Church. Chicago was a tough town and Church needed help. Pinkerton had attracted attention around Dundee by some amateur detective work and had been made a deputy sheriff of Kane County.

At any rate he came, was established as a member of Chicago's police force by 1850 and by 1852 had five detectives—probably night watchmen—under him. By 1856 he had a private agency going—Pinkerton's North Western Police Agency. With some clever work, in that same year, he caught Imbert, a celebrated French forger, alias "Alexander Gay," and since this rascal had been lately looting the Belmonts and other New York capitalists despite everything the Manhattan police could do, the feat brought Pinkerton into something more than local notice. By 1857 Pinkerton was working for the railroads which had taken over Chicago's destiny—catching express robbers, looters of freight cars, safe-crackers. He was making a start for himself in the business world, yet he was still working steadily at his side line, the Underground Railroad. The family story was that more fugitive slaves were in the family kitchen during this period than there ever had been in the cooper shop at Dundee. Mrs. Pinkerton was always

having to summon trusted neighbor women to help her feed the runaways.

While Pinkerton's right hand caught lawbreakers his left broke the law. And his conscience was, of course, as clear as that of any Quaker patriarch out on the long Underground route that ran to the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers.

According to his own statement, Pinkerton was one of the more violent of the Abolitionists—a "bosom friend" of John Brown of Osawatomie, who worked many a night with "Old Brown" for the cause.

On the night of March 11, 1859, Pinkerton was awakened by an old man with a gray beard, an eagle eye, and a squad of men. The detective bedded all he could in his own home, quartered the rest with fellow Abolitionists, heard their story, and next morning brought them \$500 in cash and tickets on the Michigan Central Railroad for Detroit, the next stop on their desperate journey eastward. He took his small son, William, to the station that morning to see the party off, and when the old man who was its leader climbed aboard Pinkerton said to Billy:

"Look well upon that man! He is greater than Napoleon and just as great as George Washington."

The man was John Brown, heading for Harpers Ferry.

There is a legend, too, that after John Brown's raid had landed him in a Virginia prison, awaiting the noose, Pinkerton moved into the surrounding hills, plotting a rescue, and that only "Old Brown's" refusal to be rescued from martyrdom prevented at least a serious attempt at a jail delivery. Evidence for this story is scant, but one thing is certain, if the plan had been feasible and Brown agreeable, Pinkerton's effort would have been an impressive one.

Pinkerton came to the Civil War with all the fervor of his abolitionist beliefs. And when he went to the front in Virginia for the campaign of 1862, he saw runaway slaves in numbers—the same kind of heart-touching fugitives who had

come to his door in Dundee. Always quick to idealize causes and men, Pinkerton was uncritical of the excited, uneducated slaves when they came at last to a tent wherein waited friends, freedom, and food. Kept by their masters in ignorance of reading, writing, and arithmetic, they were unequipped to give realistic information about what was happening on a large scale in the Confederacy. Naturally they exaggerated the strength and the cruelties of their late masters. White refugees, with schooling and education to assist them, often were almost as unreliable when they came into the Union lines. Pinkerton evidently believed what the escaping Negroes told him. His own heart had him by the ears.

The dramatic irony in this lies in the fact that Pinkerton should have been, in October, 1862, unsympathetic with Abraham Lincoln who stood beside him. Unquestionably he approved of the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation which Lincoln had issued only nine days before, yet his sympathy for McClellan was so strong that he could not let Lincoln's anti-slaveryism dominate him. McClellan opposed freeing the slaves and was the political favorite of the Democrats who were strongly opposing Lincoln's "unconstitutional" course.

Pinkerton's idolatry of McClellan had obviously led him to think more about the military injustices suffered by his general than about the President's strokes in behalf of the abolition cause. The detective believed what McClellan believed about the administration—that in baseless fears for the safety of Washington it had withheld the regiments which would have enabled McClellan to crush the "Rebellion." Pinkerton believed and said that Lincoln's weak hesitations between the advice of McClellan and of the anti-McClellan politicians in the Cabinet and Congress had produced the blunders that had characterized the war. Pinkerton declared that the President, having once disclaimed knowledge of military affairs, should rightly have left the conduct of the war to the general he had put in command of the Army.

That Pinkerton was critical of Lincoln on still another score is suggested by the story William Pinkerton, when head of the agency, told a Chicago journalist, Ashton Stevens, many years later.

Allan Pinkerton at the beginning of the Civil War had his two sons, William and Robert, at school in Notre Dame, Indiana. The boys wanted to enlist, but, since they were in their early teens, were kept in class. When Billy reached sixteen he grew so restive that his parents agreed it was better for him to go with his father than to run off and join some regiment.

So Billy became part of his father's spy system with the Army of the Potomac. One of his roles was to wear old clothes, no shoes, and to carry messages through the Confederate lines to Union spies. The messages, written on thin sheets of paper, were carried between the boy's bare toes, so that if questioned too closely he could blubber, rub his feet nervously in the dirt, lose the message and, when searched, be dismissed as merely an innocent and frightened rural urchin.

Once when Allan Pinkerton took Billy to visit Lincoln in the White House, the President put his hand on Billy's head and said, "Pinkerton, you're using your boy on very dangerous duty."

To which Pinkerton replied, "Mr. President, I can use no other man's boy while I have one of my own." This could scarcely have been anything but a pointed reference to Mr. Lincoln's son, Robert who, at full enlistment age, was at the moment attending classes at Harvard.

If Pinkerton felt these things in early October, 1862, how must he have felt, five weeks later, when Lincoln relieved McClellan from command altogether, shelving him for the rest of the war? Pinkerton, twenty years afterward, was still angry enough to write, "No general in the history of the nation was ever so shamefully treated by his government, as was General McClellan."

And at the time, November, 1862, Pinkerton was angry enough to quit the Army along with his general. He resigned, left the service, went home! Toward the end of the war he examined some cotton frauds among civilians for the government, but from the fall of McClellan he gave his energies to his agency. The company was expanding by leaps and bounds. A new era had come to American industry. The West was settling with vast rapidity. Corporations were forming, and Pinkerton hitched his wagon to their star. He made his agency a great instrument for the protection of property and of money. His supreme contribution to his country was the safeguarding of commerce, especially the transportation of wealth in the period of expansion after the Civil War.

He it was, more than any other one force, who cut short the epidemic of train robbers after Appomattox. And it seems likely that his agency had a hand in the eventual capture of the most famous of all these criminals, Jesse James. At least the Pinkertons were hot on Jesse's trail at the time it ended in 1882 and, according to the Governor of Missouri at the time, that state did not pay the reward which one Robert Ford received for killing the bandit. It is natural to assume that the banks, railroads, and express companies which had been the chief victims of criminality, paid the reward. The truth as to what happened in this case may never be known, but the list of train robbers whom the Pinkertons did bring to justice is an amazing one.

In protecting business and industry from lawlessness, Pinkerton came eventually to a viewpoint quite different from that he had held in Scotland. As head of the agency he finally looked upon those who agitated for improved economic conditions as hardly to be distinguished from enemies of society. Since railroad strikes so often drifted into riots, he came to see small difference between strikers and out-and-out anarchists. For introducing strikebreakers into America he was blamed severely both by union labor and by liberal thinkers. Yet he

obviously believed, with that uncritical intensity of his, that he was honestly serving the best interests of the growing nation. The fervor with which he wrote against strikers makes him something more than an artful propagandist defending his own business with hot invectives.

The irony is in Pinkerton's inability to see the change which had come over him since the time when he had been toiling day and night to assist another kind of labor striker—the black laborer who struck against working conditions in the South, struck by running away.

If we choose to classify men according to their devotion either to human rights or property rights, then the radical Pinkerton may be said, in October, 1862, to be turning to the right, while the conservative Lincoln is turning to the left. Both paths were to lead these two travelers far, on the road from Antietam—lead them to enduring fame.

Far apart as the two men were by 1865, the news of the President's murder touched Pinkerton deeply. He was in New Orleans at the time, investigating cotton frauds, and telegraphed Secretary of War Stanton:

Under the providence of God, I was enabled in February, 1861, to save him from the fate he has now met. How I regret that I had not been near him previous to that fatal act. I might have been the means to arrest it. If I can be of special service, please let me know. The sacrifice of my whole force, of life itself, is at your disposal.

Pinkerton's daughter, Joan, remembered in her later years how, as a little girl, she saw her father weep when talking of Lincoln's death.

It was not until Lincoln had been three years in his grave that Pinkerton began popularizing that midnight ride back in February, 1861. Lossing's *History of the Civil War*, appearing in 1868, credited the saving of Lincoln's life to the railroad men involved in the case. Pinkerton, outraged, assembled affidavits from living witnesses and authorities and published them to make clear that he had been the chief actor in the

drama. This statement was reprinted many times thereafter and stands to this day as the primary source for the history of the event.

Once more, before his death in 1884, Pinkerton found his name linked with the Martyred President's. This came in the autumn of 1876 when his operatives aided U.S. Secret Service men in preventing ghouls from stealing the corpse of Lincoln from its sarcophagus in Springfield. Since the theft was attempted on the eve of the heated national election of that year—the Hayes-Tilden campaign—Republicans charged that it was only one more example of the hatred Democratic Copperheads harbored for Lincoln. And Democrats countered with the claim that Republicans had perpetrated the near-crime to throw last-minute odium on the Democratic campaign. This charge was that there had been no real attempt at grave robbery—that the whole thing was a sham concocted between the Republicans and the Pinkertons. Another charge was that a Chicago police officer had brought in the Pinkertons with a view to having them give him the credit for frustrating the crime and thus elevate him into the office of chief of police.

All these versions evaporated when the ghouls were caught, tried, and convicted. There seems no reason now to doubt the findings of the court, namely that counterfeiters, planning to steal Lincoln's body and hold it until the state of Illinois released their chief engraver from the penitentiary, had chosen to work when the attention of Springfield was on political meetings.

Pinkerton's character was itself evidence against such charges as these. His very success in making a detective agency respected in a day when private detectives were proverbially venal shows moral force as well as intelligence. His insistence upon personal integrity among his operatives was incessant. He had his failures, but they were so few that the testimony of his men in court soon became accepted by judges and juries

to a degree that had been nonexistent before his entrance into anti-criminal work. The key to this achievement lay in Pinkerton's refusal to let his men work for a reward. They cost a client so much per day per man, no matter if unsuccessful at the job. They never handled any case involving divorce or personal revenge. Pinkerton disliked murder cases and was only drawn into a few when strong personal appeals moved him.

An extremely affectionate, albeit Puritanic, family man—one who banned strong drink and cards from his home, went to bed at eight-thirty sharp, rising at four-thirty or five—he was utterly and completely unlike the public conception of the great detective whose trade-mark was the slogan, "We Never Sleep." What Pinkerton was, of course, was a great businessman, a superb organizer, rising in a day when America offered opportunity for his kind of individual success.

For all the criticism which came to him and to his agency for strike-breaking—a field which it incidentally abandoned—his relations with his own employees were something of a model for their time. In the Pinkerton burial lot at Graceland Cemetery in Chicago, you can see the evidence of this today. There, beside his mother and his children—and in time by his wife and himself—they sleep, his detectives. The most loyal ones, the ones he knew best, he buried alongside his children.

On his own monument letters in stone say:

A friend to honesty and a foe to crime, devoting himself for a generation to the prevention and detection of crime in many countries. He was the founder in America of a noble profession in the hour of a nation's peril. He conducted Abraham Lincoln safely through the ranks of treason to the scene of his first inauguration as President. He sympathized with, protected, and defended the slaves and labored earnestly for their freedom. Hating wrong and loving good, he was strong, brave, tender, and true.





WILLIAM PINKERTON, AT SIXTEEN
In 1862 when Billy was a spy for the Union Army.



From the collection of H. Armour Smith

GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL AND HIS STAFF IN SALTILLO, MEXICO.

A MORGAN COUNTY VOLUNTEER IN THE MEXICAN WAR

BY ALFRED J. HENDERSON

IN the summer of 1846, General Zachary Taylor, having crossed the Rio Grande, moved on into the interior of Mexico, finally establishing himself at Saltillo, anticipating an attack by Santa Anna and the Mexican forces. Here, in December, Taylor was joined by reinforcements under General John E. Wool,¹ troops largely made up of Kentucky, Arkansas, and Illinois men. Among the latter was Sergeant John B. Duncan of Franklin, in Morgan County, whose letters home, preserved by his wife and family, are now in the possession of a granddaughter, Mrs. T. C. Jenkinson of Jacksonville. Through her kindness they have been made available to the writer for this paper. Its timeliness is apparent when one remembers that 1948 marks the hundredth anniversary of the signing of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which brought an end to the war between the United States and its neighbor on the south. First a word about the man, and then the story of the campaign as told in his letters:

Although a resident of Franklin, John B. Duncan, as an attorney and counselor at law, practiced before the circuit

¹ John Ellis Wool was a rigid disciplinarian and had superior organizing ability. His efficiency and skill were largely responsible for the victory at Buena Vista.

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court in Jacksonville, and had a law office there. He was a member of the Morgan County Bar Association and of the Jacksonville Lodge (Illini No. 4) of the I.O.O.F.

Born in Tennessee on August 10, 1817, he came to Morgan County as a young man, and for some years busied himself with farming. On March 21, 1844, he married Adeline G. Wright, and, during the next twenty years, this union was blessed with twelve children, eight of whom lived to maturity. Mrs. Duncan herself was one of seven children of Abner and Mildred Triplett Wright, all of whom had come together to Morgan County from Franklin County, Kentucky, in 1829. They made the long journey in a covered wagon, as was the custom of these early pioneers.

Young Duncan gained his first experience as a soldier in the Mormon war. Two years later, in June, 1846, he answered the call for volunteers for the Mexican campaign, and served as first sergeant of Company G of the First Illinois Regiment, of which John J. Hardin, of Jacksonville, was colonel.

Following a twelve-months' period of service in the Mexican War, he returned home on July 10, 1847, and undertook to prepare himself for the law. In 1849, and again in 1853, he was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace in Morgan County, serving four-year terms—first during the administration of Governor Augustus C. French and then under Joel A. Matteson. On February 10, 1859, he was admitted to the bar of the state of Illinois. His Jacksonville law office, which he shared with J. W. Strong, was located over Brown's Bank on East State Street just off the square, and during these years he and Mrs. Duncan and their growing family lived in a house on East Court Street. Among those mentioned as his associates at this time were Richard Yates, Murray McConnel, Cyrus Epler, David A. Smith, and I. L. Morrison of Jacksonville; Abraham Lincoln of Springfield; David M. Woodson of Carllton; and L. M. Palmer and John I. Rinaker of Carlinville.

When Lincoln issued his call for volunteers in 1861,

"Jack" Duncan was not slow to answer, and, following his enlistment on September 7, he was elected captain of Company H, Thirty-second Regiment of Illinois Volunteer Infantry, which was organized at Camp Butler, Illinois, and mustered into service on December 31. With his regiment, Captain Duncan had a part in Grant's campaign on the Tennessee, in the battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and the sieges of Corinth and Vicksburg. On October 6, 1862, in the battle at Metamora, on Tennessee's Little Hatchie River, he was severely wounded by the explosion of a shell, and suffered the loss of his left leg below the knee. He was able to return home on Thanksgiving Day and remained in Franklin until his strength was renewed and an artificial limb obtained. Then, in April, 1863, he returned to his company with the intention of resigning his captaincy. However, his superior officers, on promise of securing light service for him, prevailed on him to remain, which he did, serving the greater part of a year in Mississippi, at Vicksburg and at Natchez. He was then sent to Springfield, Illinois, on detached service, where he was busy with recruiting. In May, 1864, an infection developed in his leg and, after an illness of nine weeks, he died on July 19, 1864.

The *Jacksonville Journal* of July 21, in noting his death, commented that Captain Duncan had had "several important trusts" from the citizens of Morgan County, that he was highly esteemed, and that his would be a loss not easily replaced. In September, resolutions deploring his death and emphasizing his patriotism and valor, his courtesy in professional dealings, and his private and social worth, were passed by the Morgan County Bar Association. Later on, he was honored by his comrades in arms from Franklin when they named their veterans' unit the J. B. Duncan Post of the G.A.R.

The eight children who survived Captain Duncan were William M. (who married Mary Gibson), Emma L. (who became Mrs. John Jolly), John H. (who married Mary S.

Rutledge), Richard Y. (who married Caroline Reinbach), Charles B. (who married Sarah Adams), Margaret Evaline (Mrs. John H. Reed), Mary (Mrs. Seymour Isom), and Lillie B. (Mrs. W. L. Clayton).

Mrs. Duncan survived her husband many years, dying in 1904 at the age of eighty-one. To the end of her life she was an active and well-beloved figure in Franklin. She is said to have danced the quadrille until after she was seventy, was a great storyteller, and was especially noted for her luscious dried-apple pies. Besides her four children living at the time, she left forty grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren.

The declaration of war with Mexico came on May 13, 1846, and twelve days later Governor Thomas Ford's first call for volunteers was given.² Morgan County responded almost immediately, and companies were formed in Jacksonville (Company D, headed by Captain J. S. Roberts, later succeeded by Jacob W. Zabriskie) and at Waverly (Company G).³ This latter company was made up chiefly of men from Franklin and the vicinity, "while others were from Macoupin and the vicinity of Scottville."⁴ When the time came to leave, the citizens of Scottville prepared a huge barbecue dinner for the volunteers who, according to one local commentator, "were to meet there and then proceed to the seat of War . . . This was no common occasion," the account continues. "Men, women, and children were there in great numbers to see the soldiers and bid adieu to their friends who were going, thinking they might never see them again."⁵

The company's first encampment was at Alton, where the men stayed about a month for the purpose of organizing the

² *The Sangamo Journal* [Springfield], May 28, 1846.

³ Charles M. Eames, *Historic Morgan and Classic Jacksonville* (Jacksonville, Ill., 1885), 118.

⁴ Charles G. Snow, in the *Franklin Times*, May 24, 1907.

⁵ *Franklin Times*, May 24, 1907. According to the *Morgan Journal* [Jacksonville] of July 24, 1847, a similar barbecue dinner was held at Franklin to welcome back "the brave Volunteers just returned from Mexico."

regiment and undergoing basic training. On June 29, in a letter written for his friend, J. Monroe Childers, young Duncan said:

We are encamped at Alton and it is likely we may remain here for one or two weeks and perhaps longer. We have not been formed into a regiment as yet but suppose we will be in a short time and then we will have to go through a regular system of drilling before we will be taken into regular service at which time we hope to march forth to the enemies country and claim our rights at the point of the bayonet, subdue the assailants, and come off victorious over everything that may oppose. Give my regards to all the friends and tell them that I hope to return to old Morgan again more than conqueror.⁶

This confidence is echoed in young Duncan's letter to his wife, written on the same day:

It is still uncertain when we will leave here . . . but it is my opinion that we will leave for the seat of war in a short time and if necessary we will be kept one year, but I think we will not be needed that long for if the number of men turn out that have been called for in the United States we can overrun all Mexico in less time than one year. . . . I have no doubt but you will think it a long separation but if it should our meeting will be the more joyful. So cheer up and keep in good heart and think tho I have left you it is not because I wanted to be from you but to serve my country and defend your rights that you may not be more seriously troubled than you are.⁷

On June 16, he wrote to his wife as follows:

You know I told you before I left home that I intended to have an office of some kind before I got back, and I have got it. I was elected first Sergeant in the company after we got here which is worth from 16 to 20 dollars a month. John J. Hardin is our Commanding Col, Wm. Weatherford Lieutenant Col, and Wm. B. Warren, Major.⁸

The other officers of Company G included William J. Wyatt, captain; James H. Wetherford, first lieutenant; Isaac S. Wright (Mrs. Duncan's brother) and James Woods, second lieutenants. Included in the company also were George Ashbaugh, James L. Wyatt, James A. Summers, Abraham and

⁶ J. M. Childers to "Uncle and Friends," June 29, 1846. This letter is in Duncan's handwriting.

⁷ J. B. Duncan to Mrs. Duncan, June 29, 1846.

⁸ *Ibid.*, July 16, 1846.

Ananias Sevier, Joseph and Andrew Fanning, Andrew J. Wright (another brother of Mrs. Duncan's), James M. Childers, John E. Gunnels, Isaac Hill, Edward R. Henry, William Van Note, Alfred and Jesse A. Miner, Darwin and James Ward, and John and Elias Clayton.

The next stop was New Orleans. On July 24, the sergeant wrote to Mrs. Duncan:

We left Alton on Sunday the 19th inst. and arrived here today [Friday] taking six days to come from Alton to Orleans. We are camped on the great battleground where old Hickory gave the British beans.⁹ I have seen the ditches where the breastwork work was formed and I saw the same tree Packingham¹⁰ died under. We are expected to leave here tomorrow all in high spirits . . . to go to San Antonio De Texas on the Rio De Grand.

Farther on in the letter he writes:

We do not know how long we will be wanted but I am not making any calculations on less than a year although we may be discharged in less time. . . . I have strong hopes that we will conquer our enemies and return home before the year is out.¹¹

Two weeks later found them in Texas on their way to join General Wool's command. Writing to Mrs. Duncan from Camp Irwin on August 9, he said:

We had a very pleasant trip from Alton to New Orleans considering that we were so much crowded on the boat. We left Alton on Sunday . . . and arrived at Orleans on Friday morning following on the steamer Hannibal. On Saturday evening we left Orleans on board the steamship McKion for Texas. We were very much crowded again otherwise we would have as pleasant a voyage as could have been expected. There was a good many seasick and I was brought to a casting up of accounts myself, but as soon as we got to land it was all right again and I never was heartier in my life. You know I weighed 149 when I left home and I now weigh 160 and can eat everything that comes in my way. . . . And now I must tell you of some of the curiosities I have seen. When we got on the Gulf of Mexico we saw more big fish than you could shake a stick at. They were the porpois and as for the shape I will tell you of that when we get home, and we saw the flying fish, a very small one that rises

⁹ General Andrew Jackson, in the War of 1812 (Jan. 8, 1815).

¹⁰ Major General Sir Edward Michael Pakenham, the British commander.

¹¹ J. B. Duncan to Mrs. Duncan, July 24, 1846.

and flies some distance and goes in the water again. We expect to leave here in the morning for San Antonio De Texas.¹²

It was on the second morning, however, that they left. Writing from Camp Crockett near San Antonio, where the First and Second Illinois Regiments joined the forces of General Wool, Sergeant Duncan went on:

I will now give you a sketch of our march from Camp Irwin. We left there the 11th of August supposing we would have a land march as we were all tired traveling by water but we had to march by land and water both for the water was from kneedeep down and sometimes we could hardly make out to find ground enough to set down upon and we had to march 28 miles before we could get a place to camp. We had pretty fair roads the balance of the way but we suffered a great deal for want of good water and from hard marching. We marched from 12 to 20 miles a day, which is very hard marching for a large body of troops. You may all say and think and say as you please about our staff officers but Major Warren is ahead of Hardin or old Buck [Weatherford] either. Gentlemen can make fair promises at home but when they get the power with such a man as General Wool at their head then they will show what they will do for we Illinois and other Volunteers are bound down twice as hard as regulars. Our fair is worse and our privileges much less, but we hope we will get home again sometime and then we will all be fine again. We have a good deal of sickness in our company but none dangerous. It has been mumps and measles but the worst has been bad colds which are much more severe in this country than any place I ever saw. . . . There are a good many of the boys that are getting very homesick for it is generally believed that we will never get into a fight no how or if we do we will have to march from 5 to 8 hundred miles to do it and Gen. Taylor is at least 4 hundred miles in advance of us and can have every place taken before we get up with him.¹³

At the end of September, however, he wrote more encouragingly about the possibilities of fighting:

It is very uncertain whether we cross into Mexico or not but we may have to do it and if we do we will have some hopes of getting to fight a little and if we ever get into a fight I will return home with honor or not at all for I would rather die than be a coward.¹⁴

In justice to General Wool, the real reason for the delay

¹² J. B. Duncan to Mrs. Duncan, Aug. 9, 1846.

¹³ *Ibid.*, Aug. 31, 1846.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, Sept. 30, 1846.

in joining Taylor was lack of supplies for the campaign. To quote Professor Justin Smith, in his authoritative *The War With Mexico*:

Operations were unspeakably embarrassed by the necessity of drawing supplies from so great a distance and by sea, and naturally San Antonio, a town of only some 2,000 persons, could furnish much less than cities like Vera Cruz or even Matamoros. Each particular article that would be necessary on the expedition had to be provided now; and departmental errors, like delaying arms and misdirecting parts of wagons, were therefore peculiarly unfortunate. But the greatest difficulty was disorder. The command was a chaotic mass . . . turbulent, impatient, insubordinate. Wool, however, attacked the problem without shrinking, and what a soldier called the "iron hand" of military discipline soon began to set things right.¹⁵

And he must have done a good job, for early in October the army began its march southwestward. Wrote Duncan:

We left Sanantonio in Texas on the 2nd of October and arrived at the Rio Grande on the morning of the 15th being less than 12 days marching from 180 to 200 miles and after crossing the river we lay by one day and then took up the line of march for this place.¹⁶ General Wooll had taken possession of Placidio [Presidio] on the Rio Grande before our division got there. We then marched under his immediate command through Saratoga, Sanfernando, Santarosa which all surrendered at our approach and we had been informed that the Mexicans were fortifying here¹⁷ to give us a fight but when we got in 4 miles of the town and camped the Governor sent express to Gen Wooll and surrendered the town without the firing of a gun. We are now stationed here and we do not know how long we will be here, or where we will go from here. It is said that the enemy are fortifying at San Louis¹⁸ some 4 to 5 hundred miles from here and from 50 to 100 miles from the City of Mexico, but there is no certainty in anything we can hear. . . . General Taylor is making clean work as far as he goes but there can be nothing more done till the Armistice¹⁹ is out which will be the 24th of this month [November]. If peace is not made then hostilities will again commence and we will have to follow

¹⁵ Justin H. Smith, *The War With Mexico* (New York, 1919), I, 268.

¹⁶ "This place" was Monclova, about half the distance from the Rio Grande to Saltillo where Wool's men were to join General Zachary Taylor.

¹⁷ Monclova (Coahuila).

¹⁸ San Luis Potosí (San Luis Potosí).

¹⁹ After crossing the Rio Grande in May, Taylor had captured Matamoros. In September he took Monterrey by storm from General Pedro Ampudia, and then arranged an eight weeks armistice with the Mexican general.

them up where ever they may go and we are now 200 miles into Mexico and already no fight yet.²⁰

Speaking of his health at this time, he commented:

I am in first rate health and better satisfied than I could expect myself. My health was not good while I was in Texas but as soon as I crossed the Rio Grande and got to eating sweet potatoes and drinking sulphur water I began to fatten, for the water in Texas did not agree with me. When we left San Antonio I weighed only 137 which is less than I have ever weighed since I came to Illinois and I now weigh the rise of 150 and gaining every day.²¹

On November 16, Sergeant Duncan wrote again:

We are still encamped in one mile of MonClovia and do not know when we will leave or where we will go when we do leave. It is not known by any of us except the head officers what is depending as whether there will be any more fighting to be done or not. . . . Some seem to think we will be discharged as soon as the armistice between Gen Taylor and the Mexican Genl Ampudia is out but unless peace is made this cannot be. If the two contending Armies does not come to terms during the time of the armistice we need not make any calculations on being home or discharged till our year is out. . . . Our company is in pretty good health now and such appetites. O, you never saw the like. . . . All the boys from our neighborhood are well and saucy as pet pigs . . . the boys all seem well satisfied and in fine spirits, and I must say one word in praise of our Company. It is remarked by Gen Shields²² that we have the best drilled company in the whole of the Volunteers and some of the other companies in our Regiment are almost mad at us on account of it and call us Major Warrens pets.²³

At last, after a four-weeks' stay, and with the armistice ended without peaceful result, General Wool decided to move his command on about 180 miles in a southwesterly direction to Parras, where he would be only 90 miles from Saltillo and General Taylor, and at the same time be on a good road to Chihuahua (450 miles distant) where General Santa Anna and the main Mexican army were reported to be. This was done, the long march being generally through deserts and

²⁰ J. B. Duncan, writing for Isaac S. Wright, to H. C. Wright, Nov. 8, 1846. (Written from camp near Monclova, Mex.)

²¹ J. B. Duncan to Mrs. Duncan, Nov. 8, 1846.

²² Brigadier General James Shields.

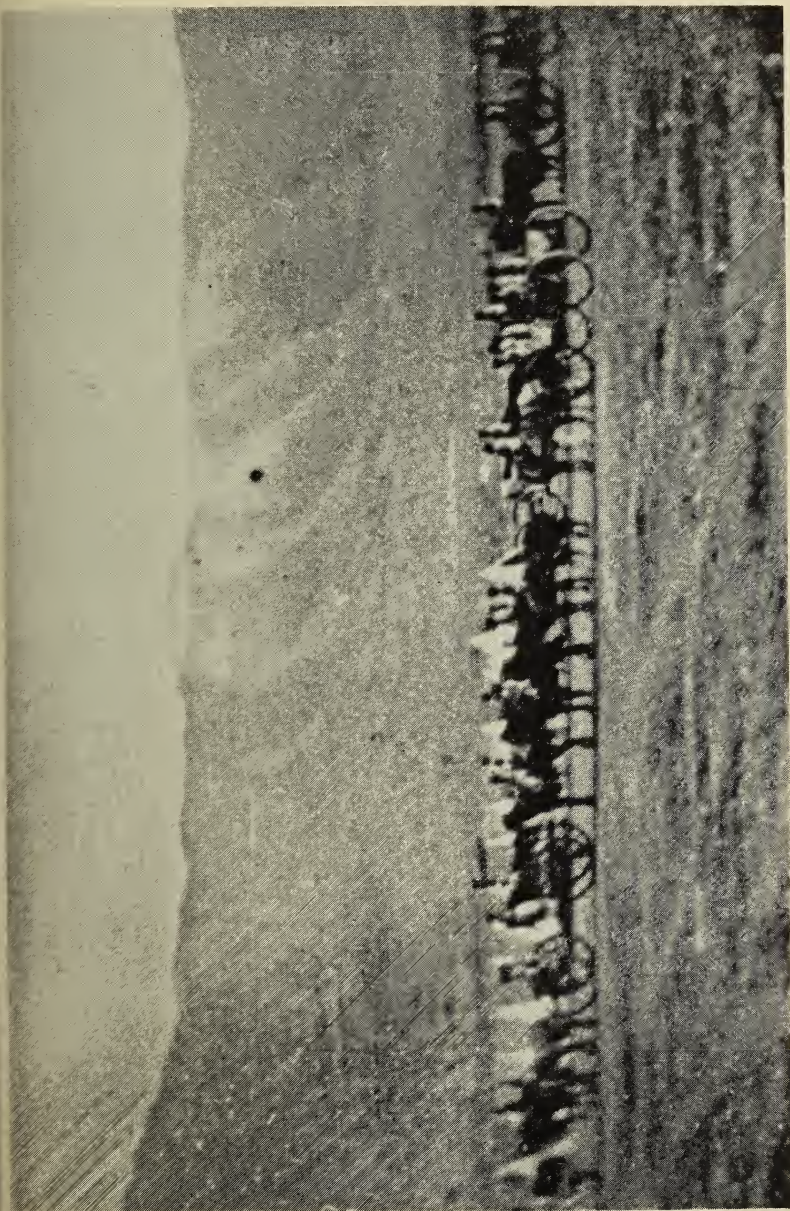
²³ J. B. Duncan to Mrs. Duncan, Nov. 16, 1846.

over rugged mountains; and the town of Parras, with its streams of clear water and its gardens and vineyards, seemed like an Eden to the weary soldiers. Writing on December 3, Sergeant Duncan commented:

We are now about four hundred miles in Mexico camped near a town called Paris [Parras] and have met no enemy yet. I mean none that will meet us in the fight but when they can get two or three of our men alone they will club on them and have used some of them pretty rough, but we the Volunteers from Illinois and Arkansas intend to give them the Devil every chance in spite of Gen. Wooll and all his command, but the old Gen. tries to keep the Volunteers under the strictest subjection but we will do a great deal as we please in spite of the old Woolly Devil. We are following our trade to wit marching about two hundred miles at a time and then lying by from one to two months at a time and by this kind of work our time will be out and we will get to do nothing. We are now lying in camp near Paris and know not where we are going from here or when we are going to leave. . . . I do not believe we will ever be in a fight or if we do it will be brought on by someone else beside Gen. Wooll for . . . since we have been here he has showed more friendship to the Mexicans than he does to the Volunteers. . . . I believe I have nothing more to write at present. I weigh 165 pounds and still fattening. . . . As to our fare I suppose it is better than soldiers has been used to get formerly but it is pretty rough lately I assure you. For bread stuff we have had what is called Mexican flour, that is wheat ground and not bolted, with poor beef and only half rations of coffee and sugar and they the two last are out entirely until a new supply is got on but the Mexicans afford us a good market and with what we draw and what we buy from them we keep pretty fat. The company is generally in good health.²⁴

Although the delay in getting to the scene of fighting, the hard marching, the food, climate, poor water, etc., and, above all, the stern discipline created great dissatisfaction among both officers and men, General Wool retained a firm hold on his command, and, while awaiting orders to move, made full preparation for whatever might follow. The soldiers were kept at their drills, their arms and clothing had to be ready at all times for inspection, additional stocks of corn and flour were procured (Wool's firm but friendly attitude toward the Mexican people paying off in this regard), and considerable time was given to reconnoitering.

²⁴ J. B. Duncan to Mrs. Duncan, Dec. 3, 1846.



From the collection of H. Armour Smith

A UNITED STATES BATTERY ON PARADE NEAR SALTILLO A CENTURY AGO.



From the collection of H. Armour Smith

UNITED STATES TROOPS IN SALTILLO, NEAR THE BUENA VISTA BATTLEFIELD.

At last the orders came. Wool's command was to join General W. J. Worth just beyond Saltillo. Writes Justin Smith in his excellent account of the Mexican War:

December 17, at a little before two o'clock in the afternoon, he [General Wool] rode hastily into town with staff and escort, holding despatches in his hand; and at once the aides and men hurried through the markets crying out, "Soldiers, to the camp instantly!" . . . The call was urgent. But it found Wool ready as usual, and in two hours his army—leaving the sick under guard and taking with it 350 wagons, provisions for 60 days, 400,000 cartridges and 200 rounds for the cannon—set out. No blundering occurred. Thanks to his reconnaissances Wool knew which of the routes to pursue. And there was no loitering. Once the troops made thirty-five miles in twenty-four hours; and in four days they shook hands with General Worth's brave men.²⁵

Thus was completed the long trek from San Antonio, and in doing so, General Wool, surmounting innumerable difficulties, accomplished a great deal. For nine hundred miles his army marched through an enemy's country. Professor Smith continues:

Swift rivers were quickly crossed, ravines filled, hills cut down, mountains climbed. Provisions never failed. No wreckage marked the route. Not a drop of blood was shed; not a shot fired. Wool made enemies only among those who were under obligations to be friends, and made friends among those who were under obligations to be enemies. And out of a crude heterogeneous mass he forged a keen, tough, highly tempered blade, that was to prove its value soon in a terrible crisis.²⁶

Let us read on in Sergeant Duncan's letters. On January 30, writing from San Juan near Saltillo to his brother-in-law, Alexander Wright, he said:

We were ordered here from Paris on a forced march a distance of 140 miles which we made in a little more than three days marching from 2 o'clock A M till nearly night. It had been reported the enemy were advancing to this place Saltillo with a large force to attack General Worth, and our division was ordered here to reenforce him and the enemy has not come yet, though the report gets into camp every few days that they were on their march to attack us. This report is brought in by Woolls Spies who he puts all confidence in. . . . We have seen no enemy yet though

²⁵ Smith, *War With Mexico*, I: 275-76.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, 276.

there has been an armed force near us for some time supposed to be a scouting party of horsemen and they have succeeded in capturing a number of our troops to wit Major Ganes²⁷ of Kentucky, Maj. Bowlin²⁸ of Arkansas, Capt Cas[s]ius M. Clay of Kentucky and another Capt whose name I disremember with about one hundred of the Kentucky and Arkansas Cavalry.²⁹

At this point Sergeant Duncan gave vent to the pent-up emotion which filled him and others—the result of arduous marching and the very strict discipline of the higher officers. He spoke out in no uncertain terms, and named names. Especially was he critical of the way General Wool manifested a friendly attitude toward the Mexican people:

Old Granny Wooll will not allow us to impose on them in the least but on the contrary if any of our boys should take a piece of bread or lump of sugar from them without paying for it he will have them courtmartialed or punished in some way for it and he did really order three men drummed out of the service without discharge or pay and without allowing them the privilege of a court martial and what would you suppose it was for. I will tell you for I was an eye-witness. Two of them for taking blankets from the Mexicans and the other for shooting at a Mexican dog and did not kill him either so upon the whole he shows more friendship to them than he does to us.³⁰

Duncan's "gripes" were not confined to General Wool, for he went on:

To tell you the truth Colonels Hardin and Weatherford are but little more thought of than the Gen for they are perfect tyrants and Hardin especially a man that I esteemed as high as any man in Illinois when I left home, but his course of conduct on the campaign has not only changed my opinion of him but also that of two-thirds of the Regiment. He will order a man under guard for the slightest offense and if he returns a word in his own defense he will order him to be gagged . . . and if there is a creek hard by he will be heard say take him to the creek and duck him. When on the march if a man becomes fatigued and falls behind his company and Hardin happens to see him he will say to him move along sis and overtake your company and dont let me see you laging back here again you scoundrel or order two men behind him with bayonets to make

²⁷ Major J. P. Gaines.

²⁸ Major Solon Borland.

²⁹ J. B. Duncan to Alexander M. Wright, Jan. 30, 1847.

³⁰ *Ibid.*

him go. But I will say no more about them now and when we get home you can have the mens words for it as well as mine.³¹

Perhaps during the next few weeks conditions improved, because Duncan was in a happier frame of mind when he wrote from Camp Taylor to his wife on February 19:

Notwithstanding the distance we are from home, I pass the time away with sweet surprise to myself. We are encamped in a beautiful Valley between two huge mountains where we have an abundance of good water and plenty of firewood within six or eight miles of us which for this country is very handy. We have been in this Valley (moving at intervals from one camp ground to another not more than one days march apart) ever since the 21st of December, and we have been here so long that it appears almost like home. We have various kinds of amusement such as playing ball, running foot races and horse races, jumping, wrestling, &c. and withall a goodly lot of drilling to do which altogether gives us pretty general employment, and goes still further to prove what I stated above, that my time passes swiftly and surprisingly by. Eight long wearisome months have rolled round in which time we have marched at least one thousand miles and done it in 8 weeks of our 8 months and on our last marches from MonClovia to Parras and from Parras here we out traveled all the horses and mules in the command. It was nothing uncommon to leave 6 or eight dead mules and horses at a camp ground of a morning, and especially on the march from Parras here a distance of 140 miles we made it in a little more than three days not sleeping more than 8 or 10 hours on the trip and the morning after we got here there was 20 mules and horses halled off from the camp ground dead. General Wool said if he marched with us much farther he would kill all the horses and mules he could parade. But the best of the joke was played off on the Indiana and Kentucky boys. Some person had given them a description of the suckor boys and told them that we were seven feet high and could make five feet at every stride and that it was an easy task for us to march from 60 to 75 miles in a day, after hearing of which they professed great anxiety to see the flying infantry from Illinois, as they called us.

We have had no fight yet nor is there any likelihood for any except it may be a little skirmish with a party of the enemy that is at Incarnation³² the place where Major Bolin and Ganes were taken prisoners about 25 or 30 miles from here. General Taylor is going to start there in the morning with six pieces of Artillery and six or eight companies of Dragoons and Arkansas cavalry to give them a blizard if there is any chance and all that grieves me is that I have no horse to go with them. For I do not want to go home without being in a fight of some kind but if there

³¹ J. B. Duncan to Alexander M. Wright, Jan. 30, 1847.

³² La Encarnación.

is any chance for us to get into a fight Old Taylor will have us in it, and not like old Granny Wooll when he marches to a town coax the enemy not to fight, but unless they come to him [Taylor] and beg for peace he will give them all sorts of thunder. It is uncertain whether we ever march from this place or not. There is some talk that we will go to a place called Zocatero³³ or perhaps San Louis Potosi if a reinforcement is got on in time, but this is uncertain. The army is enjoying pretty good health at present and especially our company it is in good health except bad colds. As for myself I am fleshyer and heavier than I ever was in my life. I weighed 170 pounds two weeks ago and am still gaining.³⁴

This letter was written February 19, 1847. Two days later the Illinois volunteers got all the fighting they had been looking for. On February 21, Santa Anna and the Mexican army were sighted on the road to Saltillo, and the famous battle of Buena Vista began the following day. The story of the battle is well described in Duncan's letter to his brother-in-law, Henry C. Wright. It is reproduced here in its entirety:

MARCH 6, 1847

CAMP TAYLOR, MEXICO

DEAR HENRY:

It is with pleasure indeed that I lift my pen to scribble you a few lines which will inform you that I am well and also all our company hoping this may find you and all our friends in good health. It is very common in the beginning of a letter to say we have nothing of interest to write but this is not the case with me at present, and if I was possessed of the Oratory of a Cicerone I would prove to you that I have something interesting indeed to write of. We have been marching from place to place in Mexico ever since the 15th of Oct. last seeking an opportunity to meet our enemy. We have met them. We have conquered them. On the morning of the 21st of Feb. our pickett came in with the news that the Mexicans were in about 20 miles of us and advancing. Our orders were to pack up and retreat about 15 miles to a pass in the mountains called San Juan de Buena Vista where we would have a considerable advantage and let them attack us. At midnight we learned that they were encamped on the ground we had left.

The pass where the road ran was not exceeding 20 paces wide, and this being the place where they had to pass with their Artillery and baggage to get to Saltillo and General Taylor thinking this would be the main place of attack gave the command of the pass to Col. Hardin. On one side of the road was a chain of hills or small mountains running square

³³ Zacatecas (Zacatecas).

³⁴ J. B. Duncan to Mrs. Duncan, Feb. 19, 1847.

up to it and on the other side a narrow valley cut to pieces with washes and ravines of about 20 to 30 feet deep forbidding the passage of wagons entirely. At midnight of the 21st we set to and cut a ditch on the valley side of the road sufficient to contain two companies and on the hill six companies were put to work throwing up a breastwork of rock and dirt, and by 8 in the morning we had it complete. Our company and Capt Crows³⁵ from Galena were placed in the ditch and six companies on the hill, the other two companies with Maj Warren being in town. Col Hardin was ordered to defend the pass as long as he had a man and the gallant Capt Washington³⁶ with five pieces of Artillery was placed immediately in the road.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of the 22nd the enemy made their appearance, and manoeuvred around trying to find out our position and to gain one themselves, till in the afternoon, precisely at 10 minutes past 4 the first gun was fired. They had sent a heavy force to our extreme left to the base of the main mountain where a pretty warm skirmish was kept up till dark and also some cannonading, but little execution was done on either side. At daylight of the 23rd the firing was renewed and kept increasing on either side till about 8 o'clock when the forces were brought to bear heavily on either side and the carnage seemed to rage with equal fury all around. To have heard without seeing one would have thought that all the artillery of elementary warfare had been let loose and the lightnings vivid play and peals of dreadful thunder were rushing down upon us, but our boys stood it like heroes at times being forced to retreat a short distance to regain their order and get a few minutes rest and then to work again, contending with at least five and sometimes ten to one.

They made several attempts to charge the position of our Regiment but the brave and undaunted Washington played his artillery so handsomely upon them that they could not get in musket shot of us. They then tried to dislodge us with their artillery throwing bombs, balls and canister shot thick around us and had it not been for our ditch they would have cut us to pieces but fortunately for us not a man of our two companies was touched. When they found they could not force the pass they turned their whole attention to our left flank and their numbers being so far superior to ours they outflanked us and succeeded in passing 1500 or 2000 lancers to our rear for the purpose of cutting off our provision train but our Dragoons and cavalry gave them a hearty reception and after a short contest forced them to retreat but not until Col Yell³⁷ who commanded a regiment of cavalry from Arkansas with a few of his men had fallen.

When the contest began to rage so severely on our left Col Hardin sent to Gen Taylor for permission to take five of his companies and go

³⁵ Albion T. Crow.

³⁶ J. M. Washington.

³⁷ Archibald Yell.

on the field. After long entreaty leave was given him provided he should not take neither of our companies from the ditch unless Capt Washington would agree to it and this he would not do. Hardin took five companies and rushed eagerly forward to the hottest of the fight and never was man known to fight more bravely and do more execution than did those gallant suckers dealing destruction at every blow until the enemies whole lines were forced to retreat. Our men pursued them closely making a heavy charge upon them. The enemy rallied and made another stand but were forced again to retreat and Hardin being over anxious made another charge and with his little command got entirely in advance of the rest of the forces. The enemy perceiving their advantage made a stand and sent forth a large reenforcement of lancers being horsemen and outnumbering him so much he was forced to retreat and before a reenforcement could get to his relief he poor fellow with Capt Zabriskie, Lieut Houghton of Scott with two musicians and 24 privates fell. It was at the same time that Col McKee and Lt Col Clay of Ky fell.³⁸

Poor Hardin. There has been many curses and imprecations heaped upon him but all seems to be forgotten and every one deeply laments his loss. Never did a man act more bravely being himself in front and encouraging the boys to follow him. But his bravery proved his downfall. Yet his actions on that fatal day will keep him alive in the memory of his countrymen for ages yet to come. These three Colonels were doubtless as valiant and courageous men as ever drew a sword. It is supposed that this was the largest field fight that the Americans was ever engaged in lasting from daylight till dark and about eight hours close and hard fighting.

About 3 oClock in the afternoon our companies were ordered from the ditch on to the field where we had some pretty sharp shootin and kept it up till dark. We lay on the field all night expecting to go to work again in the morning but to our great surprise and not a little to our satisfaction when morning came there was no enemy to be seen. I tell you Henry they had us nearly whiped if they had known it. But by our men retreating into the hollows forming and coming up again in good order they thought it was fresh troops every time and became so alarmed that their officers could not rally them.

It would have been no wonder if they had whiped us for our whole force that was engaged in the fight was just 4300 while that of the enemy was 20,000 to 21,000. But our men fought like tigers and Illinois has gained for herself and her sons immortal honor. Our forces were all Volunteers but four companies of Dragoons and the artilyery, so it may be called a Volunteer fight. Old Buck³⁹ is elected our Col, Maj Warren Lieut

³⁸ Jacob W. Zabriskie was captain of the Jacksonville company, and Bryan R. Houghton was from Winchester. Col. William R. McKee and Col. Henry Clay, Jr., were both relatives of Col. Hardin by marriage.

³⁹ Lt. Col. William Weatherford.

Col, and Capt Richardson⁴⁰ of Schyler Major. John L. McConnel is Capt of the Jacksonville company. Our whole loss is about 600 killed and wounded, this is more than I knew of when I wrote before, the loss of the Mexicans in killed and wounded and prisiners is about 7000 and Santa ana says he has with deserters and all 10,000. It is not supposed that they will ever fight us again in our time and I think in a month or six weeks we will be on our march toward home. I. S. and A. J.⁴¹ are both well and also J. M. Childers and all the company, and join with me in our best love and respects to you and all the connections. You will please show this to my friends and let them know I am well, and especially to my dear companion. Tell her and the babes I will be at home as soon as possible after I am discharged. Till then adieu. I remain

Yours sincerely

J. B. DUNCAN

To
H. C. Wright
at home

Such was the climax of the campaign participated in by Sergeant Duncan and the Illinois Volunteers. Of course the war itself was to continue for another year, but the twelve-months' enlistment period of the volunteers was nearly up and most of them were anxious to get home. Some, however, did re-enlist and saw service, many with General Winfield Scott at Vera Cruz, and with General John C. Frémont in California. Sergeant Duncan, in a letter to his wife of April 16, referred to two further victories for American arms over the Mexicans:

You have no doubt heard of the battle we had [Buena Vista] and therefore I shall not say anything about it. There has been two battles since, viz. one at Chihuahua fought by Col Donophin⁴² of Missouri who with a Regt of 900 men defeated 4000 Mexicans and took the city with all their munition of war and 11 pieces of Artillery. This took place on the 27th of Feb. And also at Vera Cruz Gen Scott commenced Cannonading the city by sea and land on the 21 of March. The siege lasted till the evening of the 27th when the city and castle surrendered with a loss on there side of 1000 killed, 6000 prisiners, 200 pieces of artillery and all their arms and stores. The loss of the Americans was 57 killed and a number wounded. Thus victory attends the American arms wherever they are put to use. There is a strong talk of peace but it is not known yet whether

⁴⁰ William A. Richardson.

⁴¹ Mrs. Duncan's brothers, Isaac S. and A. J. Wright.

⁴² A. W. Doniphan.

it will be soon or not. There is a probability of us remaining till our time is out.⁴³

This last conjecture was right, and the Illinois volunteers stayed at Camp Buena Vista for another six weeks. In a letter dated April 23, we read:

We are still encamped in the same Valley that we have been in since the 21st of December and will remain here till we are ready to start home. We are living a very lazy life, nothing to do only drill a little twice a day and a guard tour to stand about every tenth day, and the rest of the time laying on our backs kicking up our heels or promenading around the encampment or going out into the mountains hunting. But by the by game is tolerable scarce but we can sometimes find a herd of cattle and kill a calf and bring it in or a mountain goat or deer, and sometimes get a sheep or a tame goat. The Mexicans furnish us with a good market consisting of a sort of bread something like our ginger bread with an abundance of onions, carrots, radishes &c and plenty of milk which we some times use but it is so filthy that if it was not for the sake of milk we would not eat at all. The weather is remarkably fine and has been for some time. We had some pretty cool nights in Feb. and one or two mornings there was ice the thickness of an inch. It has been a little inclined to be rainy for some two weeks but is fair now and we have not seen as much rain in Mexico as we have seen fall in Illinois in two hours. In fact it does not rain here but once a year and sometimes not that but when it does come it comes to count.⁴⁴

An interesting comment follows regarding a social problem:

There was great fears entertained by people at home that the soldiers would take up with bad habits of every kind especially drinking, but as for the last evil this of all places in the world is the least calculated to make men drunkards for there is not a drop of spirits of any kind allowed to be brought into camp but sometimes the soldiers will smuggle a little in but if they are caught with it they are punished for it.⁴⁵

In another letter of the same date, Mrs. Duncan was told:

A Report has got into camp that we will be discharged at New Orleans at the end of our time. We will be home soon after. Look not for us before the 4th of July.⁴⁶

⁴³ J. B. Duncan to Mrs. Duncan, April 18, 1847.

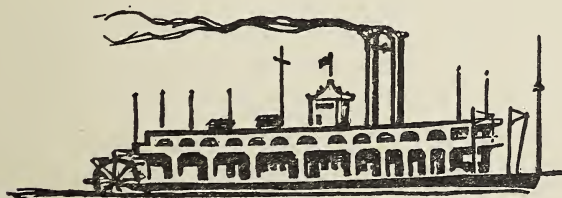
⁴⁴ I. S. and A. J. Wright and J. B. Duncan to Alexander M. Wright, April 23, 1847. (Written at Camp Buena Vista, Mexico.)

⁴⁵ Wright and Duncan to A. M. Wright, April 23, 1847.

⁴⁶ J. B. Duncan to Mrs. Duncan, April 23, 1847.

And so it was. Discharged on June 17, 1847, at Camargo, Mexico, the Illinois volunteers arrived in New Orleans two weeks later, and on July 10, Sergeant John B. Duncan returned to Franklin and Morgan County, to be reunited with Mrs. Duncan and their three small children, full of his adventures and travels in a far-off country, but anxious to settle down to the affairs of his home and his community.

The war with Mexico lasted only a few months longer. General Scott entered Mexico City on September 14, and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed on February 2, 1848. On March 10 this treaty was ratified by the United States Senate, late in May it was accepted by the Mexican Congress, and on July 4, 1848, it was proclaimed by President Polk. By the end of July the last American soldier had departed from south of the Rio Grande and the War with Mexico had passed into history.



THE IMPORTANCE OF ACTION IN LOCAL HISTORY

BY ABBIE FINDLAY POTTS

THE difference between *Poetry* and *History*, said Aristotle on the oldest campus of all, is that *History* speaks of what has happened and *Poetry* of what might happen. Through the lens of time, however, his words have become an event for the Historian as surely as they are still an excuse for the Poet; when poets and historians have something to do together, they must find an action common to *Poetry* and *History*.

The historian deals with facts in time, the literary folk deal with facts out of time; or, to put it even more simply, yours is the science of events, deeds done; ours is the science of deeds to-be-done, events in the mind. Yet even our events in the mind—witness histories of literature, art, and religion—ultimately become events in time. Moreover, is it not true that the desires, purposes, estimates, and projects of all of us—in brief, our budgets—creep not only into the *Congressional Record* but also into the history books? Witness Lord Nelson's hopeful words echoing in the recent speeches of President Truman: "England expects every man to do his duty." Yes, expectations; entreaties; imperatives; propaganda,

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good or bad; premeditated action, wise or foolish; these, too, are history.

A student of literature, then, may stand before the historians as a kind of historian herself, recording the feelings, convictions, and aims without which one of the notable institutions of Illinois would not have come to be. This duty and pleasure might better have happened to certain of my colleagues or predecessors at Rockford College: to Phebe Temperance Sutliff, its first president, 1896-1901, student of the French Revolution, and still living, in Warren, Ohio, to observe other revolutions; to Elizabeth Parnham Brush, student of the polity of Guizot; to Mildred Freburg Berry, student of the speeches of Lincoln; to Isabel R. Abbott, interpreter of Tudor England; to Helen Drew Richardson, who has recorded the cultural history of the Rock River Valley; or to Lorena M. Church, whose father wrote the history of Rockford. With due regard for these, then, I shall begin this story, *historia*.

Rockford College is not an accident: It is an action. Although in its annals there is much of happy and unhappy circumstance, in its effect on midwestern culture it is a work of art. It is a frontier episode, to be sure; but it is also a necessary part of a great cultural campaign. For instance, you are now encamped on the trail where, in 1832, the soldier, Abe Lincoln, with the Illinois Rangers, Iles's men, pursued Black Hawk, Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak, up this east bank of the Rock River along an aboriginal path from the mouth of the Kishwaukee, past our bluff here, northward to his pathetic defeat and exile from the land of his fathers. So always pathos surrenders to action. That was only a few months after the co-pilot of the *Talisman* on the River Sangamon, the same Abe Lincoln, had announced the course he would steer in a governmental action: "Upon the subject of education . . . I can only say that I view it as the most important subject which we as a people can be engaged in."¹ In spite of the battles he

¹ Roy P. Basler, ed., *Abraham Lincoln: His Speeches and Writings* (Cleveland, 1946), 56.

was to fight and the crosscurrents he was to navigate, education, not war and not government, was in Lincoln's mind the most important deed.

For another great leader in our state this area became somewhat more than a happy accident. Pausing here midway between Galena and Fort Dearborn in 1833, Aratus Kent, graduate of Yale under the predestinating Timothy Dwight, took this valley as part of the Mississippi Valley "for Christ"—another "must," as they say, in local history. Aratus' brother, Germanicus, would build a sawmill right across the river in 1834—Kentville; and in time, 1847, Aratus himself would charter a college for women here on the Bluff in Haightville, where the wood had been cut for Germanicus' sawmill. As Lincoln became the Statesman of Southern Illinois, Kent became the Apostle of Northern Illinois, a happy turn of affairs, I grant you, but not quite an accident: two determined young men, and in their care a ship and a book—The Ship of State and The Book of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

Since 1847, that year when Lincoln entered Congress and Rockford secured its charter, both Illinois and Rockford have had a busy century. While Abe and Aratus were legislating and preaching, Anna Peck Sill, the granddaughter of the Judge Peck who helped New York State to its education, was teaching. In 1843 with her action clear in mind she had written to Illinois for a job: "Pecuniary consideration would have but little influence in such an undertaking. My principal object is to do good." Great job-hunting, that! In time she got the job; and, come 1849, on the ridge north of us she opened the little school which was destined to be—and planned to be—Rockford Seminary, and in 1892 Rockford College.

Yes, it was a busy century for Mr. Lincoln and Brother Kent and Miss Sill. The fifties and sixties needed them all; and no county or hilltop in Illinois knew better what was at stake than Winnebago County and in it this tiny spot, nine

acres of oak-covered limestone above the Rock River.

To its banks in the summer of 1855 returned the Abe Lincoln who had become Mr. Abraham Lincoln, now the attorney of John H. Manny in a famous suit involving the patent for the Manny reaper; and here, before going on to Cincinnati, he cemented his friendship with Ralph Emerson, then trudging about among his friends to ask funds for Miss Sill's Seminary. It was to Ralph Emerson, indeed, that Lincoln confided his decision to go back to the *study* of law. On this very campus, too, under the eyes of Carrie Spafford, Miss Sill's first pupil, Elmer Ephraim Ellsworth drilled the Rockford Grays in that stern discipline of young manhood which put his Zouaves at the very spearhead of the Army of Liberation. Ellsworth was to go from the law office of Lincoln and Herndon to his death at Alexandria, the first Northern officer killed in the Civil War. But here we remember him less as the friend of Lincoln than as the lover of Carrie Spafford, whom Miss Sill was training for a more difficult art than either war or government, and a longer campaign than the Civil War of the sixties. Carrie cut her name on the glass window two floors above us while Elmer was studying Tennyson to pattern his life and that of his cadets on King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; and when the lovers must be separated he wrote to her: "The energies of a true man rise in proportion to the obstacles to be encountered." This sounds like something more than an accident. Elmer and Carrie were part of the Lincoln-Kent-Sill action.

Look closer. In the rooms next to this at Rockford College during the Civil War, Joanna Moore prayed herself into years of service on Isle Number Ten on the Mississippi, into a life of unremitting kindness to the freedmen and freedwomen of the South, feeding, clothing, teaching, nursing cholera patients—until, at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, as she tells us, "A notice was put up on my gate, November 20, 1890, signed 'White League,' ordering me to close my school

and leave the place under the penalty of death, assigning as a reason that I was teaching the niggers to consider themselves the equals of white people." And Lincoln only a quarter-century dead!

In those rooms, also, scores of other women have dedicated themselves to the arts of redemption, teaching in the name not only of the Kingdom of Heaven, but of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

Into this small room of this small house on this small hill—the chapel of what was in 1877 still Rockford Seminary—seventy years ago came two freshmen who were later to extend the social-educational-religious action to its utmost in another little house, Hull House, in another not-quite-so-little city, Chicago. Ellen Gates Starr came from Durand and Laura Jane Addams came from Cedarville. Through this institution they walked into the modern world. When Anna Peck Sill one day said, "All those not Christians may leave the room," Jane Addams left this chapel. But she was to come back many times, each time richer, because humbler—as, for instance, after her debate with William Jennings Bryan and Rollin Salisbury, when she was third in a contest which her schoolmates expected her to win. The adventures of Ellen Gates Starr took her into rooms always larger and larger until finally she came to rest in the very old, very new chapel of the Universal Church.

Under this small roof Jane Addams and Kitty Waugh drove their political and social arguments for a better world into the ears of that glorious generation without which Illinois and the nation and the family of nations would be the poorer: Annie Ellers, handmaiden to the queen of Korea, a country where the great governments of the world now find something to-be-done; Nora Frothingham, angel among the children of Tokio, where young Americans now carry on for her; Annie Sidwell, light for the eyes of the blind in the state of Illinois.

Within these walls A. Bronson Alcott "conversed" with one generation as a transcendentalist would; and Julia Lathrop, student of Plato, "reasoned" with another as a practical statesman should. And after them—not by accident—thinkers and artists of many lands have on this very platform said their say and done their deed for decades of Little Women, who have gone forth to help with the little children to whom Julia Lathrop devoted her life.

Come with us out on the campus. Upon this hillside by the river from 1891 to 1901 was held the first summer school for workers ever to be planned in our country—years ahead of similar institutions at Bryn Mawr and elsewhere. Said Amy Hewes of Mount Holyoke last year: "Why does someone not write the story for all to read?" Why not, historians of Illinois? Sarah Anderson, Phebe Sutliff, Jane Addams, Anna and Julia Lathrop, and a summer Hull House! History!

Yes, all of this could not have happened for you historians to record unless a poetic principle had been at work. This happened because it should have happened. Topography and chronology are not history; history is more than biography, sociology, and politics, more than doctrine and cult, even though the cult grow up around great men—Abraham Lincoln—and great women—Jane Addams and Julia Lathrop and Catherine Waugh McCulloch. Like her sisters, epic Caliope and dramatic Melpomene, Clio, the muse of history, deals not alone with learning, with personal or group character, nor merely with manners, customs, and activities, but beyond these with action.

And what is an action? May I define it as a deed which must-be-done?

Now the actions of Rockford, Town and Gown, have been many and various. First, a dam must-be-built in 1834 across Kent Creek by Germanicus Kent and Thatcher Blake, and in 1843-1857 across the Rock River. In 1852 the city must-

be-incorporated and tied by the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad to a greater midwestern city and then to other great cities, New York, London, Paris, Rome. In 1852 or thereabouts the Yankees of Rockford must-be-incorporated with the Swedes of Scandinavia of Europe of the great old and other world. In 1853 reapers must-be-made by John H. Manny—iron pumps must-be-made, gang plows and sulky cultivators as the years went by, and iron castings and machine tools; and machines-to-make-machines must-be-manufactured to unite Rockford with the inventors and industrialists of the past and the future, here and elsewhere; furniture must-be-fashioned for all God's chillun to sit on, and stockings must-be-knit for all God's chillun to walk in. And, wise heads came to help shrewd heads, as scholarly eyes came to help skillful hands, men and women must be trained.

For what?

Again and always the action is one of incorporation, of relationship, of unity. The North-and-South must-be-held-together. Asia, Burma, Jamaica, India, China, Turkey, Micronesia must-be-bound-together with this land of the free in the service and for the glory of the Lord. All colors and classes of folk must-be-joined in a common virtue and happiness. All countries and cultures must-be-related; all centuries must-be-linked in a system of communication so liberal that "goods" of all kinds may be "freighted" or "expressed" along past decades to the present and the future. That is the action of the historian, and the scholar, and the philosopher, and the poet, and the theologian.

In witness of the importance of this action I call again on Abraham Lincoln, who came our way twice. Lest we repose on his doctrines or lose ourselves in admiration of his stature, his character, his humor, his wisdom, let us become fellow agents in his great action.

The names of two of his devoted students appeared in an article in *The New York Times Magazine* of July 27, 1947.

Professor J. G. Randall is quoting, in the main, from editor Roy P. Basler certain words of Lincoln himself. From this doubly-sifted material I sift again, asking you to note carefully Lincoln's figure of speech:

We, when mounting the stage of existence, found ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or establishment of them—they are a legacy bequeathed us, by a *once* hardy, brave and patriotic, but *now* lamented and departed race of ancestors. Theirs was the task (and nobly they performed it) to possess themselves, and through themselves, us, of this goodly land; and to uprear upon its hills and its valleys, a political edifice of liberty and equal rights; 'tis ours only, to transmit these, the former, unprofaned by the foot of an invader; the latter, undecayed by the lapse of time and untorn by usurpation, to the latest generation that fate shall permit the world to know. This task gratitude to our fathers, justice to ourselves, duty to posterity, and love for our species in general, all imperatively require us faithfully to perform.²

He is speaking of a stage, and of the performance on it of a dramatic action.

Government is a combination of the people of a country to effect certain objects by joint effort. . . . The legitimate object of government is "to do for the people what needs to be done, but which they can not by individual effort, do at all, or do so well, for themselves"³

"To transmit," "faithfully to perform," "to effect certain objects by joint effort": that is his action and ours.

And what has Lincoln to say to women? I took his story of Mother Partington for the book, *House on the Hill*, and versified it as follows:

Did you ever hear of Old Mother Partington?
She lived—as the rest of us—on the shore of the sea.
One day it stormed like hell was loose at last;
The waves crept up and under her cabin door,
But the old lady got her broom and started to sweep;
Up came the water, higher and higher and higher,
To knees, to waist, to chin; but she swept, and she swept.

² Address before Young Men's Lyceum, Springfield, Ill., Jan. 27, 1838. Roy P. Basler, ed., *Abraham Lincoln: His Speeches and Writings*, 76-77.

³ Fragment: On Government, July 1, 1854. Nicolay & Hay, *Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln* (New York, 1905), II: 182-83.

"I'll keep on sweeping," she said, "till my broom gives out,
 And we'll see which wins the day, the storm or the broom."
 Now that is the way with me, and that is the way
 With the little school on top of the little hill—
 If the Mother who runs it has got her a good strong broom.
 Yes, Providence! As I read in the history books
 I learn that no mother's son can tell in advance
 What are the plans of his God for his town and his world.
 Whatever it be—the McCormick-Manny affair,
 The little school on the hill, Abe Lincoln himself,
 The great state of Illinois, the Union of States,
 Mankind and the planet he dwells on some seventy years—
 The result will stand clear, but not till the struggle is over.
We have to do only that which *we* have to do
With just what we have, and leave the judgment to God.⁴

In this sense the action of the great state of Illinois and of this little college is identical, and to be played on the same "stage." In this sense, too, the actions of our great American government and those of our great and little universities and colleges and schools are one and the same. And, if my argument is sound, the true history of our own time will be written only after historians have given more attention to the records of scholars and faculties, artists and professional men in the world of 1947.

That is a challenge for you, the historians. May I end with a little story from the records of the literary folk?

My story begins with a charming episode in which the common fortunes of Illinois and Rockford College were—I am almost tempted to say predetermined—at least foreshadowed. In August, 1789, just sixty years before Anna Peck Sill opened her little school a stone's throw north of us, William Wilberforce, the English statesman and abolitionist, and his sister, were guests of Miss Hannah More and her sister at Cowslip Green in Somersetshire, not far from Bristol. Urged by the enthusiasm of his hostesses, Wilberforce visited the Cliffs of Cheddar. But alas! he was much more distressed by the poverty and wretchedness of the people of Cheddar

⁴ Abbie Findlay Potts, *House on Hill* (Rockford, Ill., 1947), 41-42.

than by the beauty of the Cliffs; and when he came back to Cowslip Green he retired to his room in deep gloom. Now Miss Patty More, as she tells us in her *Mendip Annals*, feared that Mr. Wilberforce was unwell: "The cold chicken and wine put into the carriage for his dinner were returned untouched." At supper he told them why: Cheddar had "no resident minister, no manufacturing, nor did there appear any dawn of comfort, either temporal or spiritual."

"Miss Hannah More," he said, "something must-be-done for Cheddar. If you will be at the trouble, I will be at the expense."

And that was the beginning of the action which produced Rockford College in Abraham Lincoln's state of Illinois. From the visit of William Wilberforce to the Misses More until this day the liberal education of women and liberal statesmanship are intricately and blessedly involved. Something has been done for Cheddar!

Now the system of Sunday schools which Hannah More initiated in Somersetshire for the needy and ignorant impelled her to further thought, and on to literary action. I spare you the titles of her books; but as early as 1801 her writings on female education came to the hand of one Joseph Emerson, second cousin of Ralph Waldo, and a Harvard graduate licensed as preacher and tutor. His comments on Hannah's ideas, in his letters, to quote the *Dictionary of American Biography*,⁵ "betrayed an interest in the training of women"; and in 1816 he founded a seminary for young women at Byfield, Massachusetts, where Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke, and Zilpah Polly Grant, founder of Ipswich and patroness of Rockford, learned the discipline given by his instruction in a wide range of studies, and themselves became "his most enduring work."

Joseph Emerson died in 1833, aged fifty-six, the same year that Hannah More departed this life. What they said to

⁵ *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York, 1931), VI: 129.

each other in heaven is a "might" for the poets rather than a "has been" for the historians. But, indeed, they might now point to three great institutions: to Mount Holyoke, to Rockford, and to Vassar, first headed by Hannah Lyman, a student of Zilpah at Ipswich.

Now this Joseph Emerson was a brother to the Rev. Ralph Emerson, professor of Ecclesiastical History at Andover Theological Seminary. With his wife the latter gave active assistance not only to the young Zilpah, but, as the years went on, to the first principal of Rockford, Anna Peck Sill. Moreover, two daughters of the Ralph Emersons taught under Rockford's roof, and his two sons, Joseph and Ralph, the former Greek professor at Beloit and president of the board of Rockford for many years, and the latter benefactor of the Seminary and College and the friend of Abraham Lincoln, became prime agents in that action whereby the citizens of this valley set themselves to do what must-be-done, in business, school, and state. Mr. Ralph Emerson's grandsons, both at Cornell University and Rockford College, carry on this action, and his daughters, too, here and elsewhere with loyalty and generous concern.

I have gone into this little story at some length because it reminds us, both students of literature and history, of what can be done—must-be-done—by individuals and families to support the best purposes of our country in the century ahead. Nor should we forget that the truth of history is often to be found in the unpretentious documents of a locality or a decade.

There were other agents—many of them—in the development of this local action: mayors, ministers, teachers, artists, builders, ladies and gentlemen, and fathers and mothers. The ordeal is not yet over in the college, nor in the state. But if even so brief a note as this is to be recorded in the service of the new age, it must direct us to that deed of teaching, which must-be-done again and again and again and forever, the longest action of all.

Thanks to Dr. Robert Kimball Richardson, archivist and historian of our brother institution, Beloit, who made accessible to us many documents and letters precious in the history of the Rock River Valley, we may clearly define the importance of teaching for this part of Illinois. Said the Joseph Emerson of Beloit and Rockford who was counseled by the Zilpah Polly Grant who was taught by the Rev. Joseph Emerson of Byfield who had read the letters of Mistress Hannah More who was the friend of David Garrick and Samuel Johnson and Horace Walpole and William Wilberforce and Thomas Babington Macaulay (What a chain reaction! And what a woman! And oh! for such women always who will take the trouble to do in Cheddar what must-be-done!): "We have got to educate wealth before we can use it" (1877).

Seventy years later these words have lost none of their force. In an age of chain action and reaction in the physical world, the action in the mind which I have recounted, demanding, equally, powers of exhibition and inhibition, the systole and diastole of culture—this alone will redeem us. As historians and poets alike we should seek this action out, set it down, and blazon it forth. Otherwise the publicists of other kinds of action will run away with this funny, precious, and beautiful world—and that must-not-be-done.

Let us, then, recall what William Wilberforce said to Mistress Hannah More in 1789. Something must be done for Cheddar. If we will be at the trouble, someone else will surely be at the expense; but being at the expense without being at the trouble is of no more use in the history of culture than in the history of physics and economics.

There are many other actions with which Rockford College is associated for the good of the state of Illinois and our United States and United Nations. I might have noted the influence of William and Mary and of King's College, Columbia, on the Rock River Valley, quoting the words of President William Arthur Maddox, "the government of the United

States, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within each of us"—a great action that, in these days as in his! Or I might have referred to the action of President Julia Gulliver on this campus, which aimed to place Woman more practically and effectively in the World of Men. Or, again, it would be tempting to review the action of President Gordon Keith Chalmers, which carries us in sympathy and purpose back through the schools of Oxford to that great Academy of Athens, in the determined search for ideas. But today, in deference to Rockford's present leader, Dr. Mary Ashby Cheek, herself a wise student of history and well able to remind us of those unfinished deeds which should have been done at Geneva, I have chosen to review the action in which Mount Holyoke and Rockford are sisters, both daughters-in-the-spirit of that Joseph Emerson of Byfield who had been reading the works of Mistress Hannah More, who herself was at the trouble of doing something for Cheddar.



ILLINOIS AGRICULTURE IN TRANSITION 1820-1870

BY RICHARD BARDOLPH

PART TWO¹

THE Illinois farmer's first two or three years on new land laid upon him the double task of converting prairie into farm and, during this period of transition, wresting from the acres both a living for his family and the means for paying the costs of getting under way. Arriving in the spring, he was commonly prevented by want of time, capital, and equipment from breaking more than from twenty to forty acres for cultivation during the first season.

If the breaking were done by contract, the cost was usually two dollars or more per acre and often the additional expense of supplying a house, fences, a well, seed, stock, and many other items dictated careful budgeting. If the farmer undertook to break the sod himself he was pressed for time. He could plow up only two acres a day and the breaking season was short, extending from mid-April to mid-July, and during that time many days had to be devoted to other labor incidental to establishing a farm on virgin prairie. Sometimes pioneer families postponed house-building time by living in

¹ Part I appeared in the September issue of this *Journal*.

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tents during the breaking season, but there were other tasks that could not readily be deferred.²

Ordinarily the freshly broken field was immediately planted in "sod corn" simply by having a boy follow the plow, dropping the seed in every third furrow. (Often a farmer, waiting until after the entire field had been broken, preferred to do the planting either with the aid of a hand-operated corn planter or by dropping the seeds into holes made with an ax or a pointed stick and covering it with his boot heel.) Thereafter, nothing further was done to the crop until it was harvested. Sometimes wheat was sown as a first crop. In that case the seed was sown broadcast in September and harrowed in. Only rarely was the soil harrowed before the planting of sod wheat, and throughout the fifties many farmers were amused by the innovators who went so far as to drill wheat. Though not a certain crop, sod corn commonly yielded from twenty-five to fifty bushels per acre, and sod wheat more than twenty.³

The state's agricultural leaders and visitors from the East and from Europe often spoke with disdain of the slovenly habit, common to new prairie farmers, of sowing wheat among standing corn in September, and then covering it by running a few furrows with the plow between the rows of corn. The dry cornstalks were then cut down in the spring and left on the ground or later collected and burned.⁴ The first year's farming program often included, in addition to the grain crop, a small

² *American Agriculturist*, Vol. I (April, 1842), 14-16; Vol. XVI (Nov., 1857), 252; *Cultivator*, Vol. VII (Feb., May, 1840), 33, 80; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (July 16, 1857), 41; *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. VI (Nov. 10, 1855), 358; Russell Howard Anderson, "Agriculture in Illinois During the Civil War Period, 1850-1870" (Ph.D. thesis, University of Illinois, 1929), 26.

³ *New England Farmer*, Vol. XVIII (Sept. 11, 1839), 84; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (July 23, 1857), 57-58; *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Nov., 1857), 252; *Genesee Farmer*, n.s. Vol. XVIII (March, 1857), 84-85; *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. VII (March 1, 1856), 69-70; U. S. Patent Office, *Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the year 1850* (Washington, 1851), Pt. II: 403; *The Illinois Central Railroad Company Offers for Sale Over 1,500,000 Acres Selected Farming and Wood Lands*. . . (Boston, 1857), 45-46.

⁴ John Mason Peck, *A Gazetteer of Illinois, in Three Parts*. . . (Jacksonville, 1834), 30; Harry J. Carman, "English Views of Middle Western Agriculture, 1850-1870," *Agricultural History*, Vol. VIII (Jan., 1934), 3-19; "A Letter From Illinois Written in 1836," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. III (Oct., 1910), 95.

vegetable garden, a little plot of root crops, a harvest of prairie hay, a cow or two, and a few hogs running at large on the prairie.

During the second season the farmer might expand the scope of his operations, concentrating his efforts upon breaking more prairie and raising a crop of wheat, barley, and oats. By the third year the grass roots were thoroughly decomposed and the prairie soil, now as easily cultivated as any other, was ready for any crop that it could grow.⁵

Enthusiasts, travelers, and conspicuously successful prairie farmers were fond of exclaiming upon the relative cheapness of bringing prairie farms under cultivation. Much was made of the availability of open range for stock, the low cost of land, and the generous fertility of the soil, and it was often asserted—and occasionally even proved in practice—that the first two years of operations could pay for a new prairie farm and all the needed improvements.⁶ Perhaps most sod-breaking farmers after making the attempt would have agreed, however, with the intelligent farmer-physician in Christian County who, in 1857, wrote, in a series of sketches of prairie farming in Illinois for an Eastern agricultural journal, that an ample fund of capital was needed to make a good beginning: at least \$2,500, he thought, to establish a new farm of 160 acres.⁷

In 1820 corn was already the state's staple crop. Easy to cultivate, well adapted to prairie soil, returning a large yield, readily stored or concentrated into meat or whisky, and pro-

⁵ *New England Farmer*, Vol. XVIII (Sept. 11, 1839), 84; *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Nov., 1857), 252; *Genesee Farmer*, n.s. Vol. XVIII (March, 1857), 84-85; "Original Letters—A Description of the Illinois Country, William Dobell to Lucy Coveney, January 6, 1842," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XV (April and July, 1922), 524-30; Herbert A. Kellar, "The Reaper as a Factor in the Development of the Agriculture of Illinois, 1834-1865," *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1927* (Danville, 1927), 105-14; Fred A. Shannon, *America's Economic Growth* (New York, 1940), 250.

⁶ See *The Illinois Central Rail-Road Company Offers For Sale Over 2,000,000 Acres Selected Farming and Wood Lands*. . . (New York, 1856), *passim*; John Mason Peck, *A New Guide for Emigrants to the West*. . . (Boston, 1837), 280; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (July 16, 1857), 41; Vol. XVI (July 5, 1860), 10-11; *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, Oct., 1910, p. 96.

⁷ *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Nov., 1857), 252.

viding a staple food for man and beast, it had the further advantage of being adaptable to an economy where labor was scarce: the crop required little labor after it began to grow, and the harvest was long. Second in importance to corn in the twenties and thirties was wheat. Less significant as field crops were barley, oats, hemp, flax, garden vegetables, potatoes, and the cultivated grasses.

Swine and cattle became important at an early date. Economically fed by being permitted to range on unfenced woodland and open prairie, they were given almost no care whatever and the rangy beasts, admirably suited for driving on the hoof to distant markets, were far less dependent upon transportation facilities than were grains and other products.

Local markets were almost wholly wanting in the early days, and grains, bacon, hams, and other surpluses that were available for sale were carried to St. Louis or New Orleans on flatboats down the river. Not uncommonly the farmer would take the provisions to market himself by flatboat and then walk back rather than return upstream against strong currents. As farms were established farther back from water courses, roads began to link the hinterland with the rivers, and the thirties, with the development of steamboat navigation on the rivers, saw a brisk increase in the sale of agricultural surpluses. Then, when canal and railway systems and the rise of Chicago and lesser commercial centers suddenly provided undreamed-of outlets, production for market became feasible for agriculturists all over the state and the prairie boom began.⁸

Though increased market facilities proved a spur to crop diversification, the most remarkable expansion was in the very crops upon which the state's farmers had long been concentrating. In 1840 the annual production of corn had reached 22,634,211 bushels, and the state stood seventh among the

⁸ Harlan H. Barrows, *Geography of the Middle Illinois Valley* (Illinois Geological Survey, Bulletin no. 15, Urbana, 1910), 80-83; Illinois Department of Agriculture, *Transactions*, Vol. XIII, 1875 (Springfield, Ill., 1876), 300 ff.; Peck, *Gazetteer of Illinois*, 23-44; see also Part I of this article, appearing in the Sept., 1948, issue of this *Journal*.

corn-producing commonwealths of the Union. Ten years later she had moved up to third rank with 57,646,984 bushels, and in 1870 with 129,921,395 bushels she stood first, the crop being nearly twice as great as that of her nearest competitor.⁹

Equally striking was the advance in wheat production. Standing eighth among the states in 1840 with 3,335,393 bushels, Illinois was in first place in 1860 with 23,837,023, and in 1870 with 30,728,405 she was still in the lead. The pattern of expansion, however, was irregular, reflecting such diverse pressures as widely fluctuating foreign demand, heavy losses from winter-killing, diseases and insects, and the influence of such mechanical devices as drills, reapers, and threshers. Until the late thirties winter wheat was generally sown and the culture of spring wheat was rare, but by 1870 more than a third of the state's wheat production was of the latter variety.

Throughout the forties and fifties wheat was regarded by many farmers as an uncertain crop, and poor years when disease, winter-killing, and insects took their toll were often followed by widespread abandonment of its culture. As late as the latter decade the belief persisted that Illinois soil was too rich for wheat, rye, and oats because the plants grew too tall and rank and could not withstand the winds and rain as well as the shorter, tougher plants on poorer soil. With the more certain yields that followed the introduction of varieties better adapted to the state and particular sections of the state, and the greatly improved culture which the drill effected, a new impetus was given to wheat production about 1850. Thanks to the further stimulus of the Crimean War and the increasing use of reapers, the state's wheat crop in 1855 was three times that of 1850, and in 1856 the value of the wheat crop for the first time exceeded that of corn.¹⁰

⁹ U. S. Census Office, Sixth Census, 1840: *Compendium*, 358; Ninth Census, 1870: *Compendium*, 694-96. There were 26 states in the Union in 1840 and 38 in 1870.

¹⁰ Sixth Census, 1840: *Compendium*, 358; Ninth Census, 1870: *Compendium*, 694-95; Ill. Dept. Agriculture, *Transactions*, 1875, pp. 307-11; Anderson, "Agriculture in Illinois Dur-

The years 1840-1870 saw Illinois rise from eighth place to first among all the states in the production of oats, from ninth to third in hay, from sixteenth to third in rye. In 1840 she stood tenth in the combined output of flax and hemp, and by 1870, though her hemp production had been nearly abandoned, she stood third in flax. No less remarkable was the growth in livestock raising. Standing ninth in swine production in 1840 with 1,495,254 head the state was in first place in 1870 with 2,703,343. In 1840 Illinois stood ninth in the raising of cattle, with 626,274 head; thirty years later she was fourth in dairy cattle with 640,321, and second in beef cattle with 1,055,499.¹¹

A veritable mania for sheep in the forties leveled off in the fifties as wheat culture was extended in the latter decade and as bitter experience dimmed the earlier bright hopes of the sheep farmer. In the fifties the number of sheep in Illinois fell from 894,043 to 769,135 though population had doubled, but in the sixties the rising price of wool encouraged new expansion and at the close of that decade Illinois was seventh among the states in number of sheep (1,568,286) and sixth in wool production (5,739,249 pounds).¹² Throughout the period the economy of raising sheep on the prairies was warmly debated by farmers and agricultural leaders, but there were always enough sheep enthusiasts to make wool and mutton important products of the state.¹³

The growing commercialization of agriculture after 1840 furnished some impulse toward greater diversification of crops

ing the Civil War Period," *passim*; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Aug. 20, 1857), 129; *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. V (Feb., 1845), 36; *Cultivator*, n.s. Vol. VIII (Nov., 1851), 356; U. S. Patent Office, *Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1852* (Washington, 1853), Pt. II: 323; Percy Wells Bidwell and John I. Falconer, *History of Agriculture in the Northern United States, 1620-1860* (Washington, 1925), 329-35.

¹¹ Sixth Census, 1840: *Compendium*, 360; Seventh Census, 1850: *Compendium*, 170-71; Ninth Census, 1870: *Compendium*, 694-710.

¹² Ninth Census, 1870: *Compendium*, 708-10; Anderson, "Agriculture in Illinois During the Civil War Period," *passim*; Bidwell and Falconer, *History of Agriculture in the Northern United States*, 412-20.

¹³ Ill. Dept. Agriculture, *Transactions*, 1875, pp. 324-25; U. S. Patent Office, *Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1854, Agriculture* (Washington, 1855), 51; *New England Farmer*, Vol. XIII (Feb. 18, 1835), 252; *Peoria Register and Northwestern Gazetteer*, Jan. 21, 1842.

as well as a stimulus to increased production of the proved staples. A movement toward mixed farming was spurred on by leading improvers and the agricultural and newspaper press, and, though the latter were disappointed over the smallness of the response, important gains were made in horticulture, truck and garden farming, dairying, poultry raising, sorghum culture, and a few other hitherto neglected specialties. The widening practice of raising products for cash sales in distant markets inevitably led a number of farmers to experiment with new money-makers, and the railroads, moreover, now made possible the marketing of perishable goods at moderately distant points.¹⁴

Except in the southern part of the state where some orchards had been established before 1820 and where fruit culture received increasing attention during the half century before 1870, that branch of husbandry was relatively neglected in Illinois. Notable progress was made, however, in the forties and fifties, thanks in part to the efforts of state, regional, and county horticultural societies and to the exertions of such inspired agricultural reformers as Dr. John A. Kennicott of Cook County and Matthias Lane Dunlap of Champaign County. Both men were tirelessly active in state and local agricultural and horticultural societies and were known from one end of the state to the other through their writings for the agricultural press.

Orchards and nurseries began to multiply in the north and central portions of the state after 1845 though many farmers clung to the belief that fruit trees could not prosper on the prairies, and that "he who plants pears, plants for his heirs." After much hit-or-miss testing of varieties, the results of which were discussed by the state's fruit growers in their

¹⁴ *Peoria Register and Northwestern Gazetteer*, Oct. 29, Nov. 5, 12, 1841; *Union Agriculturist and Western Prairie Farmer*, Vol. II (March, 1842), 22-23; *Emery's Journal of Agriculture*, Vol. I (Jan. 7, 21, 1858), 24, 58; *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVII (Dec., 1858), 364; *Jonesboro Gazette*, Jan. 18, 1862; *Ogle County Press*, July 11, 1863; *Central Illinois Gazette*, Nov. 10, 1865; C. A. Harper, "The Railroad and the Prairie," *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1923* (Springfield, 1923), 108.

annual conventions and then published as printed transactions, the farmers of the state were at last provided with dependable guides to horticultural practice. The dollar value of the orchard products of Illinois was estimated at \$126,756 in 1840; \$446,049 in 1850; \$1,126,323 in 1860. In 1870 the census figures placed Illinois fourth among all the states, with a production valued at \$3,571,789. Though the dollar value of market garden produce was increased tenfold during the same years, the total stood at a mere \$765,992 in 1870.¹⁵

Dairying as a cash business was almost nonexistent in Illinois in 1850 except on a very small scale near the Chicago market, and in the late fifties the state's principal agricultural journals rebuked farmers for their neglect of this branch of farming. "There is no better or readier market [for dairy products] in the world than here," said the *Prairie Farmer*, "and no market so poorly supplied." *Emery's Journal of Agriculture* complained that many of the state's cities and towns had no adequate supply of butter, and that what little was made in Illinois was scarcely more than unpalatable grease.¹⁶

Five years later a moderate degree of progress moved a farmer in Dongola, Illinois, to write:

I well remember when scarcely a pound of cheese was made in the State, and even now many farmers make very little butter. But there are those who, at last, have established the dairy business on a large scale, and no better butter or cheese can be found than is produced on our prairie farms.¹⁷

¹⁵ *Transactions of the Illinois State Horticultural Society*, Vol. X (1865), 61-62; Vol. XII (1867), 215-22; Vol. XIII (1868), 297-321; Vol. XIV (1869), 17, 237-44; Vol. XV (1870), 269-99, 335-52; Vol. XVI (1871), 269 ff.; Ill. Dept. Agriculture, *Transactions*, 1875, pp. 316-18; *Transactions of the Illinois State Agricultural Society*, Vol. IV, 1859-1860 (Springfield, 1861), 88, 97, 500-1; *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. V (Feb., 1845), 36; Vol. XIII (Feb., 1853), 62-64; *Illinois Farmer*, Vol. I (Jan., 1856), 9-10; *Gardener's Monthly*, Vol. II (Feb., 1860), 36-37; Vol. V (July, 1863), 214; Vol. VI (Dec., 1864), 375-76; Peck, *Gazetteer of Illinois*, 24-26; U. S. Patent Office, *Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1849* (Washington, 1850), Pt. II: 429-45. Figures are from Seventh Census, 1850: *Compendium* 172-73; Ninth Census, 1870: *Compendium*, 692-93. On Kennicott and Dunlap and the work of the horticultural societies, see the author's *Agricultural Literature and the Early Illinois Farmer* (*Illinois Studies in the Social Sciences*, XXIX, nos. 1 and 2, Urbana, 1948).

¹⁶ *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XVII (Jan. 1, 1857), 1; *Emery's Journal of Agriculture*, Vol. I (Jan. 7, 1858), 20.

¹⁷ *Country Gentleman*, Vol. XXII (Sept. 3, 1863), 154.

Unfortunately his judgment was not widely shared, for Illinois butter and cheese had a bad reputation because of lack of care in their manufacture and shipment and in the late sixties the butter was still being quoted in the exchanges as "Western Grease." Progress was notable, however, for in 1870 Illinois stood fourth among the states in dairy production, the census estimating the value of her dairy products at nearly \$50,000,000.¹⁸

Tobacco was raised in southern Illinois in increasing amounts after 1820, at first principally for home and neighborhood consumption, but by 1860 the state was producing nearly 7,000,000 pounds, much of it for the general market. The Civil War years witnessed a sharp increase in tobacco culture in Illinois, but by 1870 the state's output had fallen below the 1860 figure.¹⁹ Cotton had been raised for home use in southern Illinois before 1820, but by 1840 cheap Southern cotton had all but crowded it out of production. With the outbreak of the Civil War, however, southern Illinois farmers, encouraged by the agricultural press, the state and county agricultural societies, and the Illinois Central Railroad, returned to it with a rush. The fever was fed by absurd expectations (some of them actually realized in the astonishing 1865 crop of 10,000 bales) but the boom quickly collapsed after normal Southern production was resumed.²⁰

Sometimes Illinois farmers in their quest for quick wealth hurled themselves into feverish speculations. The agricultural crazes that swept across rural America in the first half of the nineteenth century²¹ found a number of gullible victims in

¹⁸ Fred A. Shannon, *The Farmer's Last Frontier, Agriculture, 1860-1897* (The Economic History of the United States, V, New York, 1945), 256; Ninth Census, 1870: *Compendium*, 711.

¹⁹ Peck, *Gazetteer of Illinois*, 31; Hubert Schmidt, "Farming in Illinois a Century Ago as Illustrated in Bond County," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XXXI (June, 1938), 144-45; *Illinois Farmer*, Vol. VII (April, 1862), 106-8; Vol. VIII (March, 1863), 66; *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XXX (Nov. 26, 1864), 344; Ninth Census, 1870: *Compendium*, 700-1.

²⁰ See *American Farmer*, Vol. IV (Aug. 9, 1822), 1858; Peck, *Gazetteer of Illinois*, 32; *Transactions of the Illinois State Agricultural Society*, Vol. V, 1861-1864 (Springfield, 1865), 31, 65, 69, 71; *Prairie Farmer*, Vols. XXIII-XXXI (1861-65), *passim*; *Illinois Farmer*, Vols. V-IX (1861-64), *passim*; Anderson, "Agriculture in Illinois During the Civil War Period," 240-42.

²¹ See Arthur H. Cole, "Agricultural Crazes; a Neglected Chapter in American History," *American Economic Review*, Vol. XVI (Dec., 1926), 622-39.

Illinois. The first of the great fevers in the state was the gamble in a species of mulberry called the *Morus Multicaulis* that lured the prairie husbandmen with the promise of fabulous yields of silk. Another was the China Tree Corn whose prodigious crops of grain were to make them rich. The Rohan Potato craze and the "hen fever" intoxicated whole communities, and some farmers escaped them only to be infected by the bite of such lesser humbugs as Chinese yams, Rocky Mountain corn, or white willow hedges. The middle fifties saw heavy speculation in "Chinese Sugar Cane" to which even the most cautious succumbed, and in the early sixties "tree cotton" and "Illinois Coffee" extended the sucker list.²²

Some crazes, like the sheep mania in the forties and the hemp and sugar fevers in the fifties, not to mention the headlong rushes into Hungarian grasses and hedge-growing, because of their very plausibility were especially ruinous, for farmers invested heavily with childlike faith. In some instances agricultural periodicals, moved by dealers in seeds, implements, and special equipment (who bought great blocks of advertising space in the journals) fed the fires by supporting the get-rich-quick schemes and printing column after column on the subjects. More often, however, the farm papers cautioned farmers to be on their guard against excesses.

An odd assortment of imposters and gadget-peddlers was forever stalking the countryside for prey. One of the most audacious of them all was the celebrated "Professor" Russell Comstock who visited Illinois in the fifties after a profitable tour of the East. Comstock, a native of Dutchess County, New York, announced, in 1849, that he had discovered a vital prin-

²² On these and other crazes see *Illinois Intelligencer*, March 13, 1830; *Union Agriculturist and Western Prairie Farmer*, Vol. I (Jan., 1841), 3, 6; *Transactions of the Illinois State Agricultural Society*, Vol. III, 1857-1858 (Springfield, 1859), 114. On the sugar mania, see the files of the *Prairie Farmer*, the *Illinois Farmer*, and *Emery's Journal of Agriculture* for the late fifties. The rise and fall in the space of a few months of the Illinois coffee boom may be traced in *Illinois Farmer*, Vol. VII (Feb.-April, 1862), 55-56, 78-79, 122; *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XXV (Feb. 1, March 8, 15, 1862), 65, 145, 161, 193; Vol. XXVI (Dec. 13, 1862), 376; *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. XIII (March 22, 1862), 93; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. XIX (Feb. 27, March 13, 20, May 15, 1862), 145, 177, 193, 319; *Genesee Farmer*, n.s. Vol. XXIII (May, 1862), 163; *Wisconsin Farmer*, Vol. XIV (March 1, 1862), 117.

ciple, hitherto overlooked, that lay at the root of all agricultural science. After the Congress of the United States and later the General Assembly of New York declined to avail themselves of his offer to sell the mighty secret for several hundred thousand dollars, he spent a decade in lecture tours (sometimes under the sponsorship of agricultural societies who shared in his swag), peddling his teachings under the name of Terra Culture.

Farmers were admitted to his lectures for a dollar a head, and, after swearing his hearers to secrecy, Comstock would introduce the mysteries of Terra Culture in general terms and then offer to sell at \$5.00 each (the price was later increased to \$10) pamphlets giving full directions for converting the "Great Disclosure" into practice. In community after community, from New England to Iowa, he bilked credulous farmers. When he came to Illinois the state's agricultural periodicals did their best to expose him—even printing letters from disgruntled farmers who had succumbed to the lure—but a considerable number of sheep marched off to be shorn.²³

The rapid expansion of agricultural production in the state during the half century under review owed very little to improved modes of culture. Nature lavished her gifts upon the prairie farmer, the inventor and factory placed new tools

²³ The story of the Terra Culture fiasco may be pieced together from *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XIII (April, May, June, Aug., 1853), 138, 203, 232, 236, 240, 319; Vol. XIV (June, July, 1854), 214-16, 222, 245; Vol. XV (Jan., 1855), 34; Vol. XXIII (April 25, 1861), 265; Vol. XXVII (Jan. 31, 1863), 72; *Northern Farmer*, Vol. I (Nov., 1852), 170; *Ohio Cultivator*, Vol. X (May 15, 1854), 152; Vol. XII (Dec., 1856), 353; *Plough, Loom, and Anvil*, Vol. IV (Dec., 1851), 374-75; *Farmer's Monthly Visitor*, Vol. XIII (March, 1853), 85; *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. IV (Feb. 26, July 16, 1853), 69, 74, 230; Vol. V (April 22, 1854), 126; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. III (May 18, 1854), 310-11; Vol. X (July 16, 1857), 48; Vol. XIV (Nov. 17, 1859), 318; *Illinois Farmer*, Vol. VII (Aug., 1862), 242.

In brief, Comstock began with the premise that agricultural practice should imitate nature as closely as possible, and then went on to say that "all seeds sown or planted, as by nature, on the surface of the ground, or as near as possible and have them sufficiently covered to germinate, will grow more thrifty, and will produce more, better, and healthier fruit or seeds, and more perfect roots in all tuberous, bulbous, and tap-root vegetables." He drew this inference from the assumption that "in all vegetable productions, as trees, plants, vegetables, &c., there is a circular point which may be termed a neck, existing at the point in most kinds of vegetation where the root commences to shoot downward, and the top or stalk upward; that this neck is the seat of life of the vegetable kingdom, as the heart is of the animal." Quoted in *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XIV (June, 1854), 222.

in his hands, and the changing national economy provided wider markets for his produce, but the general level of farming practice remained low.

An Eastern visitor to central Illinois in 1826 wrote that:

Natural advantages have not only fostered former habits of inactivity but gener [ated new] ones. The emigrant to Indiana must away [*sic*] the forest first...; while that to Illinois finds the field ready fitted for the plough & the scythe. The soil here produces almost spontaneously.

Two years later a visitor to Jacksonville reported that the soil there was the best he had seen anywhere. "The productions of all kinds," he wrote, "from the slightest culture are very abundant, more so than from the most careful tillage and manuring east of the Alleghany Mountains."²⁴

Still another bar to the introduction of improved methods was the foot-loose character of the Illinois farmer. Farms changed hands rapidly as a result of "Western fever" and the disposition to sell out as land values rose and then to begin anew on unbroken prairie. The California gold fields lured a surprising number in the early fifties, but, more frequently, restless farmers followed the advancing middle border to take up new lands. A physician in Christian County wrote the *American Agriculturist* in 1857 that only about half the people who commenced farms on the prairie remained on them, while the other half moved on to start again, repeating the process over and over. The latter, he said, would get cheap land from the government or the railroad, put up a shanty and a few rods of fence, break ten to forty acres, raise a corn crop and perhaps some wheat. Then, thinking that they were driving a sharp bargain, they would sell their land at five dollars more per acre than they had paid for it, and make a new purchase, either in Illinois or farther west. Such farmers, he pointed out, made

²⁴ E. G. Howe, Springfield, May 23, 1826, to Absalom Peters; and H. G. Taylor, Jacksonville, Aug. 7, 1828, to Peters (MSS in the American Home Missionary Society Papers in the Illinois Historical Survey, Urbana, Ill.). In the same set of papers, see also Nathan Jones, Canton, June 24, 1829, to Peters; John G. Bergen, Springfield, Feb. 24, 1829, to Peters; John M. Ellis, Jacksonville, July 30, 1828, to Peters. See also *New England Farmer*, Vol. XVIII (Sept. 11, 1839), 84.

no permanent improvements.²⁵ Even at the end of the period, the regular Illinois correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* wrote that the "Western fever" was still raging in Illinois:

Every farmer who can sell out at a reasonable price, every foot-loose trader and mechanic, every laborer and everybody else who can get together the means to emigrate, has his eyes turned to, and his heart set on, the promised land of the west and southwest.... [Many are restrained only by poverty or by special circumstances] and if the people had their own inclinations only to consult, 80 per cent of the whole would move westward.²⁶

In the face of these deterrents to long-term programs of improvement, it is small wonder that farming practice remained poor. The farm journals and the published transactions of the agricultural societies constantly berated the farmers for their slovenly methods of plowing and their failure to provide for proper drainage, but little progress in these operations could be discerned at the close of the sixties. Deep and careful tillage was generally regarded as a costly frill, grain fields were infrequently and haphazardly (and sometimes not at all) harrowed and cultivated, and only a small minority of progressive husbandmen installed mole-draining or tile-draining systems before 1870. Despite the careless methods of cultivating grains and the disposition to let nature produce the crop with a minimum of human intervention, corn frequently yielded eighty bushels to the acre, and wheat, forty.²⁷

Manuring and crop rotation were also almost wholly neglected. Relying upon the native fertility of the soil, farmers sometimes made twenty or thirty successive crops of the same grain in the same field without any thought of soil depletion.

²⁵ *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Dec., 1857), 277-78; *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. I (May 9, 1850), 146; *Genesee Farmer*, n.s. Vol. XVIII (April, 1857), 116; *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XIX (Feb. 3, 1859), 72; Vol. XXI (Feb. 9, 1860), 93; *Illinois Farmer*, Vol. V (May, 1860), 74.

²⁶ *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*, Vol. XXXIII (Feb. 11, 1869), 115.

²⁷ For contemporary descriptions of corn and wheat culture, see *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Nov., 1857), 252; William Oliver, *Eight Months in Illinois* (Chicago, 1924), 84-89. This volume was originally published in 1843. U. S. Patent Office, *Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1850* (Washington, 1851), Pt. II: 198, 402-3; *Report for the Year 1853*, Pt. II: 105-6; *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, Oct., 1910, pp. 91-98; *The Illinois Central Railroad Company Offers For Sale Over 1,500,000 Acres Selected Farming and Wood Lands*. . . (Chicago, 1858), *passim*.

Stable and barnyard manures were commonly carted away and burned or left unused. Wrote one agriculturist to the Commissioner of Patents:

If a man puts in a piece of meadow, he will cut the grass for 15 or 20 years without manuring, scarifying, or reseeding. There are farmers who have planted corn on the same ground ever since they commenced farming, say for 25 years, without changing their seed or plowing deeper than at first. Corn, corn, without manure is their rotation. Corn is their motto from beginning to end, barely splitting the rows. And should any one presume to do differently, he would be denounced as a *book-farmer*, and thought to be incapable of getting a living by farming.²⁸

The same catch-as-catch-can methods that marked the culture of field crops characterized the raising of livestock. From the earliest days of Illinois agriculture stock was permitted to run at large over prairie and woodland to subsist on grass, roots, and mast, and were then fed corn in winter. In the forties it could still be commonly reported that "hogs are raised without any expense, except a few breeders to start with, and a little attention in hunting them on the range, and keeping them tame." Considerable numbers were driven to distant markets and others that were slaughtered at home were commonly brought down with rifles.²⁹ Hogs were frequently wild

²⁸ U. S. Patent Office, *Report*, 1850, Pt. II: 198, 402-4; *Report*, 1853, Pt. II: 80; *Report*, 1855, Pt. II: 151-52. See in addition James Caird, *Prairie Farming in America* (London, 1859), 47, 77; *Genesee Farmer*, n.s. Vol. XVIII (March, 1857), 84-85; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Sept. 3, 1857), 153. In 1853 the editor of the *Prairie Farmer* wrote that "'Ordinary culture,' on prairie lands, is not what is meant by the term in the Eastern or Middle States. It means, here, no manure; and commonly *but once*, or, at most, twice ploughing, on perfectly smooth land, with long furrows, and no stones or obstructions; when two acres per day is no hard job for one team. It is often but very poor culture, with shallow ploughing, and without attention to weeds." *The Illinois Central Rail-Road Company Offers For Sale Over 1,500,000 Acres*. . . (1856), 54-55. Such methods, he said, could yield as much as 50 bushels of winter wheat, 60 to 80 of oats, 300 of potatoes, and 100 of corn. Here and there a few farmers spread manure on pasture lands or plowed under straw and stubble in their grain fields and reported good returns, but it was generally believed that the state's soils were inexhaustible and that manuring was a waste of time, labor, and money. See "An Illinois Farmer During the Civil War. Extracts from the Journal of John Edward Young," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XXVI (April, 1933), 105; Earl W. Hayter, "Wanderings in the West in 1839," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XXXIII (Dec., 1940), 399; *Ohio Cultivator*, Vol. XIII (Jan. 1, 1857), 3-4; *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. IV (Aug. 6, 1853), 254; *Transactions of the Illinois State Agricultural Society*, Vol. II, 1856-1857 (Springfield, 1857), 269; *Western Rural*, Vol. VII (May 20, 1869), 158.

²⁹ Solon J. Buck, ed., "Pioneer Letters of Gershom Flagg," *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1910* (Springfield, 1912), 158-62; Peck, *Gazetteer of Illinois*, 39-42; Harry E. Pratt, ed., "Illinois as Lincoln Knew It," *Papers in Illinois History and Trans-*

and savage; one English traveler in Illinois in 1843 wrote:

The breed of hogs in this part of the country is very bad; they are long-nosed, thin creatures, with legs like greyhounds, and, like the greyhound among dogs, seem to be the kind formed for speed and agility among swine, as they think nothing of galloping a mile at a heat, or of clearing fences which a more civilized hog would never attempt. Still, as the hog of a pioneer settler has, at some seasons, need for all the activity he can exert to procure a subsistence, he may after all be the best fitted for the backwoods.³⁰

In the fifties notably better breeds were introduced, the Berkshire being the favorite, and swine were commonly turned out to feed in oat and corn fields in the summer and on ripe grain in the winter.³¹

In the thirties and forties Illinois beef cattle—often described by contemporaries as stunted and tough little beasts—were being driven in large numbers by Ohio drovers to that state to be fattened, and thence to Philadelphia and the Eastern markets, much in the manner of the later big drives of the Texas cattle industry.³² Though there was a notable movement toward the production of cultivated grasses after the middle fifties, cattle raisers continued to rely heavily on the cheap but inferior native grasses throughout the period.³³ In the fifties and sixties many farmers had adopted the so-called "Illinois system" of turning cattle out to feed in the standing corn in the fall and winter, the cattle doing their own husking. A common variation (sometimes called the "Ohio and Kentucky system") was the practice of cutting the corn and stacking it in the field in autumn, and then hauling it as needed to the feeding lots where the animals ate the corn and as much of the cob and stalk as they liked. The cattle were followed by three

actions of the *Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1937* (Springfield, 1938), 145; Oliver, *Eight Months in Illinois*, 77-78; *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, Oct., 1910, pp. 92-93. The quotation is from Peck.

³⁰ Oliver, *Eight Months in Illinois*, 80-81.

³¹ U. S. Patent Office, *Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1853, Agriculture* (Washington, 1854), 51; *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XXXVII (March, 1868), 163.

³² Oliver, *Eight Months in Illinois*, 104-8; Peck, *Gazetteer of Illinois*, 39-41.

³³ Ill. Dept. Agriculture, *Transactions*, 1875, pp. 311-13; *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Nov., 1857), 252; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Sept. 3, 1857), 153.

or four times their number of hogs who wintered on the excrement and waste.³⁴

During the fifties great herds of cattle were driven to Illinois from Missouri, Texas, and even Mexico to fatten on the state's prodigious corn crops, and these drives, particularly from Texas, were resumed on an extensive scale after the Civil War. In 1867 a single company contracted for the shipment of 70,000 Texas cattle, while in the next year another company fed a herd of 35,000 at Tolono, and nearly 70,000 came into the state by way of Cairo alone.³⁵

As late as 1870 barns were rare in Illinois, and wintering stock out of doors was the general practice. Occasionally farmers provided a makeshift shelter contrived of a few poles and some straw, but more commonly the beasts' only protection against cold, wind, sleet, snow, and rain was the leeward side of a stack of hay or straw.³⁶ In 1857 Luther Tucker visited an extensive and prosperous farm in Rock Island County where two hundred head of cattle and a like number of hogs were being fed, yet he found but a single barn and it was reserved for the horses—this, he pointed out, in spite of the fact that the temperature dropped as low as twenty-five degrees below zero. Even so great a cattleman as James N. Brown had no barns for his tremendous herds. When the editor of *Moore's Rural New Yorker* paid a visit to central Illinois in the late fifties he noted that "barns are scarcely to be seen on the prairies, and they seem to be considered more of a luxury than a necessity." Though the farm journals constantly preached the wisdom of providing adequate shelter for stock and feeding it on shelled grain, farmers persisted in the view that such

³⁴ *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XXXVII (March 14, April 11, 1868), 163, 236; U. S. Patent Office, *Report*, 1853, Pt. II: 6; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Sept. 3, 1857), 153.

³⁵ Arthur C. Cole, *The Era of the Civil War, 1848-1870* (*Centennial History of Illinois*, III, Springfield, 1919), 83, 377.

³⁶ *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVII (April, Dec., 1858), 102, 364; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Sept. 3, 1857), 153; Vol. XXXI (Jan. 9, 1868), 28; *Valley Farmer*, Vol. XV (Dec., 1863), 363; *Trans. Ill. State Ag. Soc.*, 1856-57, p. 379. See also Eleanor Atkinson, "The Winter of the Deep Snow," *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1909* (Springfield, 1910), 48.

a system would be even more costly than the additional feed which outdoor wintering required.³⁷

The improvement of hog and cattle breeds was still grossly neglected in 1870, but from the early forties onward a number of the more prosperous stock raisers were importing blooded stock to lay the foundations of superior herds, and the organization of the Illinois Stock Importing Company in 1856 signalized a real advance.

The efforts to raise the general level of farming practice which were made by progressive farmers and such agents of improvement as agricultural societies and the farm press were seriously hampered by the common farmer's want of scientific knowledge, by ancient superstition, prejudice, and a perverse opposition to change. The early widespread notion that untimbered land was by the same token not "strong" enough to support grain crops, and the idea that steel plows would "poison" the soil gradually passed out of currency, but equally naïve myths persisted among great numbers of the state's agriculturists and some of them have, indeed, not yet been extirpated. The phases of the moon, for example, that provided many a farmer with a timetable which he considered "necessary to do any farm labor properly, from putting up a fence, killing hogs, planting corn, and sowing onions, down to all the minutiae of chores and choreing,"³⁸ are still an occult force to be reckoned with even by highly literate farmers. The water-witching legend, investing certain favored individuals with the power of discovering water with the aid of a willow wand, was then even more generally believed than now. For that matter, even the *Prairie Farmer* was still hesitating to commit itself on the question as late as 1872.³⁹

The general ignorance of elementary biological principles was strikingly illustrated by the all but universal belief that

³⁷ *Country Gentleman*, Vol. X (Sept. 3, 1857), 153; *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, Vol. VIII (Sept. 26, 1857), 309.

³⁸ *Emery's Journal of Agriculture*, Vol. I (Jan. 14, 1858), 43.

³⁹ *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XLIII (Feb. 10, 17, 1872), 44, 50.

wheat and other grain crops could and often did, under the mesmerism of unfavorable lunar conditions, weather, soil factors, or causes unknown, become transmuted into a wholly different plant, popularly called "chess" or "cheat."—Actually, the cheat was a species of grass which bore a superficial resemblance to wheat. Farmers, without their knowledge, sowed wheat seed that was mixed with the seed of cheat, and as the growing season advanced, the wheat and cheat were so intimately associated that farmers concluded not only that the wheat had degenerated into cheat but also that wheat and cheat often grew together from the *same* roots and stem. The question was extensively discussed in the farm press, but farmers could not be talked out of the belief in transmutation.

In the face of these obstacles and despite the common farmers' stout opposition to "book farming" and innovation in general, reformers constantly preached the need for scientific agriculture.⁴⁰ As a matter of fact there was as yet no genuine science of agriculture, but in the fifties the fad of "agricultural chemistry" and soil analysis became almost synonymous with the term in the minds of many enthusiasts. The work of such chemists as Sir Humphry Davy of England, Baron Justus von Liebig of Germany, James F. W. Johnston of Scotland, and John Pitkin Norton of Yale University, was seized upon by prophets of agricultural reform and oversimplified into a pat system.

The formula proceeded on the plausible assumption that the mineral elements of which plants are composed are drawn from the soil, and that, given the proportions of the several elements in a plant, it followed that those elements should be available in similar proportions in the soil upon which that plant is grown. Soil analysis performed by chemists, "profes-

⁴⁰ See for example *Transactions of the Illinois State Agricultural Society*, Vol. I, 1853-1854 (Springfield, 1855), 1-2, 204-12; *Trans. Ill. State Ag. Soc.*, 1861-64, pp. 500-1; *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XXIX (Jan. 2, 1864), 1-2; *Emery's Journal of Agriculture*, Vol. I (Jan. 7, 1858), 19.

sors," and quacks presumed to determine the degree to which a field was deficient in the necessary elements, and the lack was then to be supplied by commercially prepared "mineral manures." The innovation was preached with great fervor by its advocates in Illinois, but it won few adherents among plain farmers, and in 1851 the *Prairie Farmer* reported:

Of late we hear little of this theory; and as to its applications, so brilliant on paper, they are among the things that were. Agricultural chemists have assumed generally a very modest tone, and are careful to guard their statements with abundant qualifications.⁴¹

Except for these occasional excursions into the theoretic ether, the programs of the agricultural journals and societies were largely concerned with common-sense improvements in day-to-day practice. They called for more careful tillage and cultivation, and a wider resort to manuring, rotation, and underdraining; more careful selection, breeding, and feeding of livestock; the more general adoption of improved implements; a greater attention to mixed farming and a policy of farming a few acres intensively rather than large tracts in slovenly fashion; construction of barns and stock shelters; and improvements in the social and economic status of the Illinois farmer.⁴²

Flanked by a small but powerful large-scale landholding class on one side and by a larger and growing tenant class⁴³ on the other, the man at the center in Illinois agriculture was the freehold farmer, possessing, typically, in 1850, a farm of about 160 acres, of which nearly 60 per cent was unimproved. In 1870 the average farm comprised about 138 acres, of which

⁴¹ *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XI (Oct., 1851), 447. See also *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. VI (Jan., 1846), 10; Vol. XIV (Nov., 1854), 419-22; Vol. XV (July, 1855), 201-2; *Genesee Farmer*, Vol. XIX (Feb., May, 1858), 55, 147; Bidwell and Falconer, *History of Agriculture in the Northern United States*, 319-20; Albert Lowther Demaree, *The American Agricultural Press, 1819-1860* (New York, 1941), 66-69. For a more detailed statement of the soil analysis fad in Illinois see Bardolph, *Agricultural Literature and the Early Illinois Farmer*, chap. IV.

⁴² The story of the agricultural journals, fairs, societies, and individual improvers and their program is reserved for another paper upon which the author is engaged.

⁴³ See Paul Wallace Gates, "Frontier Landlords and Pioneer Tenants," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XXXVIII (June, 1945), 143-206; Paul Wallace Gates, "Large Scale Farming in Illinois, 1850-1870," *Agricultural History*, Vol. VI (Jan., 1932), 14-25.

only 25 per cent was unimproved.⁴⁴ Despite the decline in size of the average farm, advocates of agricultural improvement still felt at the end of the period that the Illinois husbandman was cultivating too many acres to permit of truly efficient farming.

However rich his acres and however bountiful his crops in the half century, 1820-1870, the average farmer's plane of living was severely modest. The picture through the forties was chiefly one of frontier hardships and honest poverty that did not hang its head; but in the fifties and increasingly in the sixties the realization that the husbandman was producing wealth for somebody else expressed itself in occasional flare-ups of open revolt. In the twenties and early thirties itinerant preachers frequently remarked upon the poverty of the Illinois farming class, the want of schools, the coarse clothing and diet, the primitive dwellings and their crude furnishings, the appalling dearth of common comforts and refinements.⁴⁵ In the fifties and sixties the scale of living rose appreciably but by no means in proportion to the increased wealth that the Illinois farmer was producing.⁴⁶

Travelers continued to report that Illinois farm folk were not so well clothed, housed, fed, and educated as their Eastern kinsmen. The stove was only gradually supplanting the fireplace, the rag carpet was still regarded as a luxury reserved for prosperous city folks, and the sewing machine was still a curiosity prominently displayed at the county fair to "make the dull tired eyes of some farm housewife twinkle with hope that she may one day become the owner of such a wonder."⁴⁷ Kerosene was replacing candles, "grease oil" lamps, "spirit gas," and camphene.⁴⁸ The diet, from the point

⁴⁴ Figures are averages for the state taken from the Ninth Census, 1870: *Compendium*, 689.

⁴⁵ See American Home Missionary Society Papers in the Illinois Historical Survey, Urbana, Ill.

⁴⁶ For living conditions in rural Illinois, 1850-1870, see Anderson, "Illinois Agriculture During the Civil War Period," chap. II and *passim*.

⁴⁷ *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XXIV (Oct. 3, 1861), 230.

⁴⁸ Camphene was an ill-smelling mixture of turpentine and rosin; and spirit gas, popular for a number of years, despite a degree of danger that its use entailed, was a mixture of cam-

of view of quantity, was adequate, but a too heavy dependence upon corn bread and bacon, "hog and hominy," scalding strong coffee, and hard liquor was commonly blamed for "dyspeptic and bilious complaints" and had long been cited by advocates of horticulture as a compelling reason for expanding fruit growing in the state.⁴⁹

Although in a significant number of cases an industrious and intelligent farmer, attended by kindly fortune and a good wife, did well enough to consider himself prosperous,⁵⁰ on the whole the plain farmer of the period made a fair living and no more. The older subsistence farmer perhaps expected little more; the newer commercial farmer, though he might dream of a greater stake in society, saw his profits become the plaything of forces he was powerless to contest. Buying his manufactured goods at relatively high prices in a market where competition was beginning to narrow noticeably, he received widely fluctuating rewards for his own produce. Sometimes prices ruled fairly high for a season or even a succession of seasons only to slump to such a point that a debt-ridden husbandman might well question the wisdom of carrying the goods to market.⁵¹ And even when market prices were good, he often saw his profits chiseled away by the ex-

phene and alcohol. Grease oil lamps had burned a variety of illuminants from whale oil to cottonseed oil.

⁴⁹ Anderson, "Illinois Agriculture During the Civil War Period," 30-31; U. S. Patent Office, *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1845* (Washington, 1849), 543.

⁵⁰ It should be noted, however, that such successful farmers frequently included the rise in land values in their calculations to prove that farming paid well, and they often admitted that unless a man had \$2,000 or more in capital to begin with it would take him years to "get into the clear." See *New England Farmer*, Vol. XVIII (Sept. 11, 1839), 84; *Country Gentleman*, Vol. XVI (July 5, 1860), 10-11; Vol. XVII (April 18, May 9, 1861), 251, 301; *American Agriculturist*, Vol. XVI (Nov. and Dec., 1857), 252, 277-78; Peck, *New Guide for Emigrants to the West*, 317-19; *The Illinois Central Rail-Road Company Offers For Sale Over 2,000,000 Acres Selected Farming and Wood Lands*, 1856, *passim*; *Cultivator*, n.s. Vol. VIII (Nov., 1851), 355-57; *Jour. Ill. State Hist. Soc.*, Oct., 1910, pp. 91-98; William Dobell to Lucy Coveney, *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. XV (April and July, 1922), 524-27. Dobell declared that "It is a mistaken notion in England, that a little labour is here sufficient for the means of subsistence. Constant labour & economy are necessary in every occupation to ensure desirable success here as well as elsewhere and it is useless for persons to emigrate to this Country unless they possess property sufficient to maintain themselves, or are of decidedly industrious & persevering habits" (page 527).

⁵¹ In the winter of 1865-66, for instance, the price of corn fell to ten cents a bushel in some sections of the state, and corn was cheaper for fuel purposes than wood. Cole, *Era of the Civil War*, 384.

actions of the moneylender, the railroad, the warehouseman, and the broker. More galling still, the farmer began to learn that there were gamblers in the great metropolitan markets playing with wealth that he himself produced in the heat of the summer, and deliberately hammering down the price level through their devious machinations.⁵² In 1860 the *Illinois Farmer* reported that in Illinois "farming has not of itself been a paying business. . . . The farmers nearly all tell us the profit of farming is in the rise of property."⁵³

The Civil War brought a few prosperous years quickly followed by the distress of the later sixties and early seventies that culminated in the Granger uprising. The protest movement had, indeed, swelled to significant proportions in Illinois fully a decade before the "Patrons of Husbandry" threw down the gage of battle. The latter half of the fifties witnessed a grim uprising of farmers' congresses, anti-monopoly campaigns, and persistent demands for relief at the hands of legislatures, and the crusade gathered momentum in the succeeding decade.⁵⁴ The *Prairie Farmer*, in 1857, maintained stoutly that "the producers have now before them the alternative of resistance or bankruptcy,"⁵⁵ and at the end of the sixties it saw no improvement.

In 1869, the very year in which Illinois farmers were preparing the magnificent production listed in the federal census of 1870, the state's leading agricultural journal distributed very widely, both among its readers and among middle western farmers generally, a colored lithographic engraving, reviving the centuries-old cartoon picturization of the complaint that "The Farmer Pays for All." The pictorial protest found its way onto kitchen or parlor walls of large numbers of farmers and drew approving comments from sym-

⁵² See *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XVII (Nov. 19, 1857), 372.

⁵³ *Illinois Farmer*, Vol. V (May, 1860), 74.

⁵⁴ See the files of the *Prairie Farmer* for the years 1858 through 1865 for light on the vigorous "farmers' movement" that antedated the Granger revolt.

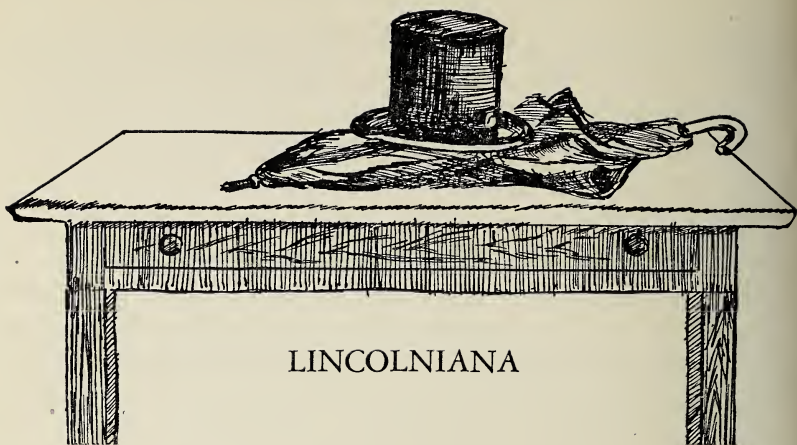
⁵⁵ *Prairie Farmer*, Vol. XVII (Dec. 24, 1857), 412.

pathetic newspaper editors. The drawing showed a brawny farmer resting upon a spade, and surrounded by a priest, a physician, a lawyer, a merchant, a soldier, and a railroad man whose boast that they pray, heal, plead, trade, fight, and carry for all is met by the farmer's retort, "I pay for all."⁵⁶

The Illinois farmer was learning, long before 1870, that commercialization was working a fundamental change in agrarian economy. He was learning that his growing contribution to the nation's wealth was not necessarily accompanied by a compensating increase in his share of the world's goods. He was learning that his business was lashed to industry's car, that the prices he received were the resultant of such diverse factors as the exigencies of foreign trade, the cost of credit, the rate structure of railroads, wage and employment indexes in remote urban areas, the gambling instinct of speculators, and even the breeding habits of the Hessian fly.



⁵⁶ *Prairie Farmer*, XL (Dec. 18, 1869), 412. A reproduction of the picture appears as the frontispiece in Solon J. Buck, *The Agrarian Crusade* (*Chronicles of America*, "Textbook edition," New Haven, 1921).



A revealing interview of an English newspaper correspondent with President Lincoln is described by George Augustus Sala in *My Diary in America in the Midst of War*. This work, in two volumes, which is in the Alfred W. Stern Civil War Collection of the Illinois State Historical Library, was published in London in 1865.

The correspondent had received counsel, so he says, from "sundry wise men" as to the way he should go about meeting the President. He had letters of introduction to the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Treasury, and he describes at some length his interview with Secretary of State Seward.

But on his first visit to Washington he was told that he could not see the President as the latter was ill of the "variola." Some time later, however, Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, arranged for Sala to attend a reception being given by Mrs. Lincoln. It was at this function, held, so he says, on a Saturday afternoon in February (presumably 1864), that George A. Sala met the Emancipator. The selection which follows may be found in Volume II, pages 145-50.

LINCOLN'S "CAST-IRON GRIP"

Senator [Charles Sumner] edged me between a couple of groups; took me into a corner where the Tallest Man of All was, said a few polite words; and the next moment my hand was in the cast-iron grip of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I shall never recall that memorable interview, and that more memorable hand-shaking, without the tears coming into my eyes. On this particular Saturday I felt inclined to cry like a child. What brought the aqueous humour into

these callous orbs? It wasn't awe, it wasn't reverence, it wasn't sympathy for the oppressed African, it wasn't whisky, it wasn't even the fact that I was an orphan and a wanderer on the face of the earth. The tears came into my eyes simply for the reason that the President's hand-shaking was so hard and so earnest as to have reduced my own hand nearly to the consistence of pulp. We talk sometimes of a leg-of-mutton fist, of an adamantine hand. Abraham Lincoln has both. Napoleon the elder, it was said, had a hand of iron with a velvet glove; only sometimes he forgot to put his gloves on. Uncle Abe has assuredly the iron hand, the cast-steel hand, but no one could say he was gloveless. He wore on this occasion a pair of white kids, which the tallest of Barnum's four giants might have envied. As to his grip—talk to me of packing cotton bales or screwing ocean steamers off the stocks by hydraulic pressure; amuse me with tales of the Big Bear of Arkansas's hardest hugs; feed me with stories of boa constrictors crushing all the bones of a goat in a single convolution; tell me about Professor Harrison, the strong man who crushes pewter pots between his fingers; and the Russian Count Orloff, who crumples up silver salvers just as Mr. Cobden said he would crumple up Russia—like a sheet of paper. Narrate to me all these facts and all these fables, but they are nought in comparison; they are zephyr breaths, fairy footsteps, butterfly persiflage, when named in company with Abraham Lincoln's grip. He doesn't smile when he takes your hand; he does not ring it like a bell, nor wave it like a flag. He merely takes it, and quietly and silently

squeezes it into dough. Great results are said to follow the "putting down his foot" by the President on any public matter. If he were to "put down" his hand on me, I thought, utter and irretrievable collapse must at once follow.

The general cast of Mr. Lincoln's features must be familiar to most English people through the photographic portraits in the London shop-windows. His actual appearance is even nearer approached by the admirable cartoon sketches by Mr. John Tenniel in *Punch*. With a curiously intuitive fidelity of appreciation, Mr. Tenniel has seized upon that lengthy face, those bushy locks, that shovel beard, that ungainly form, those long, muscular, attenuated limbs, those bony and wide-spread extremities. Mr. Lincoln is so tall that, looking up in his face, you might, did not respect forbid you, ask, "How cold the weather was up there." He is so tall, that a friend who had an interview with him in his private office made use of the expression, that when he rose there did not seem the slightest likelihood of his getting up ever coming to an end. He seemed to be drawing himself out like a telescope.

There are two particulars, however, in which you must needs have seen Mr. Lincoln to gain an accurate idea of his appearance. He is exceedingly dark—not so dark as Mr. Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President, who is of so very subdued a complexion, that some spiteful Southerners have declared him to be a mulatto, or at least to have a [*sic*] "a dash of the tar-brush," or negro element, in his blood—but swarthily fallow. *Il a le teint basané*, and the darkness seems due to half a hundred causes—to long

exposure to rough weather; to residence in a hot climate; to natural biliousness; to anxiety, if not distress, of mind. Again, this dark face, strongly marked, tanned and crows-footed, and fringed with coarse and tangled hair, is so uncouth and so rugged that it narrowly escapes being either terrible or grotesque. A touch of the chisel one way or the other, and you would have either a Quasimodo or a Mirabeau. But the possible grotesque is obviated, the imminent terrible smoothed away, by a peculiar soft, almost feminine, expression of melancholy, which, to me at least, seemed to pervade the countenance of this remarkable man.

The melancholy look struck me most forcibly when I remembered that I was in the presence of the great joker of jokes—the Sancho Panza made governor of this Transatlantic Barataria; but there the look was—the regard of a thoughtful, weary, saddened, overworked being; of one who was desperately striving to do his best, but who woke up every morning to find the wheat that he had sown growing up as tares; of one who was continually regretting that he did not know more, that he *could* not know more—that he had begun his work too late, and must lay down his sceptre too early.

Mr. Lincoln does not stand straight on his feet, but sways about with an odd sidelong motion, as though he were continually pumping something from the ground—say Truth from the bottom of her well—or hauling up some invisible kedgeree anchor. It gave me the notion of a mariner who had found his sea-legs, and

could toe a line well, but who had to admit that there was a rough sea running. First he pulled at one gigantic glove, and then at the other; first inclined his puissant head to one side, and then to the other; but he never drew himself up to his full height. Perhaps he thought of the ceiling, and was reluctant to bring it down on the heads of us Philistines.

My interview with him was of very brief duration, and was mainly made up of commonplaces. Of course he said that he was very glad to see me, that he hoped I liked my stay, that I had come at a critical period, and that the country presented a very different aspect to that which it once had.

The Senator informed him that I had purposed “illustrating” in public what I had seen in America. “Ah,” said the President, “indeed! with the pencil or the pen? There is a good deal to illustrate just now.”

I hinted that the pen was my vocation. Then he made the usual remarks concerning the unfavourable impressions which foreigners were apt to carry away from a country when they only saw it in a state of war. I ventured gently to demur to this, and observed that in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia there was little to remind any traveller that the country was at war at all. At which he smiled. Then he hoped that my sojourn might be a pleasant one. I hoped so too. . . . I saw that Mr. Lincoln had no wish to tell me any stories, or to talk politics; and after another tremendous squeeze of the hand from him, I retired from his presence.



HISTORICAL NOTES

MT. PLEASANT TO MT. PLEASANT IN 50 HOURS

The letter reproduced here was written by Deborah Hargrave to her father and describes a trip she made in 1858 when she was twenty-four years old. The purpose of this journey was to visit her brother, Thomas Hargrave, in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Her *terminus a quo* was a quiet Quaker home at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, some fifty miles from Pittsburgh. Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, is about six hundred miles from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, as the crow flies, but it took Deborah over fifty hours of travel from one to the other. She was accompanied on this adventure by her brother's wife and child.

The various stages of the trip—"connections" as they were called—were as follows:

1. By stage from Mt. Pleasant (then a town of nearly 1700 people) to Wheeling, West Virginia.
2. By steamer from Wheeling to Wellsville, Ohio.
3. By train from Wellsville to Cleveland where they spent the night in a hotel.
4. By early morning train from Cleveland to Chicago, arriving late at night.
5. By rattling omnibus over a mile and a half of Chicago's cobblestones to the old Union Depot on Canal Street.
6. By train to within six miles of Burlington, Iowa, where, because of high water, they had to take skiffs over four miles of the flood to a train of handcars. These took them about two miles to the wharf where the ferry transported them to Burlington.

7. By train from Burlington to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

While visiting her brother in Mt. Pleasant, Deborah met and married William H. Crew. Deborah's letter to her father follows:

LOCKWOOD'S COTTAGE
6TH DAY MORNING

MY DEAR FATHER

We arrived here safely about 6 o'clock last evening after a very interesting but wearisome journey, indeed I have readily concluded that babies, carpet bags, hand boxes and baskets are a perfect nuisance, to anyone travelling for pleasure. Charlie was very troublesome, and as he would not allow me to attend to him except when sleeping, Mary is almost overcome with fatigue.

We failed to meet some of the connections but met with no accident on the road. Brother was very uneasy about us, owing to the recent tornado they have had, together with the dangerous state of the track now. He had written for Mary to stay another week but she did not get the letter; but with her determination, it would have affected but little if she had.

The detention at Wellsville made us late in the night getting to Cleveland, I was quite deceived in the company I wrote to you about for a ride to the first station showed very plainly that they knew nothing, I should say scarcely heard anything, about travelling, but just before the cars came, a fine looking, intelligent old gentleman got off the boat, came up to the Hotel, and finding that we were alone and for Cleveland, he voluntarily offered his service and company. I was almost sorry when we got there for he was so interesting in his conversation. He lives in New York when at home but travels the greater part of his time: he was on his way from

Washington city: is well acquainted with Miss Lone, Lord Napier's lady and many of the other "bon-tons": gave me a description of the last "levee" at the White House which he attended and which I was well pleased to hear. . . . The cars started at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 so that we did not take breakfast. I think the city and the lake are the most beautiful sight I ever saw, the city illuminated with gas, the lake with moonlight. We started so early I did not have any opportunity of seeing it by daylight. Separate and apart from the novelty of acquaintances, the laughable incidents and beautiful scenery, I think railroad riding is the most *delightful thing in the world*.

We arrived in Chicago 11 o'clock in the night and started on, as soon as we could, to drive from one depot to the other, but still I think I saw about as much as anyone could in the *same length of time*, the distance was a mile and a half. The harbor was strewn with ships as far as the eye could reach, only one in full sail which attracted my attention more than anything I have seen since I left home, except the boundless prairies which I can tell you nothing of, but as The Yankee said of Niagara, I think it's a "mighty big" farm. . . .

If Sarah could have seen me marching down the depot, a quarter of a mile in length all alone, at midnight, and through a crowd of porters swearing and cursing on



Courtesy Mildred H. Crew

DEBORAH HARGRAVE



every side, she would have thought I had need for all the brass I am in possession of, and if I should ever send a petition to Henry Ward Beecher for anything, it would be for more of that very article. The company we started with were along all the time and willing to do what they could, but they were a good deal like myself. There was too much to learn in so short a time.

When we got there seven trains were waiting with steam up, all ready as their turns came: and, as we walked in, for once in my life I wished for Mom, but necessity is the mother of invention, so I stepped up to a man and said "Will you please show us the train that starts for Burlington tonight?" He very politely replied "Yes, madam, walk this way." We followed him to the far end of the depot, in order to get in the hindmost car. We found seats for Mary and Charlie, and leaving the baskets and bags, I then had to go back through the depot to an adjoining building to see and get our checks for our baggage, but the wagon had not come and as I stood there in a crowd of real border ruffians, one man with a pistol, two others with glittering bowie knives, and some half dozen with clubs, I wished I was a man or at home, but still I knew there was no other alternative.

I said to this baggage master "Do the cars ever leave before the baggage comes in?" (for I was getting uneasy lest I should be left). He said "Yes, mam, but if you have a check, you will get your trunk." I told him I had none farther than Chicago and that we were going to Burlington. "Well, Miss," he said, "you had better wait for your trunk then or you will never get

it." Here I was in a quandary surrounded by perplexities—the cars ready to start, the baggage nowhere in sight, but I did as thee directed me—to hold on to our checks; and at last they came. I gave them up, then got others, and darted for our train: but in my haste upset the checkman's box and scattered them far and near. . . . But when I got there, they had attached some two or three cars more and I had to get in the last one and just keep on walking through until I found Mary, which was just as the bell rang.

As to travelling alone, I should not fear at all now but what I could get along if there were no baggage to attend to. But unless necessity compelled me to, I would never do it again, though we got along very well as it happened. We passed through towns almost demolished by the late storm. When within six miles of Burlington we had to get out of the cars, as the track was covered with 10 inches of water, and stand on a bank of sand within a foot of the water's edge until they could get skiffs enough to take on the passengers and baggage. We then rode four miles over the Mississippi with which I was delighted as the scenery was so different from anything I ever saw; two miles from the ferry we were met by a train of handcars that took us from there to the wharf where we got on the boat and in five minutes were in Burlington, but too late for the morning train to Mt. Pleasant.

The first man we met was Lockwood who took our baggage and went with us to the Barrett House; he was there to attend court and could not leave before 7th day, however he was very attentive, came with us to the cars in the

evening and saw us off. He said we should go straight to their house as Brother had not the house done yet. They were not looking for us until this morning, but Ed. Lockwood happened to be at the depot and came down with us. As we passed the store Brother saw us and followed on. Mrs. Lockwood made us very welcome to their pretty cottage home.

We shall have to stay here till the forepart of next week, as the house is not yet finished. This morning Mary and I walked up to the store; it is a very pretty place and in a fine block of buildings.

As we returned, Brother came down with us by the house—and such a house I never saw. Mary was almost ready to cry. There were some half dozen cain-bottom chairs piled up in one corner covered over with dirt and plastering, ruined as you might say—her bureau, beds, looking glass, tables and stoves all in the same plight. Brother could not be there and the carpenters did not care. It is a very pretty little place and will be nicely

finished when completed, which will be tomorrow, but there will be at least a week's cleaning to do.

Mt. Pleasant is a much larger and finer place than I expected to see. The towns out west all look so clean and nice to what ours do. I am writing now in a room with what I suppose they call in Iowa a fire—two sticks of wood and some andirons, but nothing that you can see but some smoke.

Write very soon. My letter is exceeding all reasonable limits so I will conclude. Mary sends her love to thee and all the rest. How is thy shoulder, I feel anxious to know. I guess travelling has taken all the bloom from my cheeks. Brother says I look like a ghost and the rest ask me to paint them, but I guess I shall have no occasion for that unless I get ague and fever which they are afraid of as the season has been so wet.

Love to all at Uncle Tommy's,
Thy affectionate daughter
D. A. HARGRAVE.

Evanston.

MILDRED H. CREW.



THE ILLINOIS SCRAPBOOK

POST-ELECTION OUTLOOK—IN 1856

Instead of the whole world settling down in peace after the late treaty of Paris, at the close of the Russian war, all the world seems to be in incipient commotion, preparatory for further troubles. The unnatural alliance between England and France is pronounced in some quarters to be a mere rope of sand, soon to drop to pieces. The *Moniteur*, the Government organ at Paris, took occasion lately to rebuke rather severely the English papers for the freedom of their remarks on French affairs, intimating that such a course by the English press would endanger the existing alliance between the two countries. To this the English papers replied with a good deal of spirit and independence, and the London *Times* with so much force and bitterness that it was excluded from circulation in France by order of the Emperor.

There are various indications, not only of the probable close of the alliance between England and France, but also of new alliances secretly forming. It appears not improbable that in the new movements on the political chess-board of Europe, France and Russia will join hands on one part, and England, Austria and Prussia on the other. It is alleged that there is a secret understanding between England and Austria to this effect already. The English fleet yet lingers in the Black Sea, and the Austrian papers find no fault with this delay, but liberally suggest that England doubtless has good reasons for not withdrawing her fleet at present. On the other hand the Austrian army still delays to evacuate the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the English press finds no fault, but thinks it quite probable that the Cabinet of Vienna may have good reasons for its course. . . .

The elements of revolution are showing themselves in various parts of Europe. The secret societies in France still keep the Government on the alert, and many arrests continue to be made. Spain is by no means tranquil under the new order of things, and the popular party are openly discussing the question of compelling the Queen to abdicate. Italy is waiting and hoping for a demonstration against Naples by the English fleet, to afford an opportunity for a general revolution. It is stated that the Italian refugees have suddenly disappeared from Switzerland, and it

is supposed they are secretly organizing their respective States for the expected struggle for Italian independence.

The affairs of Mexico and Central America are very complicated and unsettled. Mexico is still threatened with a hostile visit from both an English and a Spanish fleet, to enforce the payment of debts due to the subjects of England and Spain. The internal affairs of Mexico are also still unsettled.

New Grenada, the southern State of Central America, is in more immediate trouble, the English West India squadron having been already ordered to her coast to enforce the payment of old claims of about half a million of dollars, called the Mackintosh claim, which originated more than thirty years ago. Late diplomatic efforts to effect the payment having failed, the English Chargé at Bogota broke off his relations with the Government, and informed the authorities that they would soon have an opportunity to settle "at the Cap'n's office," for the British fleet on the West India station had already been ordered to the waters of New Grenada.

Our own country, it is to be hoped, may have peace and rest for a time, now that the Presidential election is over. Mr. Buchanan is elected, and therefore we suppose the Hotspurs of the South will postpone their secession movement and the setting up of a new Government for four years longer. And the North never having threatened secession, let who would be President, we may expect the Union to hang together for some time yet. Then let us shake hands all round, and renew the patriotic sentiment of Daniel Webster, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." It was a grand, a sublime spectacle, which this Republic exhibited on the 4th of November.

United States Magazine Vol.
III, no. 6 (Dec., 1856), 562-63.

GENERAL GRANT AND E. P. WASHBURNE

In the latter part of 1879, when Gen. Grant was about to return from his memorable tour around the world, a movement was started in the East to place him in nomination for the Presidency in 1880. The three leading . . . men most active in the movement were Senators Conklin[g] of New York, Logan of Illinois, and Cameron of Pennsylvania. These men, with all others who joined in the movement, claimed that Gen. Grant would be nominated in convention by acclamation, and the character of his reception after his tour around the world by the people, with-

out regard to party, from San Francisco to New York, seemed to justify their claim.

When Gen. Grant, after his return, was consulted, he said that he would not consent to be a candidate, but finally stated that he would take no part in the movement, and that the nomination should either have to come to him unsolicited or not at all. Gen. Grant's old friend, ex-Minister Washburne,¹ then residing in Chicago, gave his early support to the movement. Later, however, and after the ovations were over and an anti-third term sentiment had sprung up in the Republican party, he became convinced that Gen. Grant would never permit his name to be used in the convention if there was to be a contest, and he foresaw that a contest was inevitable. . . .

In the month of March, 1880, a Republican club was organized at Mt. Carroll, Ill., and named the Washburne Republican club, the intention of the club being to advocate the claims of Mr. Washburne for President. I discussed the matter with Mr. Washburne, and he in my presence, wrote to the president of the club, protesting against the use of his name for the club, saying that he "was a Grant man and not a candidate for President." About this time many Republicans in the state began to distrust Mr. Washburne's sincerity as a supporter of Gen. Grant, and talked about it openly. I went to Mr. Washburne and told him what I had heard, and added that he ought to stop certain of his friends I named from publicly supporting him, and that the feeling against him was growing bitter. He replied that he had done everything possible to prevent people from supporting him, and had said a thousand times that he was not a candidate, but a supporter of Grant for President. . . .

As the spring advanced, matters grew worse. Washburne continued to receive many letters begging him to cut loose from Gen. Grant and take an independent stand as a candidate before the convention. This he would not do, for he was pledged to Grant and to Grant's supporters, and he would stand by his pledges. I saw him every day. He seemed perplexed and worried. About the 1st of May I met Gen. Grant at Mr. Washburne's home in Chicago, and it seemed to me then that their former friendly relations were unchanged. Gen. Grant was on his way to Springfield, with a party of leading Republicans, to hold a conference. Mr. Washburne joined the party, although more than half sick, and his ailment I knew was more mental than physical. Arrived at Springfield, the party were invited to dine with the Governor. Mr. Washburne accepted with the rest of the party. Before the end of the dinner he begged to be excused on account of illness, went to his hotel, took a late train for the

¹ Elihu Benjamin Washburne, U. S. Minister to France, 1869-77.

East and stopped at the house of a relative at Bridgeport, Conn., went to his bed a sick man, and remained there for some weeks.

The convention was held in Chicago early in June. The Grant men were united and sanguine. The opposition was not united, but determined. The proceedings of that remarkable convention are a matter of history. The delegates voting for Grant, numbering 306, stood together without a break through many ballottings. Finally the opposition united, and Gen. Garfield was nominated. . . .

The politicians who started to make Gen. Grant President for the third time did it, I believe, to head off a movement in favor of Mr. Washburne, whose popularity since his return as Ambassador [*sic*] to France was very great, especially with the Germans. Senator Conkling had been a bitter enemy of Washburne's for twenty years, the outgrowth of a serious quarrel when both were members of the House of Representatives. Gen. Logan was strenuously opposed to him because he feared his political influence in the state of Illinois should he become President. As to Senator Cameron, he, to say the least, was never an admirer of Mr. Washburne, and did not want to see him President. Gen. Grant, who was just about to return from his tour around the world, was just the man for them, if he could be induced to accept the nomination. They moved judiciously and obtained his consent to be a candidate, which he gave with great reluctance and on condition that there was to be no opposition to him in the convention.

Although Mr. Washburne, early and with much enthusiasm, joined in the movement to make his old friend again President, I have always been of the opinion that by the middle of the next winter he became convinced that Gen. Grant would not be nominated and held to that idea to the very last. He knew better than any one else the growing opposition to a third term, which would inevitably bring on a contest in the convention and which, when discovered by Gen. Grant, would induce him to peremptorily decline to be a candidate. It was asserted, during and after the convention, that Mr. Washburne controlled enough votes among the anti-third term delegates to have given Gen. Grant the nomination had he so willed. This was not true. Mr. Washburne had a few friends among the so-called opponents to Gen. Grant. His many friends were among the Grant delegates. What few he had in the opposition to Grant were not under his control. There was no combination favoring Mr. Washburne or any one else who was opposed to Grant. The contest was not between Gen. Grant and some one else, but between Gen. Grant and the anti-third term idea.

The breach between these two old and trusted friends was complete.

They never met again after the Springfield dinner at the gubernatorial mansion. So bitter and unrelenting was Gen. Grant that when writing his memoirs just before his death, he almost entirely ignored his old friend. The breach between these two great men of world-wide renown was the saddest that had ever occurred in the history of the nation. I, too, suffered with Mr. Washburne in Gen. Grant's estimation, for he believed that I, who had been his friend throughout, had advised and upheld Mr. Washburne in his course. The blow to both was severe, and neither ever fully recovered from its effect.

Many years have elapsed since the occurrences related above took place. Gen. Grant I had always regarded as my friend, and as a soldier he was my ideal. Mr. Washburne had been my intimate friend for nearly two score years. The longer I live the more I am convinced, knowing as I do their close friendly relations during and after the civil war, that Gen. Grant ought never to have consented to be a candidate for the Presidency the third time, and when asked to take the nomination should have replied: "No, gentlemen, I will not accept the nomination, but there is my friend, Mr. Washburne, well qualified for the high position; nominate him and I will work for his election."

AUGUSTUS L. CHETLAIN, *Recollections of
Seventy Years* (Galena, 1899), 178-84.

REV. R. STEWART'S JOURNAL—EXTRACTS

VISIT TO CAIRO AND THEBES

Friday, Feb. 6, 1852.—Left Jonesboro, to visit Cairo, where brother Olmsted and myself had arranged to spend the Sabbath. The road was intolerably bad, and I made but twelve miles this day; I have still thirty-five miles before me.

Feb. 7.—With great difficulty advanced thirty miles. The greater part of the distance was along the Cash river bottom, in the sounding of which my horse literally found "no bottom." About sunset, I found myself at the door of an old settler by the name of Dickey; a relative of the famous Dickeys of the Presbyterian church. Here I was kindly entertained; I found the family to be of the Baptist order.

Feb. 8. Sabbath—As I was about starting for Cairo, brother Olmsted, who had spent the night in the neighborhood, came up. It was immediately arranged that he should leave his horse with Mr. Dickey, and take a seat in my buggy. Our journey into Cairo, though short, was very tedious on account of the condition of the road. It was nearly 11 o'clock

when we reached the place. Though it had been announced in the paper "that there would be preaching in the dining room of the wharf-boat, *Sam Dale*," no congregation had assembled. At 3 o'clock, P. M., however, we met a congregation on the wharf-boat; and at night in the dining hall of the hotel on shore. But this day at Cairo, except during the hours of public worship, seemed little like the Sabbath. Boats were arriving and departing almost every hour. Then the family and trading boats lying along the wharf, were all doing business more or less. And at present the city is much more upon the *rivers* than upon the *land*. But there are a goodly number of people here who are anxious to see the moral condition of the place improved. Our congregations were attentive and solemn. This is probably the first effort made here by Presbyterian Missionaries. The date is worth recording—February 8, 1852. Brother Olmsted has made arrangements to be there every alternate Sabbath.

We left Cairo on Monday, the 9th, having been very hospitably entertained by a Mr. Joiner, who very cordially invited us to make his house our home whenever we visited the place. We then returned to Mr. Dickey's, seven miles from Cairo, where I remained till Wednesday the 11th.

On the morning of that day, I set off alone for Thebes, brother Olmsted having returned to his home at Caledonia. My route lay mostly along the bank of the Mississippi river. Beginning at Cairo, and extending north ten or twelve miles, and bounded by the Cash, the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, is a body of land from three to twelve miles wide now an almost unbroken wilderness, but of unsurpassed fertility. A very few farms are now opened on the Mississippi river. While a portion of this land is subject to inundation, this is by no means true of the whole. Within the limits mentioned, is "Swan Lake," said to be frequented by the famous bird of that name. On the margin of this lake a company is now constructing a steam saw-mill. Many other mills are already in operation in this county, and are doing a vast business. The county abounds with immense quantities of the finest poplar timber.

I passed the night at a little place called Santa Fe, on the bank of the Mississippi, about five miles below Thebes. The village consists of about six families; and the principal business is that connected with a saw-mill. Here is the first high land touching the river above Cairo. Here I found three families by the name of McPheteers, who were formerly my parishioners at Canton. About six individuals were connected with the church at that place, and one of them was a Ruling Elder. Here I spent a day and two nights very pleasantly, and preached three times.

The next day, Friday, the 13th, I went on to Thebes. This is the

county seat. Here I remained till Monday, preaching twice at the Court house, and twice at two different points in the neighborhood. I reached Jonesboro on Monday the 16th.

VISIT TO DUQUOINE AND REVIVAL

I was detained at Jonesboro, until after the next Sabbath, on which day I preached twice in the Baptist church. On Tuesday, 24th, I started with my wife and little boy for Duquoine by the way of Marion. I had the opportunity of preaching at the latter place, and reached Duquoine on Friday, the 27th. On this last day, found some difficulty in crossing a creek on a crazy bridge. After getting upon the bridge we found that the planks before us were gone, and, as there was no retreat, I was compelled to take up those we had passed over and lay them down in advance. The proverb says, "Praise the bridge that carries you safe over." But the *muddy bottoms* were the chief difficulty we had to encounter. We arrived however, at last, at brother Wood's famous "Minister's Hotel," muddy, fatigued and hungry.

In this last day's travel, two incidents especially attracted out attention. In passing a farm house we noticed a set of drunken, swaggering rowdies. On a post, near by, was a sign-board, on which the word "Whisky" was engraved, with the W *upside down*. We thought *that* sign was truly *significant*.

The other incident was "a horse-race." As we approached the end of our day's journey, I was surprised to find a large company of men—not less than two hundred—and some women; some of the company in carriages, some on horseback, and some on foot, but divided principally into two large groups at each end of a lane. It was now 4 o'clock, P. M., and this company had been collecting, ever since 8 in the morning. All were waiting with intense interest to see two horses run through that lane, the distance of a quarter of a mile. Two hundred dollars were staked upon the result. At length, about sunset, the race came off, and one horse proved to be faster than the other. I was amazed to see what an interest could be got up about so small an affair. The race over, the company separated, after swearing, swaggering, and drinking awhile.

The object of my visit to Duquoine was to assist brother Bird, who now ministers to that congregation, in a protracted meeting. This was continued for sixteen days, and was greatly blessed. About sixteen persons gave evidence of conversion to God; and on the last Sabbath of the meeting, eleven united with the church. Here, for the first time in my life, I met with a man, who boldly declares, "there is no God." Two persons who had professed religion in Scotland, but had wandered far

from duty, were hopefully recovered. It is certainly a very important part of the Missionary work of this Presbytery, to look up the "lost sheep." . . .

JOURNEY TO GREENVILLE, AND DEATH OF MRS. STEWART

I proceeded with my wife and little boy to Greenville. Almost immediately after our arrival, my dear wife was taken severely sick, from a return of her old complaints, and after lingering for a few days in great suffering, she expired on the third of April. Thus the last days of my Missionary year, were spent in watching by the dying bed of my beloved wife. She is gone! But it is consoling to know that she was prepared, and that she died at her home, among her family, and with that beloved people among whom we so long resided.

With these extracts from my journal, I close my report of service for my first missionary year. I have traveled 2,375 miles, and preached more than three sermons per week—frequently more than ten. I have also lectured on Temperance, the Sabbath, Education, Sabbath Schools, &c. It has been a year of toil, but still of enjoyment, though closing in deep affliction.

Greenville, April 6, 1852.

ROBERT STEWART.

Presbytery Reporter (Alton, May 1, 1852), 7-9.

CRAWFORD COUNTY'S SEVEN JESSES

The Seven Jesses were as noted a family in Crawford County, as the family of Seven Oaks in England, but in character, they were the very antipodes of the latter. There were seven brothers of them, and they lived two miles north of Palestine. Their name was Myers, and the Christian name of the eldest was Jesse. A very strong family resemblance existed between them, and hence they finally all received the nick-name of Jesse. Gen. Guy Smith, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, was the first to give them the unanimous name of Jesse, on account of their strong resemblance.

They had many peculiar and eccentric traits, one of which was, they always went in single file, and it was no uncommon thing to see the seven leave home together, riding invariably one right behind another, with all the precision and regularity of a band of Indians. They were coarse, rude, ungainly and wild as the game they hunted. They were illiterate, not ignorant; but shrewd, active, alert, and possessed strong, practical, common sense.

Jess went to Terre Haute just after the first railroad was completed into that town. When he returned home he was asked by some of his neighbors if he saw the railroad, and he replied: "Yas, by hokey, and it beats anything I ever seed. A lot of keridges come along faster'n a hoss could gallop, and run right inter a house, and I thought they would knock hell out of it, but two men run out and turned a little iron wheel round this way (imitating a brakeman) and the demed thing stopped stock still. They did by —. I'm goin' to take mam and Lyd to see 'em shore." The latter were his mother and sister.

At another time Jess went to Vincennes, and stopped at Clark's hotel. Next morning when he came down stairs, Mr. Clark said: "Good morning, sir." Jesse replied, "what the h—l do you say good morning for, when I have been here all night?" Clark then asked him if he would have some water to wash, and received in response, "No, by —! we Myerses never washes." Clark saw he had a character, and drew him out in conversation, enjoying his eccentricities in the highest degree.

WILLIAM HENRY PERRIN, ed., *History of Crawford and Clark Counties, Illinois* (Chicago, 1883), 132.



BOOK REVIEWS

Lincoln's Herndon. By David Donald. (Alfred A. Knopf: New York, 1948. Pp. 392. \$5.00.)

Because Herndon's statements and writings are not only basic to the Lincoln story but are also at the root of most of the controversial happenings in Lincoln's pre-presidential life, a proper appraisal of Herndon is essential to full understanding of Lincoln. Mr. Donald has supplied just what was needed with a biography marked by discerning and exhaustive scholarship, high literary merit, and penetrating historical criticism.

A man whose passionate search for truth too often begat error or uncertainty, a good lawyer who loathed the law, a temperance advocate who was often in his cups, a well-read man of shallow understanding, Herndon was a paradoxical and often baffling personality. Picked by Lincoln as a youth of promise, he was a competent partner and at first a valuable political ally. Later his indiscretions obliged Lincoln to withdraw his confidence and during the presidential campaign Herndon was completely shut out of the inner councils.

With Lincoln's death the promise of Herndon's younger years flickered out in frustration. For a time he worked zealously to depict for the world the Lincoln he had known. He collected a mass of material which is still an indispensable source. He delivered a number of lectures. He gave unstinting assistance to every Lincoln writer who asked for help. But whether through laziness, ineptitude, or apprehension of further criticism like that he had already evoked, he finally gave up the idea of writing a biography himself, sold his materials to Ward Hill Lamon, shared with Lamon and Lamon's ghost writer, Chauncey Black, the contumely their biography called forth, and allowed a score of years to pass before again taking up in earnest the task he had set himself. By that time his critical faculties were blunted, his memory had dimmed, and he had become a garrulous old man who credited himself with being far more influential with Lincoln than he really was. Actually, as Donald shows, Herndon's influence on Lincoln was very slight. The senior partner did his own thinking, and came to his conclusions very little influenced by others.

Herndon's was a tragic life, a story of high aspiration and dismal failures, and of a great hope realized only after death; for with all the

shortcomings of Herndon's biography of Lincoln, it has finally won recognition as a great book, giving, on the whole, an accurate and vivid picture of the human Lincoln. It was in humanizing Lincoln that Herndon did his greatest service. Except for Herndon, Lincoln would have become the cold, statuesque, historical character Washington has been.

Still Herndon made some serious mistakes which Donald ascribes to lapse of time, the frailties of age, and the peculiarities of Herndon's temperament. Although he is unsparing of Herndon's errors, Donald declares that nowhere has he found "a single letter or manuscript of Herndon's that reveals a desire or willingness to tell an untruth about Lincoln. . . . The honesty of his conscious purpose to tell the truth is revealed in everything he ever wrote." If Herndon distorted the character of Lincoln and caused modern scholars a deal of trouble in their efforts to dispel his misconceptions, he had no motive to deceive but fell victim to his own gullibility and to unwarranted confidence in his intuitive powers.

By way of minor criticism, one cannot prove that Herndon was not an abolitionist in the early forties because he did not vote the Abolition ticket, for many abolitionists preferred to retain old party loyalties and work within the framework of the Whig or Democratic organization rather than throw their votes and efforts away on hopeless candidates. But Donald's work presents few targets for complaint. His analysis of *Herndon's Lincoln* is as fine an example of skillful, unbiased historical criticism as one will find. His study of the Lincoln-Herndon partnership is the best to date. And his portrayal of the dreamy, boisterous, erratic, stubborn, consecrated, and contentious Billy Herndon gives a much deserving man the credit due him.

Springfield.

BENJAMIN P. THOMAS.

The Lincoln Papers: The Story of the Collection with Selections to July 4, 1861.

By David C. Mearns. (Doubleday & Co., Inc.: Garden City, N. Y., 1948. 2 v. \$10.)

A full three-quarters of David C. Mearns' two volumes of *The Lincoln Papers* consists of more than five hundred pieces of those famous documents so zealously guarded during his lifetime and long impounded after his death by Robert T. Lincoln. The papers were finally opened to public scrutiny on July 26, 1947. The selections cover a period up to July 4, 1861, which indicates that other volumes are to follow. Almost half of the first volume is devoted to a detailed history of the collection itself, and this section has much of the excitement and thrill of a popular novel, with undertones of mystery and suspense.

Mr. Mearns tells of the gradual accumulation of the collection, the beginnings of which Lincoln took with him from Springfield to Washington; of Lincoln's habits as a letter-writer during the busy years of his administration; of the gathering up of the correspondence and other documents immediately after his death; of the collection's peregrinations in eight stout trunks from one place to another.

Robert Lincoln is, of course, the central figure of this narrative, and Mr. Mearns deals more kindly and sympathetically with him than many other writers have done. He was a shy and sensitive man of ability and charm, in whom two inheritances seemed continually to struggle. The ante-bellum Kentucky gentleman could never quite integrate with more common clay; the grandson of Thomas Lincoln and the son of Mary Todd was something of a snob. He guarded the papers with an almost fanatical vigilance. He turned them over to Nicolay and Hay, it is true, but only after reserving the right to restrict their use. To other biographers he refused access. He set the date of their opening at twenty-one years after his death.

Mr. Mearns gives a thrilling firsthand account of the meeting of the scholars in the Library of Congress the evening before that date—"not since that morning in the Petersen house," cried one of them, "have so many men who loved Lincoln been gathered together in one room"—and of the rising excitement as the hour of midnight approached.

After this long and dramatic prelude it was perhaps inevitable that the papers should prove disappointing. Certainly they proved so to those who expected sensational revelations and looked for the disclosure of secrets so dark and sinister that they must be kept hidden for three-quarters of a century. Perhaps there was some slight disappointment among the scholars themselves. But not for long. Out of this tremendous mass of letters and papers came facts which illuminated and explained other facts and clarified events hitherto obscure.

This reviewer is not a scholar, but a common reader with a persistent interest in the life and personality of Lincoln. As such, he has some suggestions to offer to the thousands of readers of his own ilk.

The Lincoln Papers are books to own, to have on one's shelves; they should be read slowly, a bit at a time. They are an intimate and heterogeneous record of life itself in a democracy, the large events and the little—the little far outnumbering the large, as they always do even in the life of a great man at the very center of critical times. Consider the nature of the contents, so varied as almost to defy classification:

A man (unknown to history save for this single, poignant, ill-spelt letter) writes to Lincoln, the Springfield lawyer, urging him to defend his

only son who is in jail; friends and strangers offer congratulations, condolences, and advice; a Lincoln club near Boston requests a splinter from a rail fence of Lincoln's own hewing; Horace Greeley (who had a pigeon-hole all to himself in Lincoln's desk) takes his ubiquitous pen in hand; formal little notes come from Seward, occasionally with hints of how to conduct oneself in delicate situations; office seekers importune, and their friends take up their causes; Southern sympathizers threaten; humble folk proffer their good wishes and prayers; generals write from the field; old friends from Springfield send bits of news. To some of the letters Lincoln replies and keeps a fair copy; on some he makes notations. Of the more than 18,000 documents in the collection about nine hundred are in Lincoln's own hand. But, as Mr. Mearns states, "the outstanding contribution of the Lincoln papers comes from the materials which were addressed to him."

The reviewer offers still another suggestion to his fellow readers: A collection of the nature and magnitude of *The Lincoln Papers* may often, during evenings of leisurely reading, be approached backwards. Glance through the index first. For example, the two double-columned pages of B's yield not only such names as Bates, Beauregard, Beecher, Bragg, Breckenridge, Bright, Bryant, and Butler, but such provocative topics as balloons, Barnum's Hotel (chief cook of), barouches, Berry and Lincoln's store, bigotry, Bixby letter, blacksmith (Lincoln considers becoming a), bloodshed, Bonaparte, Borgias (see also poison), butternuts, Lord Byron.

Finally, in behalf of the common reader, the reviewer offers his heartfelt thanks to David C. Mearns for a difficult and important task splendidly done.

Springfield.

GEORGE W. BUNN, JR.

The National Road. By Philip D. Jordan. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company: Indianapolis, 1948. Pp. 442. \$4.00.)

Among the boyhood recollections of the writer of this review are the bands of red, white, and blue paint which decorated poles along the turnpike from the Wabash River via Vandalia to the Mississippi at East St. Louis. As one of the trail markings of the time, these red, white, and blue bands stood out in brightness and beauty and attracted immediate recognition at quite some distance.

Well they should! They blazed the National Road, and the intrepid driver of an early motorcar could follow them across Indiana and Ohio, over the southwestern corner of Pennsylvania and most of the length of Maryland to Baltimore and Washington. They marked the first experi-

ment in the West with federal highway building, and along their course, in a much earlier day, arose one of the first fights in Congress over the issue of State rights.

The story of that pioneering road through the wilderness is told in the third volume of Jay Monaghan's *American Trails Series*. Its author, Philip D. Jordan, now professor of history at the University of Minnesota after distinguished teaching and research at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, treats his subject as if it were a multi-sided personality, which is, indeed, exactly what it has been down through the years.

Not every historical narrative gets off to so impressive a start. It is winter, 1753, on the Maryland-Pennsylvania frontier. Christopher Gist, explorer and guide, has ridden out under commission to "look & observe the nearest & most convenient Road you can find from the [Ohio] Company's Store at Will's Creek to a Landing at Mohongeyla." Right behind Gist rode a twenty-one-year-old major from Virginia. His name was George Washington.

Many a President was to touch the National Road in one way or another, and many a humble citizen. And just a century ago, as the Jordan report shows, highway robbers went after its postbags as among the more eligible objects of the violence and crime of the day. Yet the author takes his assignment not merely to tell who has passed along the way, but what manner of men and women they were. If they settled down to stay, all the more reason to describe their lives—their outlook, their habits and ways, their proverbs, their entertainments, their wars and how they served when drums rolled.

The National Road not only ran through country but through a state of mind, and, at one early period, this state of mind was addicted to telling tall tales. Here are three paragraphs from a speech credited to a politician and repeated many times in Illinois and finally printed:

Feller citizens—I'll tell you now what I'm goin' to do if I'm elected to Congress, and what I'm goin' to have done if elected governor of the state. . . . I'm in favor of bildin' a railroad and ship canal from the village of St. Louis, . . . in the vicinity of Alton, to San Francisco, by cuttin' a tunnel plum through the bowels of the earth, straight as a die. I'm gwine to vote for a bill given O'Reilly the privilege of bildin' a telegraph line to the moon, and grantin' him the exclusive monopoly of the same for ten years, with the exception of 100 shares each, which old Zack and the man in the moon shall be allowed to take. . . .

And I'm gwine to have a law passed to keep milk from turnin' sour in thunderstorms, and to keep wimmen from standin' on their heads at camp meetin's. And I'm gwine to have another one passed to cause hickories to peel all the year round, and another one still for the expulsion from our borders of prairie wolves and abolitionists, the extermina-

tion of prairie flies and gallinippers, and the annihilation of fleas, bed-bugs and muskeeters.

Them's my sentiments! Three cheers for Hone! There, that'll do. Come now, and let's liquor!

The author travels with British visitors. He hears Charles Dickens say that Looking Glass Prairie, near Lebanon, Illinois, was "lonely and wild." He rides along with William Oliver of Roxburghshire in 1841, on the way from St. Louis to Vandalia. The route—and this is a sample of how Philip Jordan writes—"led through the bottoms, an extent of land densely wooded and cut with ponds and stagnant backwater from the Mississippi. In other places it was open prairie and, now and again, checkered with groves of laurel oak, hickory, and even pawpaw, and persimmon. Angry green-headed flies buzzed up over horse and rider, nipping both until bloody welts rose up. Dust, kicked into swirls by heavy traffic heading for St. Louis, seeped through clothes and powdered the body. . . . Backwoods folks gave him excellent instructions for finding Vandalia. . . . Even children took a world of pains to direct travelers."

The National Road has a wide appeal for Illinois readers, and those who live along its route—the people of Greenup, Effingham, Altamont, St. Elmo, Vandalia, Greenville, Highland, and Collinsville—should read it as a biography of an old friend. Any Illinois library—public or school—which does not already have this really first-rate book, must put it on the next order.

Collinsville.

IRVING DILLIARD.

Slave and Citizen; The Negro in the Americas. By Frank Tannenbaum. (Alfred A. Knopf: New York, 1947. Pp. 128. \$2.00.)

During the current discussion of interracial relationships as they may be affected on all levels of government in the United States by public law and policy, this compact study should receive close scrutiny. On the dust jacket the publishers state that it is "a mature and penetrating historical study of the differing moral and legal attitudes toward the Negro in North America, South America and the West Indies." This statement aptly characterizes *Slave and Citizen*.

Professor Tannenbaum's study ranges over the more than four-hundred-year period that slavery existed in the Western world and in the nations, excepting Russia, that colonized the region. The book grew out of a seminar conducted by Professor Tannenbaum and his colleagues at Columbia University. The method employed is to compare the ramifications of the systems of the Portuguese and Spanish regarding slavery with those of the English, French, and Dutch. The sources drawn upon

are as broad in content as the study is in scope. The public law, the decrees of the church, the observations of travelers, advertising copy from the public press are used to give the reader a complete picture of the slave systems of the Latin countries on the one hand and the Anglo-American on the other, and to show how the race relations after emancipation were affected.

The reader will discover that in the Latin system the slave never lost his character as an individual endowed with inherent moral rights and opportunities, whereas in the English system, he was reduced to a chattel. In the Spanish-Portuguese system a slave could always attain his freedom; in the English system, by mid-eighteenth century, this became next to impossible. In the Hispanic countries, from the outset, there was always a large portion of the population of free persons of color to which the law covering all free persons was extended. The result was that in the Latin American countries color lines virtually disappeared; whereas in the English-Dutch colonies and the countries which stemmed from them the contrary was the case.

The statistical tables showing the distribution of the forty-five million persons of color in the Western Hemisphere are of great value. Using these along with the analysis of the policies in various nations one readily perceives that the problems of race relationships differ in degree and not in kind from nation to nation and region to region. As the author points out, the Spanish-Portuguese states had had almost two hundred years of experience in evolving legal codes concerning slave and citizen before the first slaves came to the English colonies.

Professor Tannenbaum and his colleagues conclude that the law in the United States and in the English islands of the Caribbean will come in time to resemble and reflect that of the Portuguese and Spanish states of the New World. Certainly present trends in these regions give validity to this conclusion.

Illinois College.

JOE PATTERSON SMITH.

Kaskaskia Under the French Regime. By Natalia Maree Belting. (University of Illinois Press, Urbana, 1948. Pp. 140; paper-bound, \$1.50, clothbound, \$2.50.)

This book purports to narrate the social history of the Illinois villages, although particular attention, says the author, is paid to the largest settlement, the Kaskaskia village. The records for the story are scattered throughout various archival depots, and are integrated here for the first time. Kaskaskia was for one year the capital of the state, before

it was moved to Vandalia. The reason for moving was that the Mississippi was eating away the land where Kaskaskia stood; in 1881, the Kaskaskia peninsula became an island, and today the site of the village, except for a "tiny island [which] is a remnant of the old common fields south of Kaskaskia," has completely disappeared.

Besides printing an extract from the parish registers in the *Archives Nationales* at Paris, the main contribution of this monograph consists of notes on the census of 1752. This census is not restricted to Kaskaskia, but includes the population of Fort de Chartres, St. Philippe, Prairie du Rocher, Cahokia, and Ste. Geneviève. The latter document is now among the Vaudreuil manuscripts in the Loudoun papers, owned by the Huntington Library, San Marino, California. It is a list of names, written in phonetic spelling; but whenever possible, each one is identified by listing the wife or husband and children. Anybody who has tried this kind of work realizes the difficulty of such an undertaking, and the author must be congratulated for having succeeded so well.

There are a few mistakes, especially in French names. Throughout, *coureur* (or *coureurs*) du bois, for *coureur de bois*; Boullanger signed "Le Boullenger"; Bienville did not become governor of Louisiana until 1733; the Feast of the Circumcision fell on January 1; the patronal feast of the parish of Kaskaskia coincided with December eighth. L'Argilier, who signed Largillier, became a *donné* in 1675. It is doubtful whether he became a temporal coadjutor. A note at the end of his obituary letter reads as follows: "Le Reverend P. Provincial a réglé que tous les prêtres devoient *une* [instead of two for temporal coadjutors] messe et ceux qui ne le sont pas *un* chapelet pour le repos de son âme."

These remarks, however, in no way detract from an excellent piece of work.

Loyola University, Chicago.

JEAN DELANGLEZ, S. J.

Life and Voyages of Louis Jolliet, 1645-1700. By Jean Delanglez. (Loyola University, Institute of Jesuit History Publications, Vol. VI: Chicago, 1948. Pp. 289. \$5.00.)

Father Delanglez' latest volume is a condensation of ten articles published between 1944 and 1946 in *Mid-America* and in the *Rapport de l'Archiviste de la Province de Quebec*. As he explains in the introduction, only the conclusions from the articles have been set down in the book, "For a detailed discussion of many moot points concerning the discovery of the Mississippi, the reader is referred to the articles themselves." One could wish, however, that there might have been less condensation since the volumes of *Mid-America* are not so handy as reference materials.

Rather than a biography of Jolliet, as one might conceivably expect from the title, the *Life and Voyages* is a minute and critical examination of the source material on which is based our knowledge of his explorations. Five chapters are devoted to the discovery of the Mississippi: in them Father Delanglez discusses the knowledge of the Mississippi before 1673, the primary manuscript evidence for Jolliet's discovery, the cartographical evidence, the secondary source material, and the history of the voyage of 1673. Other chapters cover Jolliet's early years from his birth at Beauport, near Quebec, in 1645 up to 1672 and the eve of his departure for the West, his lawsuits over the grant to him of Anticosti Island, his two Labrador voyages and his last years and death. In an appendix is printed an account of the *Voyage de Jolliet a la Baie d'Hudson* by Jacques Rousseau and, in a second appendix, the author has calendared the Jolliet documents.

Of the same high quality of scholarship as the author's previous works in the field of the French regime in the West, the *Life and Voyages of Louis Jolliet* is a book chiefly for the specialist in the field, and a specialist who has access to the manuscript sources. For such a person, Father Delanglez has provided a most useful guide to a better understanding of the activities of the French in the Mississippi Valley, and a handbook for evaluating the worth of the sources. That the printer had a field day with Marquette's name on pages 118 and 119 and moved the date of Jolliet's birth back 100 years in the table of contents without getting caught by the proofreader is a trivial fault hardly worth noticing.

University of Illinois.

NATALIA MAREE BELTING.

Francis Lieber, Nineteenth Century Liberal. By Frank Freidel. (Louisiana State University Press: Baton Rouge, [c1947]. Pp. 445. \$4.50.)

Francis Lieber, now almost forgotten, was a nineteenth century prototype of Charles A. Beard, which is to say he was a highly respected scholar whose learning was constantly employed in the fighting of public causes. In presenting a thorough and painstaking biography of such a man, Dr. Freidel has increased our understanding of the intellectual sources and backgrounds of American political controversies from the thirties to the seventies. If, contrary to his own desires, Lieber was never permitted to reach the actual firing line in those battles, he was a tireless provider of ammunition to those who did.

Lieber was born in Berlin in 1798. A young volunteer, he was wounded at the Battle of Waterloo. When, as a student, he attracted the unfavorable attention of the Prussian police, he left Germany for England and thence came to America in 1827. He made his first money

in this country by opening a swimming school for young men in Boston but such was his ebullient self-confidence that within a year he persuaded a Philadelphia firm of publishers to hire him as editor-in-chief of the first edition of the *Encyclopedia Americana*. The success of that work and the correspondence arising from it gave him general recognition as a scholar in a land not too rich as yet in persons of that type.

Disappointed in all his efforts to secure academic employment in the North, he accepted a professorship in South Carolina College where he stayed reluctantly for twenty years before his constant angling landed him a post in Columbia College. The happy change came just in time to remove him from an environment that was becoming increasingly uncongenial. He abhorred slavery, and secession and the Civil War were but little more than three years away. The invitation to Columbia resulted from the success of two works which he published while at South Carolina College, *Manual of Political Ethics* (1838-39) and *On Civil Liberty and Self-Government* (1853). Both of these continued to be studied as standard texts by two generations of college students.

But his reputation rested on far more than these two large works. He was willing for years to contribute voluminously on almost any subject suggested to him. His correspondence was vast and his circle of acquaintance uncommonly large though he seems rather consciously to have cultivated only the "right people." He was on excellent terms for considerable periods with such men as Justice Story, Webster, Clay, Sumner, Longfellow, Chancellor Kent, and Theodore Dwight Woolsey.

Lieber took his American citizenship as a serious obligation and persistently plunged into a succession of causes—prison reform, educational extension and reorganization, abolition of slavery, and civil service reform, among many others. He died in 1872.

Dr. Freidel's biography is pleasantly written and well documented. It contains a serviceable bibliography and index.

Eastern Illinois State College.

GLENN H. SEYMOUR.

Berry and Lincoln, Frontier Merchants: The Store that "Winked Out." By Zarel C. Spears and Robert S. Barton. (Stratford House, Inc.: New York, 1947. Pp. 140. \$3.75.)

This book can be read in an evening. The sub-title is Lincoln's description of his business venture with William Berry in the Illinois frontier village of New Salem.

Coauthor Robert Barton is the son of the late Dr. William E. Barton, a well-known student of Lincolniana. Zarel C. Spears is the grandson of

William Berry's sister, Harriet, who lived to the age of ninety. The story of Berry's boyhood, reconstructed from the happy memories of an adoring little sister, sheds a softening light on the brief but unfavorable mention he has received in Lincoln biographies.

Many pages tell about the controversial tavern license for the store with Lincoln's signature on the application to sell liquor, and the suppositions which have grown out of the lack of facts. In spite of a long list of Lincoln authorities who have not accepted the Lincoln signature as his handwriting, the authors recreate from imagination the scene of the future President and his two companions at the courthouse signing the document.

The last two chapters detract from the purpose of the book by repeatedly labeling what Lincoln humorously called his "National Debt" a myth, and by attempting to prove that Berry settled all store debts before his death only one month after the store "winked out."

Discounting the evidence printed in William Dean Howells' campaign biography of Lincoln, a copy of which has been reproduced in facsimile showing Lincoln's own pencil corrections, the authors say, "How the firm of Berry and Lincoln 'winked out' can only be imagined by piecing together the little fragments of available information. The circumstances are not definitely known and probably never will be with any degree of certainty."

Biographers have often glossed over or even made villains of Lincoln's early associates in an effort to throw the best possible light on the Martyr President. The different interpretation in this research on an associate of Lincoln's makes the book interesting reading.

Springfield.

VIRGINIA S. BROWN.

Lincoln Runs for Congress. By Donald W. Riddle. (Rutgers University Press: New Brunswick, N. J., 1948. Pp. xii, 217. \$3.00.)

The imprint of the Abraham Lincoln Association on a book is like the mark "sterling" on silver. The reader can rest assured that the quality of scholarship will be above standard. In *Lincoln Runs for Congress*, Mr. Riddle outlines the development of Illinois with Democratic counties in the south and Whig voters on the rich prairies around Springfield. Lincoln attained political recognition as a Whig in this central area, the Seventh Congressional District. Here he was opposed by two rivals, John J. Hardin and Edward D. Baker. The story of the deal among these three men has been told many times. Mr. Riddle has analyzed the agreement in more detail than earlier students and he comes to the established

conclusion. In short, each man was to run for Congress in turn, Hardin first, then Baker, then Lincoln; but when Abraham's turn came Hardin hungered for another slice of congressional pie. He did not want to step aside for his rival.

Lincoln and Hardin represented different ideologies of Whiggery. The convention system of nomination had recently been adopted by the Democrats. Lincoln approved of the procedure. Hardin suggested a form of nomination by primaries in which the electorate would vote by counties. He wanted the nomination to go to the man who could secure a majority of the district's counties instead of a majority of the whole. In the internal party struggle Lincoln won the nomination. His subsequent election in a campaign against Peter Cartwright, the Democratic nominee, was almost a routine affair for the Whigs were powerful in central Illinois.

The appendix contains transcripts of original letters from Lincoln to Hardin concerning the proposals for nomination in 1846.

J. M.

History of Oklahoma. By Edward Everett Dale and Morris L. Wardell. (Prentice-Hall, Inc.: New York, 1948. Pp. x, 572. \$7.65.)

It is something of a surprise to find, while reading an engrossing history of one's native state, that it is partly a chronicle of events current during the lives of a large portion of the present population. In this book the surprise is pleasant.

The tragedy of the migration of the Five Tribes transcends the history of a single state. This story also fills out the little most Americans know of early Oklahoma.

The first fifteen chapters are swift-moving and exciting history. The later chapters, being largely a chronology of vital statistics and political change, round out what should be a useful and complete textbook.

Springfield.

PHILIP W. VANCE.

Midwest Heritage. By John Drury. (A. A. Wyn, Inc.: New York, 1948. Pp. 176. \$5.00.)

John Drury is well on his way to being known as Mr. Midwest. This is his second book with his favorite word as a part of the title—last year his *Historic Midwest Houses* was published. And he has written other books about Chicago and Illinois—the center of the Midwest.

In addition to *Midwest Heritage* his *Old Illinois Houses* is being published this year by the Illinois State Historical Society which will dis-

tribute the book to its members. Also, a reprint issue of his *Old Chicago Houses* is coming out. All of this may sound as if he has been doing too much for one author, but *Midwest Heritage* is the only one of these books that was written this year. *Old Illinois Houses* appeared originally as a weekly series of articles in *The Chicago Daily News*, beginning in 1941; it has now been brought up to date as an *Occasional Publication* of the Society.

The material for *Midwest Heritage* was assembled by culling papers, books, and magazines of the period around 1850 for engravings which tell a fascinating pictorial story. The author has grouped these pictures into nine chapters and has written a narrative to knit each of them together. The subjects covered in these groupings are the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, Chicago, the other Great Lakes cities, the old French towns, rural life, the National Road, Lincoln Land, and concluding with the territory west of the Mississippi.

Some of the pictures, of course, are pretty crude, but a few are works of art and all of them have a pioneering flavor that was lost when the photographer replaced the artist. Nothing in that era, it seems, was too trivial to record. There are a number of pictures of school days and husking bees, river-front types and saloon scenes. Early laborsaving devices get their share of recognition as do boats, bridges, and battles. Also on the grim side are fires, floods, and Indian fighting.

Probably pictures of houses and public buildings lead the rest—with about seventy-five out of the 300-or-so engravings. In this case it is fortunate that John Drury is the author, for his previous books have dealt with historic houses and he is an acknowledged authority on the subject.

Midwest Heritage is not to be compared with standard histories because of its different approach. Pictures are often used to illustrate history, of course, but in this book the pictures came first and the task of the author was to weave their subjects into a story. This sometimes leads to a jerkiness of style and must have cramped the writer at times when certain pictures required more words than the space allowed. Then, too, no pictures were available on some subjects that a standard history would include. However, these things are not shortcomings, they are merely differences.

By widening his horizons with each successive book John Drury has increased his popularity as a writer. And *Midwest Heritage* deserves to continue this growth.

H. F. R.



A YEAR'S MAGAZINE ARTICLES OF INTEREST
TO ILLINOISANS

"Reception of the Pike's Peak Fever in the Chicago Press and Tribune." By Richard A. Bartlett. (*The Colorado Magazine*, Jan., 1948.)

"The English Settlement in Southern Illinois, 1815-1825." By Jane Rodman. (*Indiana Magazine of History*, Dec., 1947.)

"Medical Practices on the Frontier." By Edward Everett Dale. (*Indiana Magazine of History*, Dec., 1947.)

"The English Settlement in Southern Illinois as Viewed by English Travelers, 1815-1825." By Jane Rodman. (*Indiana Magazine of History*, March, 1948.)

"New Harmony's Golden Years." By Richard E. Banta. (*Indiana Magazine of History*, March, 1948.)

"The Upper Mississippi in 1840." By O. E. Klingaman. (*The Annals of Iowa*, Jan., 1948.)

"The Negro in Iowa." By Leola Nelson Bergmann. (*Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, Jan., 1948.)

"Letters of Julia Louisa Lovejoy, 1856-1864." (*The Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Nov., 1947; Feb., 1948; May, 1948.)

"William E. Borah's Years in Kansas in the 1880's." By Waldo W. Braden. (*The Kansas Historical Quarterly*, Nov., 1947.)

"Kentucky Confederates Buried at Camp Douglas, Illinois." (*The Register of the Kentucky Historical Society*, Jan., 1948.)

"A Shout of Derision: A Sidelight on the Presidential Campaign of 1848." By Mentor L. Williams. (*Michigan History*, March, 1948.)

"The Catholic Church and Social Problems in the World War I Era." By Aaron Abell. (*Mid-America*, July, 1948.)

"King Wheat." By Merrill E. Jarchow. (*Minnesota History*, March, 1948.)

"Notes and Documents." Edited by David Donald. Here is a copy of a letter by C. H. Colman, written from Lexington, Miss. The original is in the Illinois State Historical Library. (*The Journal of Mississippi History*, Oct., 1947.)

"A Spy on the Western Waters. The Military Intelligence Mission of General Collot in 1796." By George W. Kyte. (*Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, Dec., 1947.)

"Myths of the Bryan Campaign." By James A. Barnes. (*Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, Dec., 1947.)

"Ticknor and Fields' Publications in the Old Northwest, 1840-1860." By W. S. Tryon. (*Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, March, 1948.)

"Lincoln and the Territorial Patronage: The Ascendancy of the Radicals in the West." By Vincent G. Tegeder. (*Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, June, 1948.)

"The Sectional Issue in the 1918 Congressional Elections." By Seward W. Livermore. (*Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, June, 1948.)

"The Wiggins Ferry Monopoly." By Agnes Wallace. This is a history of the ferries across the Mississippi between Illinois and St. Louis. (*Missouri Historical Review*, Oct., 1947.)

"Wood and Water: Twin Problems of the Prairie Plains." By Edward Everett Dale. (*Nebraska History*, June, 1948.)

"Abraham Lincoln Visits With His People." By J. H. Cramer. This is an account of Lincoln's trip to Washington in 1861. (*Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, Jan., 1948.)

"John Brown's Ohio Environment." By Mary Land. (*Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, Jan., 1948.)

"Folk Music on the Midwestern Frontier, 1788-1825." By Harry R. Stevens. (*Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, April, 1948.)

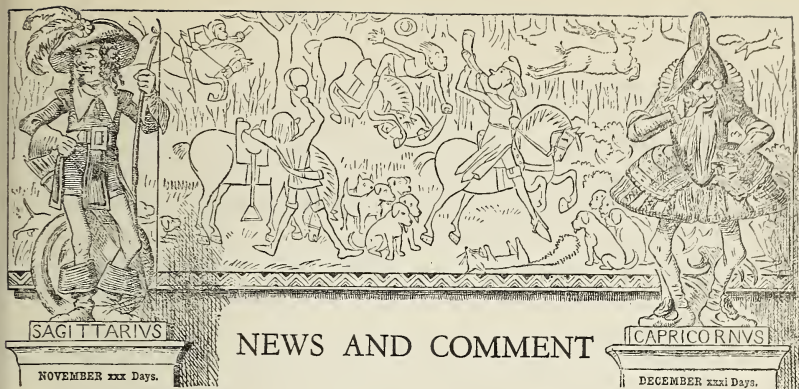
"Texas Newspapers and Lincoln." By Ralph W. Steen. (*The Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, Jan., 1948.)

"Captain Joseph Ogle of Virginia and Illinois in the defense of the Upper Ohio." By Francis Hamilton Hibbard. (*West Virginia History*, April, 1948.)

"The Functions of the State Historical Society." By Robert K. Richardson. (*Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Dec., 1947.)

The little magazine, *Chicago History*, published quarterly by the Chicago Historical Society is a delightful publication—informal, attractive, and entertaining.

Recent issues have contained articles of interest to all Illinoisans. To mention a few: There is an article on the English settlement in Edwards County in Volume I, no. 10, winter, 1947-48. In Volume I, no. 11, spring, 1948, are articles on the rare book, *Chicago Illustrated* (better known as "Jevne and Almini"), a brief account of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and a vivid story of the burning of the Chicago Historical Society in the great Chicago fire as told in a letter by William Corkran, the Society's librarian at that tragic time. An article on "George Flower: Diarist" may be found in the summer, 1948, issue (Vol. I, no. 12). In this same number are several interesting letters of Lincoln's that show his mastery of the art of practical politics.



THE FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING

In brief business sessions sandwiched between luncheons, banquet, tea, tours, and talks the Illinois State Historical Society, at its forty-ninth annual meeting held in Evanston on October 8 and 9, elected officers and set its course for the coming year.

The State Society was the guest of the Evanston Historical Society, Northwestern University, and the Chicago Historical Society. The celebration also marked the golden anniversary of the Evanston Society.

New officers elected for 1948-49, during which year the Society will celebrate its semi-centennial, are:

President: Dr. Dwight F. Clark, of Evanston.

Vice-Presidents: Frank J. Heinl, of Jacksonville, and Elmer E. Abrahamson, of Chicago.

Directors: H. Gary Hudson, of Jacksonville, (to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Theodore C. Pease); for the term expiring in 1951, Dwight F. Clark and James A. James, of Evanston; Charles Collins, of Chicago; James G. Randall, of Urbana; and John H. Hauberg, of Rock Island. All other officers were re-elected.

Dates for the Society's two major events of the coming year were set as follows:

May 20-21: Spring meeting at Cahokia for the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the first white settlement in Illinois and the Mississippi Valley. Trips also will be taken to Fort Chartres and Kaskaskia.

October 7-8: Golden anniversary meeting in Springfield.

A change was made in the Society's constitution. This amendment, proposed by Sercial Thompson, of Harrisburg, senior vice-president and director, will allow local societies to affiliate with the State Society on a

joint membership basis so that their members will receive this *Journal* and share in other activities of the State Society.

The principal address of the two-day Evanston meeting was by Stanley Pargellis, librarian of the Newberry Library of Chicago, who spoke at the banquet at the North Shore Hotel on Friday evening. "Our Innocent Arsonists" was the title of his talk, which was a pithy and, at times, humorous plea for the preservation of old letters, manuscripts, papers, and books—at least until they have been checked for historical value by a competent authority.

Although all events on the Society's busy schedule were well attended one that exceeded the others for interest was the tea at the home of General and Mrs. Charles G. Dawes on Friday afternoon. This old mansion will become the Evanston Historical Center and as such will house the Evanston Historical Society and Northwestern University's historical collections. Two busses with a capacity of seventy-two passengers were engaged for the Saturday morning tour of historic points in Evanston. But they were not adequate to accommodate all who wanted to make the trip.

Other high lights of the meeting included an address by Professor Ray A. Billington, of Northwestern University, entitled "The Illinois Frontier in History"; a brief talk by General Dawes at the banquet; and C. Herrick Hammond, supervising architect of the state division of public works and buildings, gave an illustrated address on historic places which have been reconstructed by the state.

One note of tragedy marred the otherwise festive atmosphere of the occasion. On their arrival in Evanston Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Meyer, of Alton, were notified of the death from a heart attack of Dr. Oliver A. Meyer, brother of Mr. Meyer. Mrs. Harry L. Meyer is the only woman director of the Society. Dr. Meyer was a member of the Society and a leader of veterans' and community activities in Alton.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

October 8, 1948

*To the Directors and Members
of the Illinois State Historical Society*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

A year ago I reported to the Society that our campaign for new members had netted us 268 or 26 per cent above the original goal set for our Fiftieth Anniversary next year. At that time I said that we should be able to count on well over 2,000 by 1949. I am happy to be able to tell

you that on October 1, we had a total membership mailing list of 4,570 including 1,537 junior associates, 109 out-of-state libraries and 100 Illinois newspapers. Our increase this year over last amounted to 485 against last year's increase of 268. If we are able to keep up this rate for one more year, we will reach a Fiftieth Anniversary goal of 5,000.

For this continued increase our membership committee deserves great praise. Under the chairmanship of Jewell Stevens a committee consisting of Wayne Townley, Mrs. Harry L. Meyer, and Scerial Thompson has altered last year's zoning slightly. Last year's three zones of thirty-four counties each have been redistricted into four zones as follows: (1) Cook and Du Page counties which contain approximately half the population in the state, (2) Northern, (3) Central, and (4) Southern Illinois. Zone 1 is under the direction of Jewell Stevens; Zone 2 under Wayne C. Townley; Zone 3 under Mrs. Harry L. Meyer, and Zone 4 under Scerial Thompson. The following members have been appointed local chairmen in their respective zones.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS

Herman G. Nelson	Bertha R. Leaman
Ada Randall	Lawrence Ludens
Mollie Duffy	C. E. Van Norman
C. C. Tisler	

CENTRAL ILLINOIS

Mary B. Wright	Godfrey G. Luthy
Dorothy Gard	Oliver Mann
E. E. Adams	U. L. Evans
Craig Van Meter	Donald Lewis

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Howard G. Baker	J. M. Mitchell
Sam Ziegler	O. M. Karraker

Judge Elihu Hall

The committee listed above is noticeably larger than it was in 1947 and there has been a correspondingly large increase in membership. Special notice should be given the successful activities of President Irving Dilliard, Bertha R. Leaman, C. C. Tisler, Godfrey G. Luthy, and Philip L. Keister. Our membership in Macon County has almost doubled within the year. Analysis of all the figures shows that membership in each zone has increased 25 per cent with the exception of Chicago which has increased only 22 per cent. The greatest single gain has been in Rock Island where Directors Ander and Hauberg have gained for the Society 1,537 junior members, a bloc increase greater than any other yet made in our membership campaign.

The Society has now reached the eve of its Fiftieth Anniversary. I can report to you that plans are well under way for our next meeting on October 7 and 8 of next year. The program committee, consisting of Wayne Townley, chairman, James A. James, Jewell F. Stevens, H. Gary Hudson, Oscar C. Hayward, and J. Monaghan, has opened correspondence with some nationally famous speakers and I can assure you all of a surprise worth looking forward to. A special detailed report by the Fund Raising Committee for the Fiftieth Anniversary will be made by Chairman Oscar C. Hayward. In brief, I am told, his report shows a total of \$3,527 raised toward our goal of \$5,000 due within the next twelve months.

The publication program for the Fiftieth Anniversary is progressing on schedule. The revised edition of Theodore Calvin Pease's *Story of Illinois*, lacking the last chapter, was delivered to the University of Chicago Press at the specified time. The last chapter, bringing the story down to date, was to be delivered on January 1, 1949. Professor Pease was working on this at the time of his death. Mrs. Pease has generously offered to complete the manuscript for us. The contract for this book calls for thirty-two illustrations. Ten of these have been delivered to the engraver, twelve are in my office ready to ship. The remaining ten will be ready in ample time before the January 1 printing deadline.

A similarly satisfactory report may be made concerning the pictorial history. With the help of John H. Hauberg and O. Fritiof Ander your secretary selected some 500 suitable pictures. Expense of publication made it necessary to cut this number to 155. These pictures, together with explanatory text, have been delivered to the University of Chicago Press according to contract. A concluding picture is to be added after this fall's elections.

Last year I reported on our tremendous project for compiling an adequate index of the first twenty-five volumes of our *Journal*. The actual indexing at that time was completed. During the last year we have checked, edited, and cross-indexed the original cards and they have been typed for the printer into a 1,500-page manuscript. Thus the three publishing projects for the Fiftieth Anniversary progress satisfactorily.

Another volume of our *Occasional Publications* will be distributed this year. The series, known originally as *Transactions* and later as *Papers in Illinois History*, was renewed last year after a five-year lapse. For the fifty-first volume of the series we have been very fortunate in getting from *The Chicago Daily News*, without charge, the right to reproduce in book form John Drury's well-known column *Old Illinois Houses*. Mr. Drury himself has generously revised his work, making the text up-to-date for

our present publication. The galley proofs on this book have been approved by the author and the Society's editorial staff. We hope before long to have the finished book in your hands. No *Occasional Publication* is planned for next year. Pease's *Story of Illinois* and the pictorial history are considered adequate for our Fiftieth Anniversary.

Last year I reported that the late Dr. Carl E. Black in his will presented to the Society a large collection of photographs of Illinois doctors. The Illinois Medical Society generously purchased a metal file case for the preservation of this collection. Doctors throughout the state have been sending their pictures to us. There are today approximately 7,500 pictures in this collection and the Illinois Medical Society has voted us an additional \$80 for the purchase of another storage cabinet.

Last year we enclosed post cards in our September *Journal* suggesting that a membership in the Historical Society would be a good Christmas present. The success of that suggestion has prompted us to repeat the enclosure in the September *Journals*. I hope many of you will use it as Christmas approaches.

On May 14 and 15, the Society held its annual spring tour which was described in detail in the June *Journal*. The success of this meeting was due to the energy and vision of Will Griffith, executive secretary of the Greater Egypt Association, and his hospitable wife. Bus service was generously furnished for the circle tour from Cairo north to Crab Orchard Lake, Carbondale, and Giant City State Park by the Greater Egypt Association and Earl Throgmorton.

At our annual directors' meeting in 1946 it was decided to experiment with a historical magazine to be known as the *Junior Historian* for junior high school students. Through the efforts and enthusiasm of Directors O. Fritiof Ander and John Hauberg 1,537 students in Rock Island County subscribed to this magazine and the first issue appeared in January. The eighth issue of Volume I was distributed in May of this year and the Society is now beginning on its second volume of the school *Historian*. This venture has been self-supporting. The Society furnishes editorial assistance and the cost of subscriptions defrays the expense of printing and distribution. After one year of operation a small surplus of \$261.96 has accumulated.

In order to let people know about the activities of the Society I have continued the policy of writing hundreds of letters answering historical inquiries and telling about the publications offered by the Society. I have also spoken over the radio and in person to many civic and cultural groups, going twice out of the state. In two instances it has been necessary to send other members of the staff to fill engagements.

Recognition of the Society in the press during the last year has been gratifying. Our clipping service shows 520 citations as compared with last year's 150. Certainly this indicates that we must be participating in activities worthy of general notice. As in past years, extracts from some of our publications have been copied by newspaper columnists. It is always interesting to list the subjects picked from our publications by editors and also by our colleagues on other historical journals. The Ayers diary, of course, was reviewed in quarterlies throughout the country and excerpts were published in several news columns. Various papers referred to the following articles in the *Journal*: The story of Edwin Booth's saving Robert Todd Lincoln; President Lincoln's interest in spiritualism; Dickens' western trip; the origin of Illinois place names; our international dilemma; Mable Hall Goltra's Peter Newell article; Henriette Naeseth's story of Swedish drama in Chicago.

Each year it is your secretary's grim duty to announce the passing of some of our members. This year we have suffered the sudden loss, on August 11, of our director and former president, Theodore Calvin Pease. He was one of the Society's Old Guard in years of membership and also in loyalty and service to the organization. In March, 1948, we lost a life member, Mrs. George Pick, of Highland Park, who had been a member of the Society since 1918, and in November of last year we lost a former contributor to our publications, Mrs. Eugenia Jones Hunt, of Winnetka, aged 101. All of us must feel a solemn satisfaction in belonging to a Society which has held the interest and loyalty of members for so many years.

Respectfully submitted.

J. MONAGHAN.

RESOLUTION APPROVED AT EVANSTON MEETING

The Illinois State Historical Society expresses its deep sorrow in the loss of its long-time member and former president, Theodore Calvin Pease. As a noted historian of the state, authority on its archives, head of the Illinois Historical Survey, editor of the *Illinois Historical Collections*, and Society president in 1946-47, Dr. Pease made a distinguished and widely recognized contribution in the field of western history, and especially the history of Illinois. In his volume on *The Frontier State*, his *Story of Illinois*, and his important work in the collecting of a vast storehouse of source records derived from foreign archives, he has led the way, and has inspired further development in terms of his own notable accomplishment. In respect to his memory a biographical article is to be prepared for an early issue of the *Journal*. [See page 353.]

The Society recognizes Dr. Pease's outstanding scholarship, cultured personality, reliable judgment, and valuable achievement as editor, author, and intellectual leader. It is a satisfaction to know that he had brought the revision of his *Story of Illinois* to a point near completion.

Mrs. Pease, the former Marguerite Jenison, whose scholarly collaboration with her husband in Illinois history is well known, has undertaken the task of preparing the revised volume for publication in connection with the semi-centennial meeting in 1949. Along with its deep sympathy, the Society extends to Mrs. Pease its grateful appreciation for this valuable and competent service.

JAMES G. RANDALL
JAMES A. JAMES

RESOLUTION OF THANKS TO GENERAL DAWES

The members of the Illinois State Historical Society express their appreciation to General and Mrs. Charles G. Dawes for their gracious hospitality this afternoon [October 8] when they entertained at a most enjoyable tea in their home. The rare opportunity of being guests in this historic and beautiful mansion will long be cherished by all who were present on this delightful occasion.

J. MONAGHAN, *Secretary*.



The editors are glad to publish the following communication received recently from Eugene B. Vest, 215 Van Buren Avenue, Dixon, Illinois. Our readers will remember an article by Mr. Vest in the September, 1947, issue of the *Journal*, "When Dio Lewis Came to Dixon." The letter from Mr. Vest follows:

The map of Evanston accompanying the folder of the fall meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society asserts that Edward Eggleston's *The Hoosier School-Master* was written in a house which stood on Davis Street several blocks west of Fountain Square.

Minnesota: A State Guide (New York, 1938) says, on page 141, that Eggleston "is thought to have written *Hoosier Schoolmaster* here [in Minnesota]." *Indiana: A Guide to the Hoosier State* (New York, 1941), page 143, says, "In 1870 . . . Eggleston went to New York. . . . he soon wrote *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*." Rufus Rockwell and Otilie E. Wilson's *New York in Literature* (New York, 1947) states on page 172, "Edward Eggleston . . . resided at 298 Schermerhorn Street [Brooklyn], and there wrote his best remembered novel, *The Hoosier School-Master*."

Statements in William Peirce Randel's careful biography, *Edward Eggleston: Author of the Hoosier School-Master* (New York, 1946) should

settle the matter. In chapters X and XI he tells how, in 1870, the Egglestons left Evanston for Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn. In New York Eggleston worked on *The Independent* until August, 1871, when he took over the editorship of the ailing *Hearth and Home*. Meanwhile, from December, 1870, to November, 1871, the new *Scribner's* published five stories by Eggleston, his first adult fiction.

The mild success of another of his stories, "Uncle Sim's Boy," which appeared in three installments in *Hearth and Home* in August and September, 1871, caused him to look about for another theme for serial fiction. The experience of his brother, George, in teaching at Riker's Ridge, Indiana, occurred to him as suitable, and George himself, who had also moved to New York in 1870, was at hand to furnish details. Eggleston dropped all other work, says Randel, and engaged in a race with the printer for ten weeks. The circulation of *Hearth and Home* went up at once, and Eggleston was famous. The novel was published in book form in December, 1871. Randel says further that Eggleston finished his second novel, *The End of the World*, in the latter part of May, 1872, and so had written two books in eight months. By that date he had already lived in New York over two years. Thus Evanston cannot claim to be the birthplace of the novel.

Another misstatement about *The Hoosier School-Master* may well be corrected here. *Indiana: A Guide to the Hoosier State* says on page 143 that the novel "was first published, curiously enough, in France, in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* under the title 'Le Maître d'Ecole de Flat Creek.'" The facts are otherwise (Randel pp. 128-29, 287-88). The French magazine did not publish the story until November, 1872 (2nd period, CII, pp. 125-76), almost a year after the appearance of the book in America.



In the September, 1947, issue of this *Journal* there appeared an unusual portrait of Stephen A. Douglas with a beard. The photograph was taken from *Harper's Weekly* for December 26, 1857. Another photograph of the Little Giant with whiskers has been discovered in the *United States Magazine* for July, 1856 (page 66). Possibly Douglas had a beard for some years although the popular conception of him is clean shaven. George Fort Milton in *The Eve of Conflict* (New York, 1934, page 2) says of Douglas: "His forehead was broad, more full than high, his round face had neither moustache nor beard and he kept it clean shaven."



Mrs. Zida C. Ivey, of Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin, and Miss Harriet B. Conolly, of Waukegan, Illinois, won first and second prizes in the Chicago and North Western Railway's historical contest. Miss Ivey's story told, through the diary of a prominent Ft. Atkinson resident, how the railway

got its name. Miss Conolly's winning entry was a collection of timetables of early railroads which later became parts of the North Western system. Some of these timetables dated back to 1856.



The "Festival of Egypt," sponsored by the Greater Egypt Association, was held October 14 to 16. A parade, following as nearly as possible the route of George Rogers Clark from Fort Massac to Chester, was a feature of the celebration. The festival opened with speeches and music at Fort Massac State Park on Thursday evening, October 14. Congressman Charles Vursell and Jay Monaghan, state historian, spoke on George Rogers Clark. Friday morning the parade over the 144-mile route began. It ended Saturday afternoon at Chester where it was reviewed by Governor Green. The Governor was the principal speaker at these closing ceremonies in Chester. The Greater Egypt Association plans to make the Festival an annual affair.



Dr. George D. Stoddard, president of the University of Illinois, spoke at the unveiling in Decatur, on October 24, of Sculptor Fred M. Torrey's statue of Lincoln as a young man. The monument, which stands on the campus of James Millikin University, depicts the sculptor's version of Lincoln's appearance at twenty-one when he entered Macon County. It shows Lincoln seated on a log stump with the ax he has been using to split rails at his side and with a book in his hand. Lieutenant Governor Hugh W. Cross spoke as a representative of the state, and Attorney Thomas W. Samuels, of Decatur, chairman of the statue commission, acted as master of ceremonies.



The twentieth annual Old Settlers Reunion, sponsored by the Aurora Historical Society was favored with fair weather. Hundreds of pioneer residents gathered in Phillips Park, Aurora, on August 18, for the festivities. These were planned with few speeches to allow more time for visiting. Emory S. Fowler was program chairman and gave the address of welcome.

The Aurora Society has been engaged this past fall in a drive for funds. Volunteer workers canvassed the city in an effort to raise the necessary cash.

An old fence board on which Don Marquis, a native of Bureau County, carved his name is a recent acquisition of the Bureau County Historical Society's Museum.

In October the Society was officially moved into the Norris home which had been bequeathed to it and recently remodeled and painted. The Norris home is across the street from the courthouse, former headquarters for the Society.



The Cahokia Historical Society is planning to celebrate, in 1949, the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the first permanent white settlement in the Mississippi Valley. This settlement in Cahokia centered around the Holy Family Mission which was founded in the spring of 1699.



An early fall exhibit at the Chicago Historical Society featured paintings of Sioux, Apache, Pueblo, and Navajo Indians. "Historic Illinois Landmarks" painted by John D. McKee, were shown in October. In conjunction with this exhibit the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois, owner of the McKee paintings, conducted an essay contest for school children. The Freedom Train exhibit (photographic reproductions of all the historical documents on the Freedom Train) was extended through October 24.

In co-operation with the Chicago Area Camera Club the Society has started to acquire a permanent collection of photographs of Chicago having documentary, factual, and historical value. Prints accepted for the collection will be displayed with the photographer's name.

The diary of Mrs. Samuel R. Haven, wife of a Chicago doctor, has recently been donated to the Society by a descendant. In particular the diary reveals interesting observations on the great Chicago Fire of 1871.

Director Paul M. Angle reported that the museum of the Chicago Historical Society draws more visitors than any other historical museum in the country.



The fifteenth annual meeting of the Lawndale-Crawford Historical Association (Chicago) was held on October 21. J. C. Miller gave an illustrated lecture entitled "The Story of the Illinois-Michigan Canal." Square dancing and refreshments followed the lecture. Larned E. Meacham is president of the group.

The Historical Society of Woodlawn (Chicago) held its annual meeting on October 8. The program honored the Woodlawn Boys Club. Pictures of the Boys Club camps, Camp Winona and Camp Lucerne, were shown by E. Hector Coates with Glenn Fisher as narrator. Robert E. Merriam told the story of his recent book, *Dark December*, which is about the Battle of the Bulge.



In 1946, the Du Page County Historical Society appointed a committee to prepare a marker to indicate the former site of the Pre-Emption House at Naperville. The committee, which consisted of Walter M. Givler, chairman, H. A. Berens, and Miles Slater has prepared a bronze tablet (18 by 30 inches) which now marks the site of this famous old hostelry. The inscription reads:

Here stood Pre-Emption House, tavern of pioneer days; built by George Laird in 1834.

Inn for travelling merchants and horsetraders, wayside station for marketbound settlers, center of gay social life of country round about.

Demolished in 1946 after long record of over 100 years of continuous use, its name and glamorous fame live on in Naperville history.

This marker was placed by the Du Page County Historical Society in 1948. (Punctuation added.)



Officers of the Edwards County Historical Society elected at the annual business meeting in October are: O. R. Evans, president; James F. Hardy, vice-president; Mrs. Edna Gubbins, secretary; and Mrs. Laura B. Killough, treasurer. Following the business session E. L. Dukes showed pictures of scenic places he visited while a member of L. O. Trigg's tour of the Illinois Ozarks.



Mayor I. L. Gamber, of Galena, is president of the Galena Historical and Museum Association. Mrs. William Weber, manager, has worked untiringly to keep the Community Building and Museum in repair. Increased membership in the group will help preserve this building and its valuable collection of material pertaining to Galena.



Officers of the Glencoe Historical Society were re-elected for another term at the meeting on August 8. They are: Mrs. Harry T. Booth, presi-

dent; Mrs. Charles A. Saxby, vice-president; Mrs. John A. Grant, secretary; E. P. S. Wright, treasurer; Miss Flo Bowman, historian; and Miss Helen Beckwith, custodian. Committee chairmen are: Mrs. I. K. Calhoun, membership; Mrs. Louis H. Hein, social; and Fred L. Holmes, publicity.



Miss Mildred Warren spoke at the fall meeting of the Jefferson County Historical Society at Mount Vernon in September. Miss Warren is the high school librarian at Mount Vernon, and her topic was the history of Jefferson County from 1810 to 1888. Photographs and drawings of Mount Vernon in the early days, and old documents and publications were exhibited.



Plans are being considered (at the time this *Journal* goes to press) to reorganize the Jersey County Historical Society. The property of the Society is now stored in the Chapman Building in Jerseyville. In case reorganization plans fail, the exhibits will be returned to their original donors wherever possible.



The Kankakee Historical Society held the first meeting in its permanent home (the new Historical and Arts Building in Governor Small Memorial Park) on July 29. Dr. Alfred F. Hopkins, curator of the museum of the Chicago Historical Society was the principal speaker. Dr. Hopkins offered suggestions on the arrangement of the museum and the exhibits. R. Y. Allison, principal of Kankakee High School, emphasized the importance of the historical exhibits to school children. President Ralph Francis appointed Mrs. Fannie Still curator of the museum. Mrs. Still gave a brief history of the Governor Len Small home, now being restored to its original form in the park which was officially opened with a parade and dedicatory ceremonies in October.

Committee chairmen are: Will C. Schneider, membership; Harold Simmons and Mrs. Richard Ferris, exhibits; Allen Hall, historical sites. The last mentioned committee is now seeking a list of such areas so that they may be photographed and suitably marked if possible.



The Kenilworth Historical Society had a Thanksgiving turkey dinner on November 12, at the Kenilworth Club. Anyone who had lived in Kenilworth for twenty years or more was eligible to attend.

The Madison County Historical Society met in Wood River on October 30. Speakers at this meeting were: Judge Henry B. Eaton who talked on "Early Days in Wood River Township," and Thomas Butler whose topic was "Wood River Township 150 Years Later."

Newly-elected officers of the Society are: Mrs. Harry L. Meyer, president; Donald F. Lewis, first vice-president; the Rev. A. F. Lewis, second vice-president; Judge Henry B. Eaton, secretary and historian; and E. W. Ellis, treasurer. Directors elected for the three-year term are: Mrs. Harry L. Meyer, Judge Henry B. Eaton, and Miss Ella Tunnell. Miss Jessie Springer was elected to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Norman G. Flagg.



The Mattoon Historical Society sponsored a tour of landmarks in the downtown section of Mattoon on August 22. All persons interested were invited to join the group. James Cunningham and Walter Kemper were narrators.

All officers of the Society were re-elected at its annual meeting in October. They are: Alex Summers, president; Harvey Wright, vice-president; Mrs. Paul Kizer, treasurer; and Mrs. Charles H. Stinson, secretary. The directors are: Craig Van Meter, Clarence Bell, Emily Oblinger, Dr. Horace Batchelor, Blanche Gray, Walter A. Kemper, Mrs. Clyde Owings, and Fred Grant.



The annual Nauvoo Grape Festival was held on September 3, 4, and 5. A carnival spirit prevailed as usual and there were conducted tours to the old wine cellars, the caves for curing blue cheese, and the historic old Mormon buildings and landmarks. The wine cellars were built by the Icarians, a French group which settled in Nauvoo after the Mormon exodus in 1846, and many of them are used today for curing the famous "Nauvoo Blue Cheese," a Roquefort-type cheese. An unusual feature of the festival this year was an exhibit of many paintings of historic Nauvoo buildings and scenes by the artist, L. H. Lewis.



The Norwegian Historical Society held the twenty-third annual meeting of its "Sloop organization" in Stavanger on October 3. Frederick Barth, of Oslo, Norway, was the principal speaker. Now a student in Chicago, Mr. Barth told of conditions in Norway during and after World War II.

J. C. Miller spoke at the October meeting of the Oak Park Historical Society. His topic was "The Illinois-Michigan Canal." Mrs. George W. White is president of the Society.



Richard K. Meyer spoke at the October meeting of the Peoria Historical Society. Mr. Meyer, an anthropologist, talked on the "Archaeology of the Illinois Valley." Ray Brons, Society president, presided.



A display of American Indian items was featured this fall by the Stephenson County Historical Society. The exhibit included the collections of the late Mrs. Sarah Stoskopf Klein and the late Jane Addams. Elaborate ceremonial robes and smaller handicraft items were shown.



The Wilmette Village Board voted in September to create a Wilmette Historical Commission. Composed of a chairman and six members, this commission is to co-ordinate and unify the efforts of individuals and organizations having collections of historical value. Room for a historical museum is planned in the new public library soon to be built. Two men who have been chiefly responsible in recent years for the collection and preservation of Wilmette historical data are James D. W. Kline and Herbert B. Mulford.



The Winnetka Historical Society dedicated a marker in September at the Indian Trail Tree, 191 Fuller Lane. Twelve-year-old Jimmy Poor, a student at Skokie School whose paternal grandfather was a full blooded Navajo Indian, unveiled the marker.

In September the Society sponsored a historical tour to Tower Hill State Park and Little Norway, in Wisconsin. This was the group's third annual auto trip. Guilford R. Windes was in charge of reservations.

Village Manager H. L. Woolhiser spoke at the Society's first regular meeting of the season on November 10. His topic was "Early Winnetka." Miss Mary S. King is president of the Society.



The Illinois State Historical Library is grateful to its friends who have donated family histories in recent months. Since many of the Li-

brary's patrons are interested in genealogy, these books are especially welcome. In appreciation of these gifts, we are again listing the names of donors who presented us with genealogies between October 1, 1947, and September 30, 1948:

Fuller F. Barnes, Bristol, Conn., for Barnes, *Ten Generations of the Barnes Family in Bristol, Connecticut*.

Alice B. Brainerd, Montreal, Canada, for Brainerd, *Ancestry of Thomas Chalmers Brainerd*.

Edward Denton Brewer, Tulsa, Okla., for Brewer, *The House of Brewer*.

William Everett Brockman, Minneapolis, Minn., for Brockman, *Early American History. . . Brockman, Anderson, Bennett, Dean, Clark, Parks, Burt, and Allied Families*.

Mrs. Percy M. Chandler, New York, N. Y., for Chandler Family Reunion Committee, *A Record of the Descendants of George and Jane Chandler*.

Russel A. Estep, Redwood City, Calif., for Estep, "Estep Genealogy & Family History" (mimeographed).

Mabel Hall Goltra, Jacksonville, Ill., for Goltra, "Hawkins Genealogy" (typewritten MS).

Mrs. Thomas R. Jones, San Diego, Calif., for Heydecker, *Genealogy of Samuel Gourley and His Descendants, 1784-1909*, and Jones, *Moses Wadsworth and Hannah Stevens, Their Ancestral Lines and Their Descendants*.

Samuel K. Leming, Waldron, Ark., for Leming, *Leming Family History and Genealogy*.

Q. W. Lomax, Cherryville, Kan., for Lomax, *The Lomax Family*.

Amos L. Munch, Lovington, Ill., for Munch, *History of John Foster, Eleanor Morrow, and Descendants*.

Ralph D. Owen, Philadelphia, Pa., for Owen, *Descendants of John Owen of Windsor, Connecticut (1622-1699)*.

Benjamin M. Powers, Kansas City, Mo., for Powers, *The Sharp Family of New Jersey with Mather and Mattison Connections*.

Charles H. Roe, Tarrytown, N. Y., for Glover, "Eli Roe of Portage Prairie . . . and Some of His Descendants" (mimeographed).

Walter R. Sanders, Litchfield, Ill., for Sanders, "The John Chandler Family of Green and Taylor Counties, Kentucky" (mimeographed).

Marquis E. Shattuck, Detroit, Mich., for Green, *The History of Levi Greene of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York, Michigan, and His Descendants*.

Mrs. Faith Whitaker Stucker, Burlington, Iowa, for Stucker, *Our Family History*.

Mrs. Agnes Tolbert, Belleville, Kan., for Tolbert, *The Genealogical History of Jacob Shafer*.

Legaré Walker, Summerville, S. C., for Walker, *The Walker Family, Originally of the Yeocomico River Section of Northumberland . . . County, Virginia*.

John C. White, Springfield, Ill., for Leffingwell, *The Leffingwell Record. A Genealogy of the Descendants of Lieut. Thomas Leffingwell*.



In the September issue of this *Journal* we printed a list of people who joined the Illinois State Historical Society during April, May, and June. Again we are printing the names of new members. Following are the names of those who enrolled during July, August, and September, 1948:

Achenbach, Mrs. P. J.	Carrollton, Ill.	Connellee, Mrs. Anita N.	Ottawa, Ill.
Adler, Philip D.	Kewanee, Ill.	Coon, Merle	Oak Hill, Ill.
Agnew, Theodore L., Jr.	Stillwater, Okla.	Coughlin, Rev. Martin H.	Utica, Ill.
Alder, H. Winifred	Volin, S. D.	Crane, Mrs. E. G.	Aurora, Ill.
Allan, Mrs. Margaret A.	Geneva, Ill.	Dallas, Roy K.	Peoria, Ill.
Andersen, Barbara	Skokie, Ill.	Davis, George C., Jr.	Peoria Heights, Ill.
Anderson, Edna B.	Princeton, Ill.	Diehm, Mrs. Albert	East St. Louis, Ill.
Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E.	Chicago, Ill.	Dooley, Roy M.	Vandalia, Ill.
Andresen, H. J.	Wilmette, Ill.	Dorris, J. T.	Richmond, Ky.
Arimond, Carroll	Winnetka, Ill.	Dunn, Mary	Lena, Ill.
Asher, Emma	East St. Louis, Ill.	Edens, William G.	Chicago, Ill.
Babcock, Helen S.	Chicago, Ill.	Egan, Mary Josephine	Amboy, Ill.
Baker, Alfred	Mill Neck, N. Y.	Estill, Harry F., Jr.	Clayton, Mo.
Beebe, Dr. N. S.	Colfax, Ill.	Estill, Mrs. Harry F., Jr.	Clayton, Mo.
Berens, H. A.	Elmhurst, Ill.	Estill, Harry F. III.	Clayton, Mo.
Beste, Donald G.	Peoria, Ill.	Etherton, Eleanor	Harrisburg, Ill.
Bison, Rex	Richmond, Calif.	Farnum, Dr. C. G.	Peoria, Ill.
Blaine, James B.	Chicago, Ill.	Farrington, John D.	Chicago, Ill.
Booth, Mrs. Harry T.	Glencoe, Ill.	Fehrenbacher, Don E.	Chicago, Ill.
Borzo, Henry	Chicago, Ill.	Fernitz, Henrietta H.	Chicago, Ill.
Bourscheidt, Paul F.	Mackinaw, Ill.	Fisher, Meda Hill	River Forest, Ill.
Boyd, Montelle Moore	Capron, Ill.	Fisher, Mrs. Ruth Hill	River Forest, Ill.
Briggs, Mrs. W. G.	Chicago, Ill.	Flanigon, James S.	Peoria, Ill.
Budd, John M.	Chicago, Ill.	Francis, R. E.	Kankakee, Ill.
Buggie, Olive M.	Chicago, Ill.	Frielingsdorf, Mrs. Rozella	Chicago, Ill.
Burke, Arthur E.	Chicago, Ill.	Fuller, Mrs. Gretta	Evanston, Ill.
Campbell, Mrs. W. H.	East St. Louis, Ill.	Glore, William Emmet	Missoula, Mont.
Canaday, Dayton W.	Litchfield, Ill.	Glore, Mrs. William Emmet	Missoula, Mont.
Carlson, Alfred M.	East Orange, N. J.	Golden, Mrs. Claire V.	Cordova, Ill.
Chamberlain, Mrs. C. E.	Peoria, Ill.	Golly, Clarence R.	Peoria, Ill.
Chamberlain, William	Brimfield, Ill.	Greene, Mira	Carrollton, Ill.
Clark, Herma	Chicago, Ill.	Grieser, Virginia F.	Quincy, Ill.
Coath, V. W.	River Forest, Ill.		
Conley, Agnes	Dixon, Ill.		

- Grisell, Frank W. Princeton, Ill.
 Gustafson, John A. Batavia, Ill.
- Hack, James L. Peoria, Ill.
 Hall, Dr. Andy Mt. Vernon, Ill.
 Halversen, Mrs. John M. Chicago, Ill.
 Hamilton, E. Bentley Peoria, Ill.
 Hazen, E. B. Peoria, Ill.
 Hazzard, William Peoria, Ill.
 Henken, John B. Okawville, Ill.
 Hennessy, Mrs. Anita M. East St. Louis, Ill.
 Hirsch, Helmut Chicago, Ill.
 Hodges, Carl G. Springfield, Ill.
 Hoff, Signy E. Chicago, Ill.
 Houghland, Leo Carbondale, Ill.
 Houghten, C. T. Carbondale, Ill.
- Jenkins, Dr. James T. Peoria, Ill.
 Jenkins, Naomi S. Chicago, Ill.
 Johnson, A. J. Evanston, Ill.
- Kampmann, Mrs. H. J. East St. Louis, Ill.
 Karsted, Raymond C. Chicago, Ill.
 Kartman, Ben Wilmette, Ill.
 Kerr, C. C. Cave-In-Rock, Ill.
 Killough, Mrs. Laura B. Albion, Ill.
 Kriewitz, Harry C. Chicago, Ill.
 Kubicek, Earl C. Chicago, Ill.
- LeCount, Beryl B. Forest City, Ill.
 Leighry, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Sparta, Ill.
 Leopold, Richard W. Evanston, Ill.
 Lepper, Bessie A. Cambridge, Mass.
 Lerner, Leo A. Chicago, Ill.
 Lindsay, Mary Norman Harrisburg, Ill.
- McCulloch, Hugh W. Chicago, Ill.
 McDonald, John Q. Peoria, Ill.
 McKay, Douglas Evanston, Ill.
 Martin, J. E. Peoria, Ill.
 Mashek, Edward J. Collinsville, Ill.
 Matlack, Mrs. Wm. H. East St. Louis, Ill.
 Meiers, A. J. Aurora, Ill.
 Melberg, Marie Western Springs, Ill.
 Melton, Verne S. Mt. Vernon, Ill.
 Meyers, Shafter L. Wyoming, Ill.
 Michelson, Ann D. Oak Park, Ill.
 Miller, Carl F. Urbana, Ill.
 Mitchell, Mrs. John R. Mt. Vernon, Ill.
 Mulford, Herbert B. Wilmette, Ill.
- Nelson, Dwight Evanston, Ill.
 Nelson, E. Violet Rock Island, Ill.
 Neuberger, Richard L. Portland, Ore.
 Newell, Rev. H. I. Freeport, Ill.
- O'Dea, J. T. Peoria, Ill.
- Olmsted, Charles C. La Salle, Ill.
- Pacey, Mildred Brimfield, Ill.
 Patmore, Charles W. Joliet, Ill.
 Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Cairo, Ill.
 Poole, Elizabeth Evanston, Ill.
 Potts, Abbie F. Rockford, Ill.
 Power, Mrs. Charles Springfield, Ill.
 Provine, Walter M. Springfield, Ill.
- Ranson, Thomas B. Jacksonville, Ill.
 Reak, Jack West Frankfort, Ill.
 Reistad, Nils Einar Springfield, Ill.
 Rendleman, Dr. J. J. Cairo, Ill.
 Rice, Dr. and Mrs. C. M., Jr. Evanston, Ill.
 Rider, Elizabeth Peoria, Ill.
 Ridge, Martin Evanston, Ill.
 Robbe, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O.
 Mt. Carroll, Ill.
 Rosborough, Joseph R. Moline, Ill.
 Rosenberg, Ira Evanston, Ill.
- Schultheis, Mrs. Leo Vincennes, Ind.
 Scobey, Frank F. West Chicago, Ill.
 Sehm, Martin, Sr. Peoria Heights, Ill.
 Sheasley, Frank Peoria, Ill.
 Shellhammer, J. Dalen Illiopolis, Ill.
 Sherman, Josephine Riverside, Ill.
 Silveria, Verne Carbondale, Ill.
 Small, Len H. Kankakee, Ill.
 Smith, Egbert A. Cairo, Ill.
 Smith, Xenophon P. Peoria, Ill.
 Smyser, George H. Ridgewood, N. J.
 Steele, A. L. Evanston, Ill.
 Stelle, R. M. Austin, Texas
 Still, Mrs. Fannie Kankakee, Ill.
- Teichmann, Gordon Thornton, Ill.
 Townsend, Sidney F. Oak Park, Ill.
 Turner, William P. Evanston, Ill.
- Vandenburg, R. L. Peoria, Ill.
 Vennewitt, Mrs. Chauncey L.
 Griggsville, Ill.
 Vernon, Roger L. Chicago, Ill.
- Watson, Fern Mt. Vernon, Ill.
 Wesselhoft, Oscar Peoria, Ill.
 White, Mrs. George W. Oak Park, Ill.
 Whitfield, Dr. Robert H. Evanston, Ill.
 Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Springfield, Ill.
 Wilhite, Ashley Chicago, Ill.
 Wilson, Mabel E. Decatur, Ill.
 Woodley, Mark Marion, Ill.
 Wright, Mrs. Darwen Winnetka, Ill.
- Zimmermann, Albert Peoria, Ill.
 Zosky, T. H. Peoria, Ill.



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